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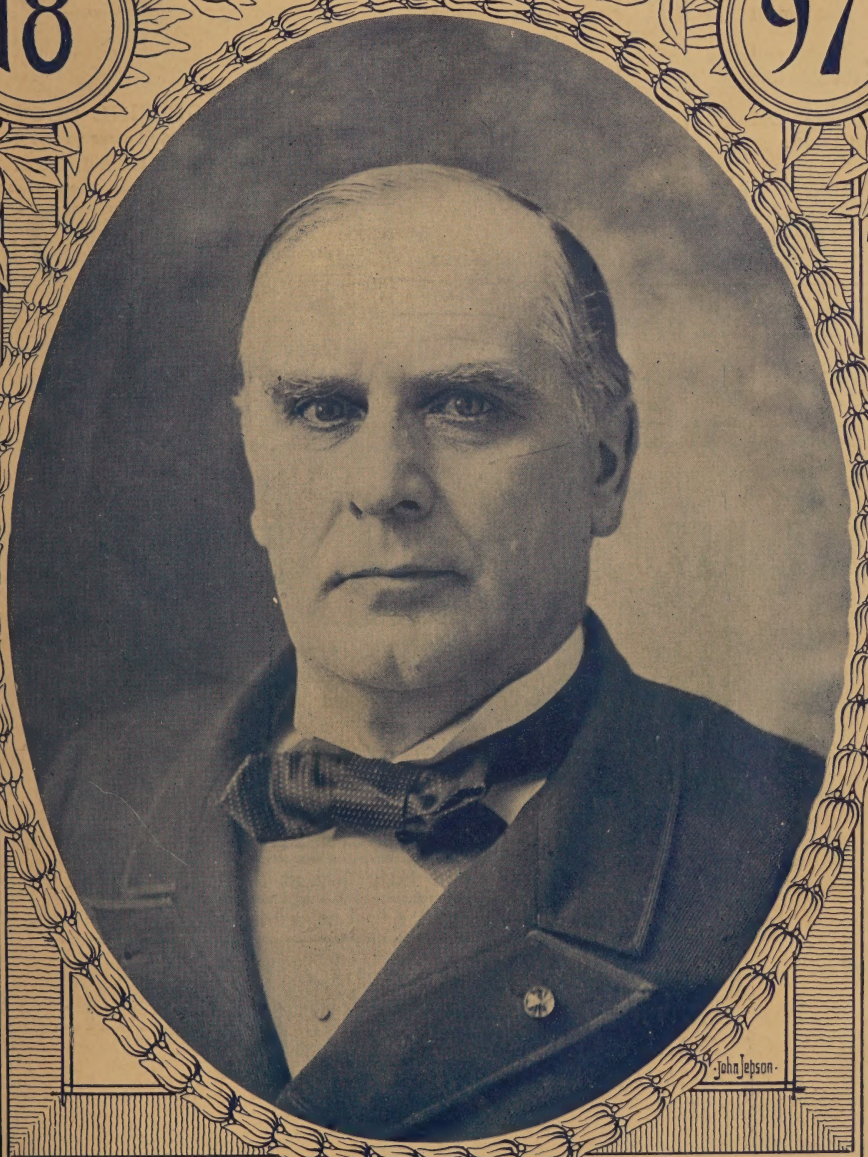

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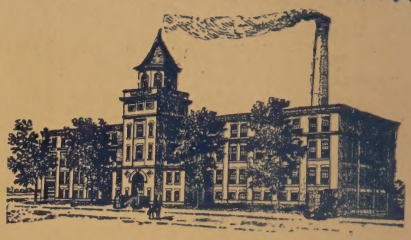

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VOLUME XXXVII.

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BOSTON, MASS.

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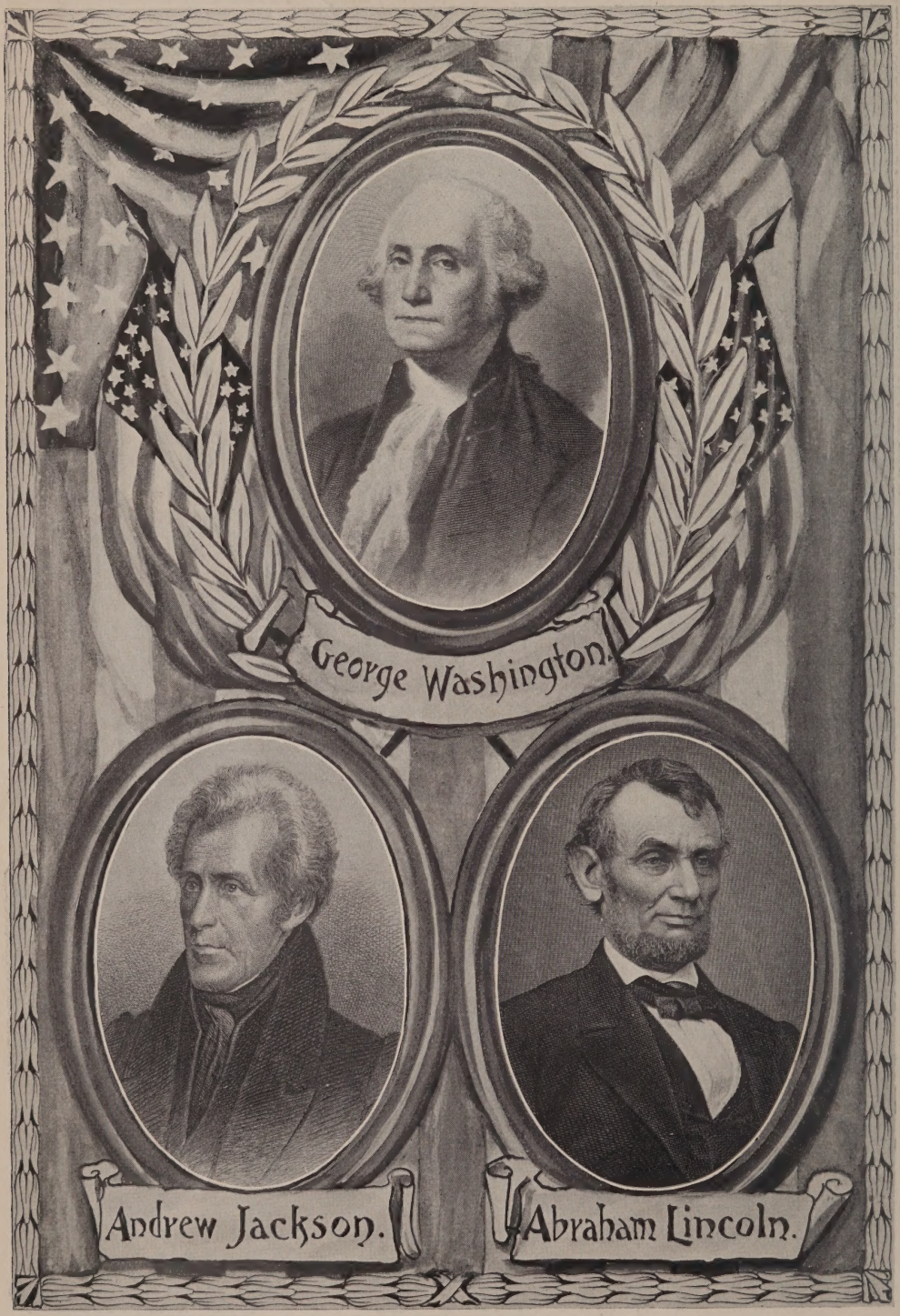

George Washington.
Andrew Jackson.
Abraham Lincoln.

Donahoe's Magazine.

VOL. XXXVII. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1897. NO. 1.

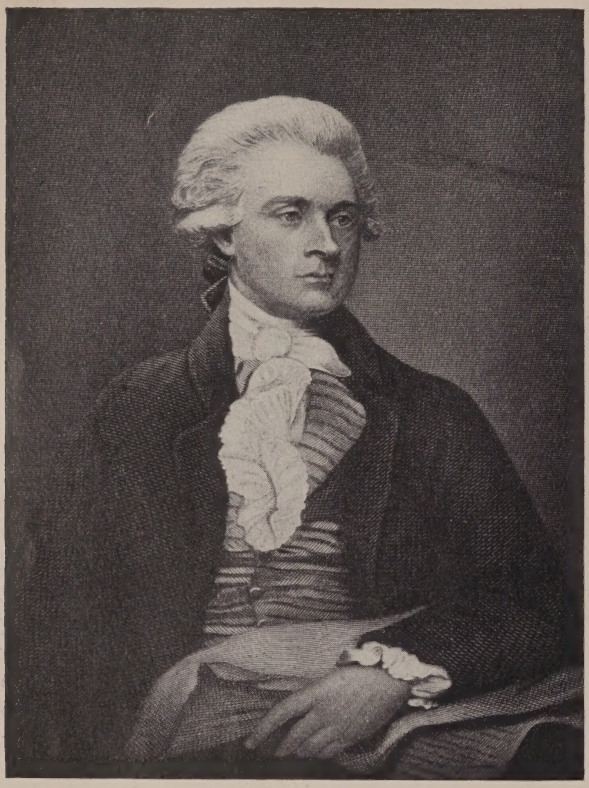
PRESIDENTIAL ADMINISTRATIONS OF THE PAST.

THEODORE F. BENTON.

I.

OW that a new administration is on the eve of being intrusted with the conduct of the government, in conformity with the will of the people, as expressed at the recent election, it is a singularly appropriate time for casting a backward glance down the pathway of the years, that the mind may become refreshed as to some of the more striking incidents distinguishing previous administrations, and which have become interwoven in the fabric of the nation's history.

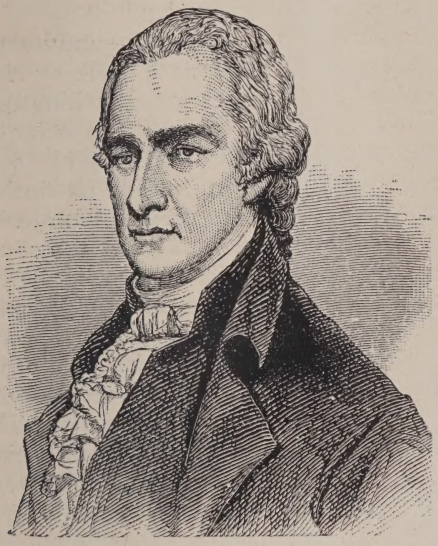
It is customary at such a time as this, and in view of the fact of the arrangements for the induction into office, on the 4th of next March, of President-elect McKinley, to review the circumstances attending past presidential inaugurations and the ceremonies associated with the same; but with few exceptions there has been little if any variation in the ceremony, the only change being in the *dramatis personæ*, for the manner of the formal assumption of the duty and dignity pertaining to the office of the Nation's executive is defined by the constitution, while custom with the force of law, sanctioned by the usage of years, has surrounded the occasion with an embellishment of pageantry materially expressing the loyalty of the people, and their pleasure in doing honor to him who has been chosen from among them to adorn the highest office in the Nation's gift. If the dwellers in monarchical countries surround the coronation of a ruler, in whose selection they have had no voice, with such a wealth of loyal testimony, the material expression of a free people's allegiance to their chosen son may well find occasion for asserting itself on Inauguration Day. The story of such days in the past, however, has been frequently rehearsed and the manner of their celebration has not materially changed, Jefferson being the only president-elect to dispense with all pomp and pageantry, unostentatiously proceeding on horseback to the scene of his inauguration. The honored author of the Declaration of Independence was also the first president to be inaugurated in Washington, the seat of government having been removed thither the year before.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

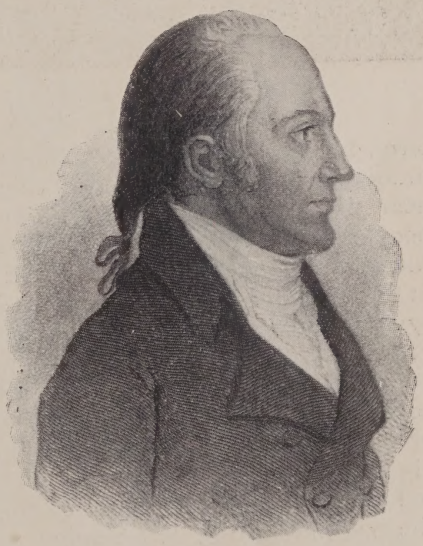
When Washington, as the first president of the Republic, entered upon the duties of his exalted office, he found before him a task of herculean proportions, and took upon himself a burden of responsiblity, the extent of which cannot be appreciated at this late day. The newly created nation was but in its formative stage and order remained to be evolved from comparative chaos. The country's industrial energies were paralyzed as the result of the long and destructive war for Liberty, its monetary resources had been drained to the point of exhaustion, its domestic affairs were in a state of confusion, and its foreign credit as nothing, while the form of government chosen was unique in the history of the world and its practicability was yet to be proven. Such were the conditions by which the first president was confronted, and which greeted the initial application of the newly-framed statutes for the constitutional government of the country. The same patriotism and prudence, exhibited by "the Father of his Country" in the trying times of the war for Independence found, however, a fertile field for employment in the peaceful, but none the less exacting administration of the nation's civic affairs and gave force and stability to the government, momentum to its political destiny and encouragement to the energies of the people. Nor were the complications resultant from the long and sanguinary war and the natural obstacles presented at the beginning of a governmental experiment, the only difficulties with which President Washington had to contend, for partisanship was as bitter and uncompromising in those days as it has been since, and the executive found opposition, even in his own official family, which had to be overcome. The constitution had its opponents as well as its adherents, and the former maintained that it tended more toward centralization than was consistent with a true republican form of government. They were known as anti-federalists in contradistinction to the federalists, the

supporters of the constitution, the latter maintaining the necessity of so much central power if the Union was



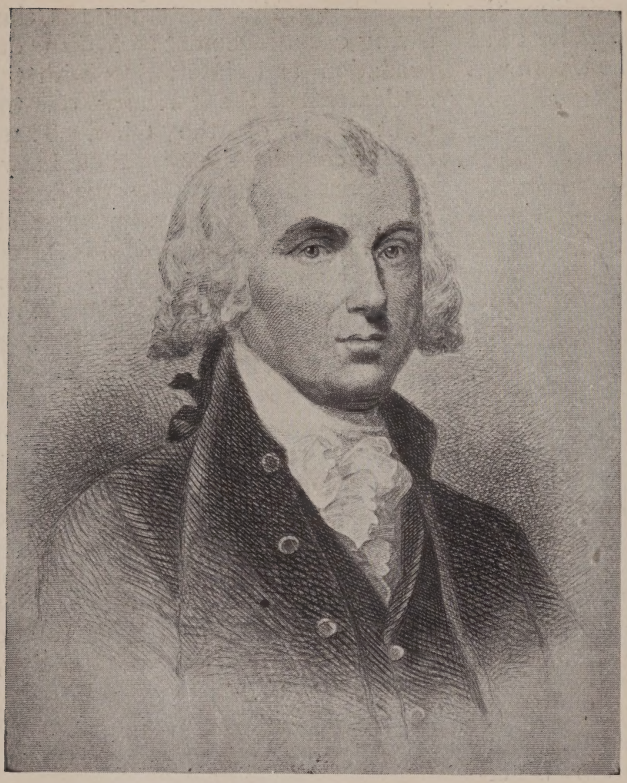
ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

to be anything but a name. Notwithstanding, however, the bitterness of contention, order was brought out of chaos, and the foundations of the nation firmly and securely laid; but at such cost to the Chief Magistrate that he would have gladly retired from office at the close of his first term, so pained was he by the bitterness of party spirit engendered. His first four years saw the establishment of the funding system with its benefit of revenue and credit, the creation of Alexander Hamilton, first secretary of the treasury, and the wisdom of Thomas Jefferson at the head of the state department placed the foreign policy of the country on a basis compelling respect abroad. Not the least of the difficulties with which Washington had to contend were the obstacles presented by Great Britain in failing to give up the western posts, thus giving encouragement to Indian depredation and interfering with the settlement of the territory on the right bank of the Ohio. These border complications resulted in two disastrous campaigns, that conducted by General St. Clair witnessing almost the annihilation of his force. The work of government, however, proceeded, courts were established and vitality given to every fibre of the national life. Having accomplished this much Washington desired to retire from the turmoil of office to the more congenial and restful life awaiting him at Mount Vernon; but the public could not afford to accede to his wish, just yet, for retirement; nor could the asperities of party warfare, however they might assert themselves in regard to the great public questions of the day,



AARON BURR.

weaken the hold of the great chieftain upon the popular heart and he was unanimously chosen for a second



JAMES MADISON.

term, during which the French Revolution, in progress in France, came near involving this country. The people remembered with gratitude the service rendered by the French in our struggle for liberty, and their sympathies were aroused deeply, the President's proclamation of neutrality however, saved the nation from becoming involved in that sanguinary upheaval, while the enforcement of a vigorous foreign policy contributed to increased respect abroad. During the second term of Washington we negotiated the treaty with England by which matters, the occasion of much friction, were settled and the surrender of the western posts secured. The latter gave an impetus to western settlement, while Wayne's crushing defeat of the Indians also contributed greatly to that end.

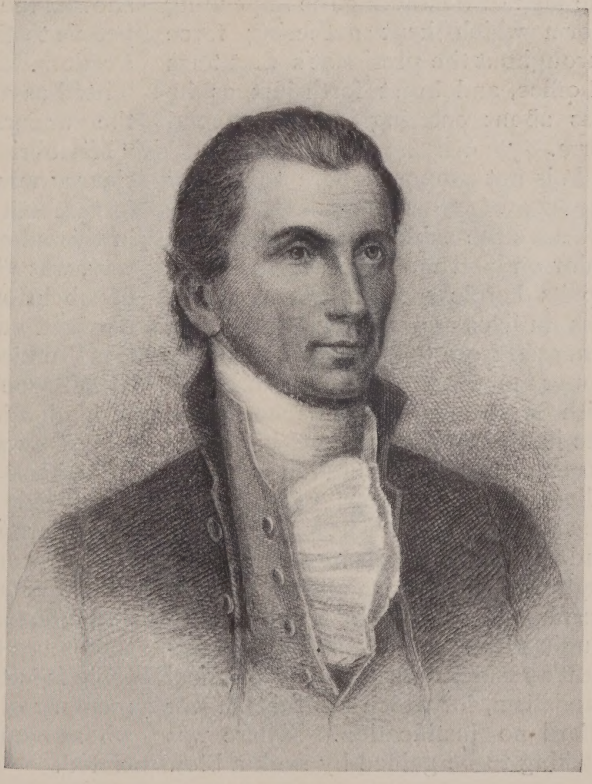
Thus is summarized the more striking features of Washington's presidential career. The fruits of his wisdom and patriotism were seen in the strides forward which the country had made under his guiding hand. It is not intended in this article to deal with the other administrations with such particularity. The conditions confronting Washington, the work of developing a governmental experiment into a vital and practical reality, gives a historic value to every step he was called upon to take. To his successors he left a government of approved practicability and of possibilities so stupendous as to astound and encourage all liberty-loving people.

The bitterness of partisan strife which had occasioned so much pain and anxiety to Washington became especially virulent with the election of John Adams and the latter's administration witnessed a degree of rampant partisanism to which the evidence in Washington's incumbency of the presidential office was as a zephyr in comparison. A threatened war with France, the ill feeling between the two countries being engendered by the arrogance and duplicity of the French Directory, was the only event in Adams' ad-

ministration to divide attention with the war of parties, and in fact the French trouble figured in the domestic strife of partisanship, the opponents of the president criticising with the utmost severity the stand taken by the executive, and inveighing against the expenditure involved in warlike preparations.

It was in the administration of Jefferson, however, that the intense bitterness culminated in a tragedy by which was sacrificed one whose great abilities had contributed vastly to the nation's benefit, while the same tragic occurrence blasted forevermore the career of the occupant of the vice-presidency, and who had come near being the country's third president. The unfortunate duel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr is too deeply impressed upon the history of the time, and the particulars of the political antagonism between the two leading up to the melancholy event are matters too familiar to require detailed mention. The great abilities of Hamilton were lost to the country by his death, while the political usefulness, of Burr ceased with the firing of that fatal shot. The latter was disfranchised in New York for duelling and indicted for murder in New Jersey. Better for the fame of Burr had he, too, fallen at Weehawken. From the position of vice-president he dropped to the depths of a political pariah, shunned and distrusted. Later the climax of his career came in his trial for treason in attempting, as was alleged, to found another government in the southwest, and although he was not found guilty, he sank from that time into comparative obscurity.

As an offset to the gloomy incident above recorded, Jefferson's administration was distinguished by the acquisition from France of that country's possessions in the territory now included in the United States, and although the vastness of the acquisition and its immense possibilities for settlement was but slightly understood, yet the purchase added greatly to the popularity of the administration, while the patriotism of the people was further aroused by the naval



JAMES MONROE.

victories over the Barbary States, vindicating American rights in the Mediterranean. The second administration of Jefferson in which George Clinton succeeded Burr as vice-president, witnessed the foreign complications arising through the Napoleonic war then in progress, so disastrous to American commerce, while it was also confronted with the arrogant assumption of Great Britain of the right to search American vessels and impress seamen therefrom, an assumption which was later to precipitate a war between the two countries.

Jefferson retired from the presidency as the clouds of war were becoming ominous, and to the administration of James Madison was left the task of weathering the impending storm which kept gathering force throughout the president's first term of office, and burst forth just as he was about entering on his second term.

It is not proposed here to review the war of 1812, so-called, nor to rehearse the evidences of American valor on land and sea that go to make up its heroic recital. Costly as it was in lives and money, the nation emerged from the struggle with her honor more lustrous than before, and with a stronger self-reliance, while she had proven her right to increased respect and consideration abroad. There is one incident of that war, however, that cannot be passed over, and that is the attack made on Washington by the British and the wanton burning of the public buildings, including the capitol, and the president's residence, a piece of piratical vandalism, for which the rules of war afford no justification. There was nothing to be gained by such a blow and the small force employed, only about five thousand men, showed that nothing more than the destructive work accomplished was intended, unless it was proposed to capture the president, in which particular the plan miscarried, and the expedition lost instead its own commander as one of the penalties of its audacity.

With the advent of President Monroe's administration partisan bitterness seemed to have died away, and what was known in the language of the time as "the era of good feeling" followed, continuing practically until Monroe's retirement eight years later. In his second term the admission of Missouri as a State was the occasion of the first debate of consequence in Congress on the slavery question and showed the growing antipathy of the people to this blot upon the page of freedom. Missouri was finally admitted as a slave state; but only with the understanding known as the "Missouri compromise," by which slavery was forever prohibited henceforth north of parallel 36° 30′. Thus in this administration, in a legislative way, was placed the entering wedge of abolition, which was eventually destined to wipe out the "institution" entirely. The glory however of Monroe's closing term was the promulgation of the "Monroe Doctrine," by which this country constituted itself the protector of the newly organized republics to the south from European aggression. We have had a recent and notable application of its generous concern for the rights and interests of Venezuela, and are thus taught most forcibly how creditable it is to the nation and to the memory of the great Virginian, with whose name it will be forever associated.

TWO UNDER DOGS.

BLANCHE MCCARTHY.

"HARD-LOOKIN' critters," was the verdict of the Ridge, "born tramps both on 'em."

The boy whistled defiantly, and the bow-legged dog at his heels slouched along a trifle more rapidly. In the wrath of the righteous there was danger for him and his master. The very fact that they were comrades was a proof of mutual depravity. By right of discovery the mongrel belonged to the "young boss" the yard-master's son, who had found it, a wretched, shivering pup, imbedded in the clay, and after the manner of his kind stoned it mercilessly. For a brief period he revelled in an orgy of cruelty, the animal's frantic efforts to escape giving zest to his enjoyment, till suddenly some one fell upon him, hurled him into the sticky mass beside his victim, and assailed him fiercely with sturdy blows.

"Lickin' the boss' son out'n his boots" was an offence beyond pardon. The champion staked his bread in the mongrel's cause, and was driven out, his dinner pail on one arm, the dearly bought pup tucked under the other.

When at a safe distance he set the mongrel down, and eyed it critically, bow-legs and all.

"Yer wasn't wuth it," he decided. "Yer the oneries' lookin' cuss 'at ever cost a feller his grub, an' there's the old ooman an' Bobkins."

The dog crawled over to lick the clay from his boots, and the vagabond placed the pail under his hungry jaws and moodily watched him devour the scant allowance.

From that day the ill-favored chums were never seen apart. With a whimsical sense of humor, the boy dubbed his nondescript comrade "Moneymaker," and with him ranged the countryside, seeking work. Sometimes a blue-eyed baby in tattered frocks toddled along beside them, and sometimes a blind woman groped her way, her hand resting trustfully in the vagabond's grimy paw.

A bad name is a hopeless handicap. On every side the chore boy was confronted by the magnitude of his offence, and soon the wicked fellow began to deceive even his trusting relatives. Among other disreputable tricks he got into a way of sneaking off from their beggarly meals to partake elsewhere of the most sumptuous fare. Bobkins whimpered a little at being left out of the feasts, but the blind mother smiled, and nibbled her crusts contentedly. After a week or so the smile came less quickly, and one day when the boy bragged more loudly than ever she made her way to him and passed her fingers searchingly over his sunken eyes and hollow cheeks.

"Keep off, Marm," he protested roughly, "I ain't a baby ter be cuddled like Bobkins."

"Yer mos' starved," she made answer sharply. "There's some things 'at even a blin' mother kin

see. Better lemme go on the town, Charlie boy, me an' Bobkins."

"I'll see yer —" he checked himself abruptly. The vagabond had a rude regard for the proprieties of life, and incidentally for Bobkins' morals.

"There's one way yet," he muttered. "An' I'm fair druv ter it."

The mother divined his purpose. "You wouldn't do it, Charlie lad, she pleaded. "You was allers a good son, you wouldn't wrong yer blin' mother."

"I'm fair druv ter it," he reiterated, sullenly.

With gentle touch she knotted his ragged tie and put back his tousled hair, repeating with caressing insistence, "Yer wouldn't do it, Charlie boy; yer wouldn't shame yer blin' mother."

The boy broke from her grasp roughly, but when he paused at the threshold to say with solemn earnestness, "I won't, Marm. S'elp me;" the mother knew that love had triumphed.

"Lemme go 'long Charlie." pleaded Bobkins, "me, an' Moneymaker."

Heedless of the request the vagabond called his dog and went his way, a determined small boy bobbing along behind him, his yellow hair glistening in the sun like ripened corn tassels. The outcast trudged over the road whistling merrily, kicking pebbles out of his way, and even attempting a handspring that landed him full length in the dust.

"Trained down too fine, old feller," he confided to the dog. "Can't monkey none ith my heft. Hull-oo, what's that!"

It proved to be a boy lying across the track, face downward, fast asleep.

"Drunk," muttered the chore boy, stirring the sleeper with his foot. "Take hold, Moneymaker, an' we'll haul him off. Drop 'im!" he shouted, suddenly. "Drop him, I say, if yer wa'n't sich a low-down onery cuss yer wouldn't want ter save 'im." In a frenzy of passion he sprang upon the dog and shook him till his jaws relaxed their grip.

"Ef yer wa'n't such a mizzible cur" he panted, "yer'd tear 'im ter pieces. Hev yer forgot how it feels ter be stoned? He ain't wuth savin' nohow. Let 'im lie," and with threats and entreaties he forced the dog along the road and over the hill till the track faded from view.

In the meantime, a small boy, with hair like ripened corn-tassels, stumbled along wearily. The road was rough for little feet, and when venturesome Bobkins essayed to lift them over the rails he tripped and fell in the effort. The grass was soft and cool to his touch, and, with a wandering thought of waiting there for Charlie, he fell asleep as sweetly as if cradled on his mother's breast. The degraded image, and the baby with the imprint of divinity fresh upon him, rested side by side, vice and innocence alike unconscious of danger.

The vagabond dragged his dog along and berated him fiercely, growing outwardly more violent and abusive as nobler impulses stirred within him. Strange thoughts cropped up in his vagrant mind, shadowy outlines of the blind mother and Bobkins, another mother and another boy, a half brute, and still another boy with murder in his heart, and a wretched mongrel appealing to humanity for forgiveness of enemies. It was a motley picture. One by one the figures faded till only the half brute and the baby remained clear-cut on the background, and the whines of the mongrel were heard as solemn words of exhortation.

"I won't go back, Moneymaker," shouted the boy. "An' I won't hev no bandy-legged bull purp preachin' ter me. Let go, I tell yer!"

And dashing the dog aside, he turned and sped swiftly back to the cutting.

The half brute and the baby lay side by side as they fell. The corn tassel hair glistened in the sun, a dazzling radiance that temporarily blinded the vagabond brother. A sickening weakness possessed him. "Trained down too low," he muttered. "Can't monkey none."

There was an ominous roll in the distance, a quivering singing sound along the rails, a spiral of smoke beautifully outlined against the sky and with a supreme effort the outcast sprang to action.

"Him first," gasped the boy in an agony of expiation as with the mongrel's aid their common foe was dragged to safety, "A'mighty God, Bobkins!"

When the smoke of the engine cleared from the track, a small boy and a bow-legged bulldog gravely mounted guard over a prostrate form stretched on the roadside. The vagabond had fainted.

THE WATCHERS.

HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

OH ye whose unrewarded eyes
Forever watch the ocean's rim,
Your ships perchance 'neath friendlier skies
Rest far beyond your vision dim.

Perhaps in some sweet bay they wait,
Where bides the primal, perfect day;
Where airs from springtime linger late
Or never perish quite away.

In some far-off, diviner land,
Where never garnered wealth grows old,
Safe harbored they may wait your hand,
To strike their sails and yield their gold.

Scribner.

NEWFOUNDLAND IN HER FOUR HUNDREDTH YEAR.

Rev. J. O'Reilly, D. D.

IN 1897 Newfoundland will celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of her discovery by John Cabot, the Venetian navigator. Many able and learned writers have told the world her checkered, yet noble, story; but she still seems a "una incognita," to the American public. The general verdict of visitors is that, if the attractions of the country were more widely known in the United States, it would become the resort of thousands of tourists who annually pass the fog-veiled shores, seeking in European travel, that recreation and change of scene which is to be found so easily, in a place, only forty-eight hours distant from the American mainland.

Of late years we have had a melancholy notoriety, and like the Trojan exile might ask "what land has not heard of our sorrows." Our capital ravaged by fire in '92 and our banks failing in '94 the wonder is that we live to tell the tale. Lord Salisbury a few years ago spoke of Newfoundland as the "sport of historic misfortunes," and reading our local history — a history of wars, of misunderstandings, and of disaster, relieved it is true by many a bright and glorious chapter, we admit the truth of the English statesman's remark.

Newfoundland has no natural obstacles to prosperity; her drawbacks are to be sought in the history of her settlement. Her geographical position lies between the parallels of 46° 36′ 50″ and 57° 39′ north latitude, and between the meridian line of 52° 37′ and 59° 24′ 50″ west longitude. The island stretches right across the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and is well called the "stepping stone" between the old world and the new. In shape it is an equilateral triangle, the sides measuring about 316 miles, the three extremes being Cape Norman on the north; Cape Spear on the east and Cape Anquille on the west. This extent of coast line is cut into by numerous bays, ranging from twenty to ninety miles in draft, so that Newfoundland has more sea frontage than any other country on the globe of the same size. She has an area of 42,000 square miles and so ranks tenth in size amongst the islands of the world. Her population is small for such an extensive territory. There are about 200,000 inhabitants scattered along an immense length of coast line. Counties of smaller size and less resource have been able to support their millions.

It were a long story to tell the causes of this backwardness. Emigrants from the old country have ever been more attracted by agricultural pursuits than by a seafaring life; and then the local fishery was so vast and engrossing that a strange prejudice was fostered by the earlier settlers to the effect that a country possessing so much sea wealth, and fitted to be the great fishing station of the world, could have no important internal resources. Moreover, in those days appearances were

against the country. However, this delusion has been dissipated and Newfoundland has been scientifically proved to possess timber, mineral, and agricultural wealth capable of sustaining many times her present population. And if these industries were developed, in porportion to her splendid fishery, she would speedily become one of the richest countries in the world. Her soil and climate are suitable to the production of all the cereals and root crops that can grow in the temperate zone; her mines have given the best results and the brightest promise, and her pine forests can give employment to any number of mills. All we want is capital and enterprise.

In writing on Newfoundland it is impossible to speak too highly of her cod and seal fisheries. Lord Bacon spoke of them as "more precious than the mines of Peru." Men who in early years invested money in the fishery enterprise built up princely fortunes, and for long years France and England contended for the mastery even to the extremity of war. On her first discovery English, French, Spanish and Portugese adventurers sailed over and carried off the spoils of her teeming seas. The country was first given to England, but France succeeded in establishing her power on the shores of the Newland; her capital being the southern seaport town of Placentia, a place admirably adapted for purposes of defence. When French occupation ended by treaty, the result of war, England ceded to the French, fishing rights on the west coast, and this concession has done its share to retard the progress of the colony.

Travelling in Newfoundland was in a primitive state in the early days of this century. Steam communications not being yet established, the country was completely isolated. Bishop Mullock visiting Europe on one occasion was requested by a certain lady to carry her regards, when he returned to Newfoundland, to a certain friend of hers in Boston. "Why, madame," said the bishop in his own ready way, "you're as near him yourself as I am." Bishop Mullock was one of those who strove by voice and pen to advance in every possible way the interests of Newfoundland. Roads, in those earlier days, were not bad, for the simple reason that they did not exist. Going any distance it was necessary to pass through vast forests, and meet a fair share of adventure. However we have, in the latter half of the century, fallen on the days of telegraph connection, and our roads are fit even for the bicycle. The latter struck us in full force last summer, though we had it in a milder form before.

Last year an exodus took place from the sunburnt cities of the states, and several holiday makers came here to enjoy our cool delicious summer air and drink in new life with our sea breezes.

In the long ago the south-east side of the peninsula of Avalon was the site of Lord Baltimore's attempted colony, before he laid the foundation of civil and religious liberty in Maryland.

The bays along the coast contain many fine, well sheltered, harbors crowded with boats and schooners, and surrounded with large areas of cleared and generally well tilled land. No part of the country is so barren but that plenty of potatoes, turnips, cabbages and garden vegetables may be produced, and the fishermen farmers are, in good seasons, men of substance. Farming is at present in its

infancy. The poorest parts have been reduced to cultivation with excellent results in proportion to outlay and labor. What may we not anticipate when the vast plains of the interior, the rich soil of the Humber and Exploits valleys and the margins of our countless lakes and rivers have been given over to the plough?

Newfoundland is also a splendid sheep raising country, all we require is some machinery to turn the fleece into clothing. But that want is now being supplied by some of our energetic local men. It is bound to have good results in a country which raises 70,000 sheep for a population of 200,000.

Among the places of historical note in south Newfoundland is Placentia, the ancient capital. It is situated at the head of a bay ninety miles deep. This bay is guarded at its entrance by Cape St. Mary, on the east and Dodding Head on the west. The fishing ground near the former place is so prolific as to have originated a proverb, "Cape St. Mary will pay for all." Placentia is built on a beach, capable of "drying the fish of a thousand vessels." Its surrounding hills are surmounted by the ruins of old French forts. There are also lying around several rusty cannon, silent since the time of the Georges. The name "Plaisance" was well bestowed by the poetic Frenchman who first landed on its shores.

Farther west, are Burin, Grand Bank and Fortune, fine flourishing centres of business St. Pierre would deserve a special article. It is one of a group of French islands, the only bits of territory saved by France from the wreck of her once flourishing colonies in North America.

This little colony is a perfect miniature, in all things, of the mother country. It is a transatlantic France. Its resident population is six thousand. The fishermen come there in large vessels from France, and receive a bounty, on their catch, from the home government It is in a most thriving condition, but is a terrible thorn in the side of Newfoundland showing small respect for our revenue laws.

Fortune Bay has been well written about under the title of the Home of Herring. Hermitage Bay has deep water, and towering headland. It is thus famed for its scenery, and what is better it has been the centre of an extensive whale fishery. Newfoundland west is singularly favored in soil and climate. It is styled the garden of Newfoundland. Among its ports of call are Sandy Point in Bay St. George and Bonnie Bay of Islands.

The interior of Newfoundland is too vast a subject to be tacked on to the end of an article like this.

I trust enough has been written to show the reader that our country is well worth a visit, and to convince him that "despite her historic misfortunes," she is destined to occupy, at no distant day, a worthy place amongst the nations of the earth. Sir Walter Scott described visitors to certain parts of Scotland as "feasting on Highland scenery and fasting on Highland fare." Well to those who intend visiting our shores we promise scenery equal to the Highland, minus the fasting. We shall give them such angling as might delight the soul of Isaac Walton; boating on our creeks and arms to their hearts' content; and deer hunting such as they have only read about in the pages of romance.

A LAND LEAGUER'S CHRISTMAS.

P. J. Lynch.

T was Christmas eve. With ruddy glow, the setting sun peeped over the summit of one of the Western Irish hills, as if taking a last look at the landscape before sinking into its ocean bed.

Over the land was settling that hallowed calm and quiet, which seems the inevitable accompaniment of that glorious event, which above all others thrills the human heart and sheds a tranquilizing influence over the human soul. Of all days, that day is dearest on which the Christ-King becomes the Christ-Child, a poor helpless babe, born of woman into a world of sin and sorrow, amid the most humble surroundings, in order that mankind might be saved.

But, on this particular Christmas eve, there was one home in which the glorious festival was likely to be robbed of much of its wonted joy and gladness. In fact Dominick O'Hara had no home. The Land League agitation, inaugurated by Parnell, was then at its height, and, in his district, O'Hara was one of the leaders in the life-and-death struggle, which the Irish tenants were making against the war of extermination, which their cruel and rapacious landlords were waging against them. In the House of Commons, Gladstone was trying to make some improvements in the Irish land laws, in spite of English prejudice and powerful landlord influence, and the efforts of the Irish Parliamentary party were, for the time being, largely directed to trying to keep the tenants in their homes, at any cost, until the expected measures for their relief should be passed by the English Parliament. In pursuance of this plan it had been found necessary to declare, what might be called, a general strike against the payment of rents, and Parnell's famous no-rent manifesto became the law of the land among the tenantry.

Partly because of his prominence as a land leaguer, and partly for other reasons which will appear later, O'Hara had been singled out for vengeance by his landlord. A writ of ejection was secured against him, and, three days before Christmas, he was evicted from the house in which he had been born, and in which his father before him had lived.

The eviction was like thousands of others. The evicting party came one morning just as the family had finished breakfast. The sheriff was nominally in command, but the "Master of Ceremonies" was *Shawn Dearg*, the landlord's head bailiff, faithful henchman, and understrapper-in-general. He was given his sobriquet, presumably, because of the stubborn, bristling growth of fiery red hair which covered his face. A pair of small, squinting, red eyes helped to give him a sinister, evil-looking appearance. There was a squad of a dozen policemen, in charge of a sergeant, to give the party the "protection of the law," and, perchance, to do a little shooting if it

should be required. The landlord's agent, cool, calculating and cruel by nature, looked on with a cold-blooded heartlessness begotten of long experience in that line of work.

No time was lost in preliminaries. Everything movable in the house was carried out of doors by the sheriff's corps; then the fire in the hearth was extinguished, after which every door and window was firmly bolted, the windows being nailed up with boards on the outside. The house was not pulled down, as was often done in eviction cases, for it must be remembered that in those days the Irish tenant was the helpless slave of his landlord, and no matter how good a house he had built, or how many improvements he had made on his farm, when he was evicted, everything was confiscated by the landlord. In this case the agent had an eye on the house and farm for himself, and so he wanted to avoid injury to the building as much as possible.

The arrival of the evicting party came to Mrs. O'Hara like a shock, which struck her very soul, even though she had been trying for days to nerve herself for the dread ordeal, and, as two of the sheriff's men began to lead her, with no very gentle touch out of the house, she fainted. She was thus mercifully spared the pain of witnessing the further details of the work. When she revived she found herself seated in one corner of the yard, with her head resting on the bosom of her eldest daughter, Eileen, a beautiful girl of eighteen. Two other girls, one fifteen and one eleven hovered near, anxious and fearful, but evidently unable to comprehend the full extent of the calamity. A fine sturdy boy of thirteen stood beside them, his eyes flashing defiance and indignation. He had, with difficulty, been restrained from attacking the sheriff's men when they laid hands on his mother. Another boy, a child of eight, completed the family group.

When the desolating crew had left, Dominick O'Hara walked over to join his family. He looked wistfully at his wife, then looked around the group and sighed. The sigh seemed to say "It is I who have brought you all to this," but then, as if suddenly remembering something else, he straightened himself and a look of grim resolve came into his face.

As usual, in such cases, a big crowd of the O'Hara's neighbors had assembled outside the yard, all eager to extend aid and sympathy at the earliest possible moment. "Here boys," said Dominick, addressing the men, "help me to gather up these things," indicating by a wave of his hand his household belongings which were strewn around in the utmost confusion, "we may want them bimeby and we can stack them up agin the gable over there."

As the men eagerly went to work as directed, the women in the group turned to Mrs. O'Hara and the girls and cheered them with words of comfort and sympathy. In a comparatively short time, the furniture, and other household effects, had been carefully piled up under a shed at one end of the house, and covered over to protect them as much as possible.

While this work was being completed, Mrs. O'Hara's brother, who lived in the next village, and had just heard of the eviction, drove up on his jaunting car at full speed. He was deeply grieved, and his coming seemed to add to his sister's anguish. After a brief conference with his brother-in-law, he proposed that the

whole family should go to his house and remain there until some other arrangements could be made. When this suggestion was made to Mrs. O'Hara she shook her head sadly.

"Dominick *agra*, I cannot bear to lave the sight of me home that was so happy. *Ochore*," she wailed, "'tis little I thought this dark day would come to us, but here I'll stay and something tells me that God, blessed be His holy name, will soon lift the black cloud from over us."

"But Nancy, dear" persisted her husband, "how can we stay here without a roof but God's sky over us?"

"Ah Dominick, 'tis meself that has spent many a night awake for the last fortnit, thinkin' over the blow that was comin'. Dominick, do ye mind the little barn down the *boreen* where the heifers and strippers are? Well, I thought to meself the place can be claned up for a little while and who knows what God will send us before long."

"What about the cattle, Nancy?"

"Oh! I thought about that as well. The neighbors can make room for them in their barns for a short while."

All had to agree that Mrs. O'Hara's plan was not such a bad one. The barn, while not large, could be made fairly comfortable for an emergency, and the neighbors were only too willing to provide for the cattle. The father insisted, however, that while he and his wife remained in the barn, the remainder of the family should go home with their Uncle. Eileen begged to be allowed to stay with her mother, and indeed it would have been difficult, as well as cruel, to tear them apart.

And so it happened that on this Christmas eve the homestead of Dominick O'Hara was silent and deserted. As Mrs. Kelly, the wife of one of the nearest neighbors, passed by it at the time indicated at the opening of our story, she sighed as she remembered the many happy Christmas festivals held there, and she hastened on to the "barn by the *boreen*," a short distance further on.

"God save all here," she said in as cheerful a tone as she could command, as she entered.

"*Musha*, God save ye kindly," responded Mrs. O'Hara, "and bless your kind heart; 'tis yersel is the comfort to see darkenin' the doore. How are they all at home?"

"*Och* just middlin. And how is purty Eileen? Troth I see there is no need to ask for she is sweet as a rose."

Eileen blushed and went on with her work more rapidly than before. With her mother's aid she had transformed the place so that it looked very different from the barn of three days before, At one end a big peat fire was burning, the smoke, in the absence of a chimney, finding its way through a hole cut in the thatched roof. The earthen floor was sprinkled with fine white sand, which gave the place a wonderful appearance of neatness and cleanliness. The necessary cooking utensils had been brought down from the deserted house, and the two women were deep in preparations for the Christmas supper.

"And how is Dominick?" asked Mrs. Kelly.

"Oh, he hasn't been feelin' like himself, poor man. He went down to the cross-roads to meet Frank on the mail car. Frank, you know, is coming home for the Christmas. Oh *wirrasthrue*," said the poor woman as if suddenly remembering

her strange circumstances, "what a sorrowful Christmas me poor boy is comin' to. *Mavrone* that he ever saw the day." She could scarcely restrain her tears. Frank was the eldest son, a young man of twenty, who was in business with his uncle in Galway.

"And does he know of the — what has happened?" said Mrs. Kelly, avoiding in time the hateful word, "eviction."

"No indeed, and that is why I was so anxious that Dominick should meet him and break the sad news as aisy as could be. The poor *bouchal*, 'twill send a pang to his heart anyway. Oh Father in Heaven," she suddenly exclaimed, "If this isn't Frank himself comin' down the *boreen*. He must have come the short cut and missed Dominick. Oh Mrs. Kelly, run out and meet him. Don't let him turn up to the house but bring him here at wanst."

Mrs. Kelly departed, leaving the poor mother in a dreadful state of agitation. Eileen tried to comfort her but with little success. "Oh, my poor boy," she cried, "What will he say to find his mother livin' in a barn! And on this blessed night of all nights. Oh *wirrasthrue!*"

In a few moments the young man entered, a look of blank astonishment on his face, and exclaimed "Mother, what does this mean; why are you here"—before he could finish the sentence his mother had thrown herself on his neck in a fit of weeping. Eileen clung to him on the other side. It was a pathetic scene and Mrs. Kelly could not refrain from weeping too.

"It's the murtherin' landlord," she blurted out answering the look in Frank's eyes. "They came three days ago and threw yer poor father and mother out the doore."

"Mother is this true?" asked Frank.

"Only too thrue, *Alanna*," without looking up and still sobbing.

"Why was it? Could not father pay his rent?"

Then something, probably the same thought which had come to her husband on the day of the eviction, when he stood in despair before his family, seemed to recall the weeping woman to herself. Her tears stopped suddenly, she disengaged herself from her son's neck and drew herself up with a gesture of pride.

"Yes, Frank he could," she replied with spirit, "but he wouldn't. Ye know, Parnell, God bless him, ses no more rent, 'ill be paid till the landlords come to raison, and yer father couldn't be mane enough to desert the rest of the tenants. The landlord came down on yer father because he was the head of the Land League here, but better be turned out a thousand times than go back on the other tenants."

"Then in that case dry your tears, mother dear. If father is fighting the battles of the tenants and the League 'tis proud we ought to be instead of being cast down, but that does not excuse the deviltry of the landlord and his agent, and as God is above me they will suffer for it."

"Oh my son" pleaded Mrs. O'Hara, relapsing into a tearful mood again, "take heed what ye say. *Shawn Dearg* is ready to swear agin' ye, ever since the day ye wrote the song about him and the landlord, and that's another raison why they came down on yer father. Oh, Frank, dear, if they put you in jail 'twould kill me."

"Do not fear, Mother. I will not

do anything rash. But I must get time to think. Oh," he cried bitterly, "what a home-coming! What a happy Christmas I expected, and now" ——

He looked around the place, and then, as if wishing to be alone with his thoughts, he dashed out of the house and walked rapidly down the road. His thoughts were chasing one another in rapid flights through his brain, and the blood was coursing wildly through his veins. He clinched his hands from time to time, and if he had met *Shawn Dearg* or the landlord at that moment he would have found it hard to keep those hands from their throats.

The road curved around a lake, that nestled peacefully against a range of low-lying hills on the opposite side, and something in its placid calm, as well as the solemnity which pervaded the gathering dusk, seemed to exercise a soothing influence upon him, for his pace slackened imperceptibly until he was walking quite slowly. He was so absorbed in thought that he did not notice a young man, who came bounding down a pathway that ran out to the road, until he came up and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Hello Frank. Welcome home; come for the Christmas holidays?" Then, as if recollecting what had happened, he added: "But it's the sad news we have for you after all."

Frank seized his hand in a warm grasp, and then, as if continuing the line of thought which had just occupied his mind, he said: "Tom, you know I often told you I did not like those secret societies you have often asked me to join. I told you there were always informers in them. I have a prejudice against them even now, but I have been so changed in the last ten minutes by what has happened that I am ready to join any kind of society that promises to rid the country of the scourge of landlordism."

Tom Cassidy laughed as he replied: "I am glad to hear you have changed your mind and I will remember it. But to-night there is a meeting of the boys over in the glen and I think you will be interested in it. Oh yes, you can come all right; there is no secret business. The captain has given me a hint and I think you would like to be present. Come on; I am on my way over there now."

Frank agreed and the two turned off from the main road, when they reached the upper end of the lake, and struck off into a pathway, which skirted the shore, around to the hills already mentioned. After crossing the first hill, they came to a pretty glen, the sides of which were covered with long heather, in some places as tall as a medium sized man. Through the bed of the glen flowed a small stream, which carried off the surplus waters of the lake. In a nook, where the glen abruptly turned, as if twisted by some supernatural force, loomed up the ruins of an ancient abbey, its old walls gracefully festooned with clinging ivy, that seemed to hide its slow decay, and prop its tottering strength.

As the young men approached the ruin the murmur of voices could be heard and Cassidy remarked: —

"There must be a pretty large gathering of the boys already. I hope we are not too late."

They entered by a passage, which was almost concealed by the long heath, mingled with the ivy, and quietly took their places at the lower end of the old building. The floor

had long since become overgrown with grass and moss, and the only thing to serve as seats was a few stone benches. There were about one hundred and fifty young men present, when the two friends entered. Some were standing in groups, some sitting on the stone seats, and the majority stretched out on the soft mossy floor. The only light was furnished by a few tallow candles around the walls and the bright moon and stars overhead, for the roof had gone generations before, and this combination gave the scene a peculiarly weird effect.

At the upper end was a raised moss-covered platform and near it two men were seated, talking in low tones. "That is Captain Jack O'Reilly," said Tom indicating one of them, a tall, well-formed young man.

"Why that is my old chum," replied Frank, evidently pleased at the prominence which his friend had attained. O'Reilly looked over the gathering every few moments, as if impatient to begin, and in a few minutes he ascended the platform. There was breathless silence as he spoke.

"Boys," he said, "this is a queer time to call you out, but these are queer times. To make a long story short, you know how Dominick O'Hara and his decent family were turned out of house and home a few days ago. You know that it was not his fault but that he was singled out for revenge, because they knew he could not settle without betraying his brother tenants. You know he might be in his house to-night only for his work as a land leaguer and because of the grudge they bear his son, Frank *Oge*, who, though not a member of our society, is as true to the cause as any man that lives. It would be a crying shame if we let *Shawn Dearg* and his master persecute this family, especially when they suffer for others. We must teach *Shawn Dearg* and his master a lesson they won't soon forget and we must do it this very night. Now, how many of you are with me in this thing? All who are will stand up."

Instantly every man arose to his feet as if released from a spring. The prospect of punishing *Shawn Dearg*, in some way, was apleasing one, for there was probably few of them who had not experienced some injury at his hands.

"It is well, boys," cried O'Reilly, his face bright with enthusiasm, and now we must get to work for what we do must be done within the next two hours." He then rapidly outlined the plan of operations which he had conceived. As he proceeded, and its daring and originality fully appeared to his audience, they could scarcely restrain their expressions of delight, and a few cheers broke on the stillness of the night. "Now, on!" he concluded, "go off in small groups and meet within fifteen minutes at the appointed place."

As Captain O'Reilly was speaking Frank O'Hara could hardly control his emotion, and at one portion of his address, when the leader outlined his plan of action, his eyes filled with tears. The two friends waited till Captain O'Reilly came towards them on his way out, and as he recognized Frank he welcomed him with much warmth. The latter responded in a choking voice, "May God bless you for your kindness to-night. I cannot thank you now, but my mother will when she hears what you have done. Oh! my heart is as light as a feather this minute, where 'twas like lead a

few minutes ago, when I think of the surprise in store for my dear mother. I hope," he said, again, clasping the captain's hand warmly, "I may be able to reward you, in some way for your kindness, some day."

"You may," returned O'Reilly, laconically, and with a sly twinkle in his eye.

Frank did not understand him then, but he recalled the words before the night was over. The three friends then set off together. They went around the other side of the lake and came out on the main road at a point only a short distance from the "barn by the *boreen*," but instead of going there they seemed to try to avoid it, for they made a detour through the fields to get past it without being noticed.

Now let us take a look at the barn again. The place is now lighted by two or three lamps, in addition to the blazing fire in the hearth. Mrs. Kelly had gone home, but she sent over two of her girls to keep the two women "in company," and help them in the preparations for supper. Dominick had returned, after a long wait at the cross roads for Frank.

Everything was bustle and preparation, for was not the great Christmas supper being got ready. This supper is the great feast of the year among the peasantry and Mrs. O'Hara never thought she could do too much in the observance of the festival. Every available space about the hearth was occupied by pots, pans and ovens. In the absence of the usual crane, from which to suspend these things over the fire, the pots were supported by three stones high enough to allow a plentiful supply of coals under them. The ovens for baking had coals over them on the lid, as well as under them. Right in the centre, in the front section of the hearth, was the big "*bunnoge*" or "*boxty*" cake made from grated raw potatoes. When this grated material is squeezed, in a porous cloth to press the juice, and then kneaded with a little flour, or some mashed potatoes, it makes a delicious bread, and no feast among the peasantry would be complete without it. For such a big "*bunnoge*" as this one — the cake was about thirty inches in diameter and nearly two inches thick — the usual method of baking was to sweep clean a portion of the hearth, which had become almost red hot under a blazing fire, then place on it a layer of big green cabbage leaves, on this layer place the cake with another layer of leaves over it, and then put on a layer of live coals. In about an hour the "*bunnoge*" is baked. Some kettles and teapots took up the remaining space about the hearth.

It was about nine o'clock, and as Mrs. O'Hara looked over her work she saw that everything would soon be in readiness for supper. Suddenly she remembered the absent ones, and she asked her husband what must be wrong with the four children, who were coming over from their uncle's to attend the Christmas supper. "And Frank," she added "I don't see what can be keepin' him so long away."

"Oh, Frank will be all right" replied Mr. O'Hara, "but I don't see what can be keepin' the children away. Michael said, he would be over here with them at 8 o'clock."

Eileen went to the door to see if the absent ones were coming, but scarcely had she looked out when she returned in alarm.

"Mother," she cried, "there's a whole army coming down the *boreen* and they look like peelers, for I saw the moon shining on some of the guns."

"Merciful Heavens" ejaculated Mrs. O'Hara, "are they coming to turn us out of the barn too? Oh, if they do 'twill be the death of me. I'll never see another day." She sank despairingly into a seat. Eileen and the other girls went to her side, and all experienced a few moments of dreadful suspense. The regular tramp of marching men approached, and as every one watched the door with agonized glances half a dozen men entered. It was not the hated peelers, and the sudden revulsion of feeling was almost as trying as the previous moments of alarm. But, though fear had fled, mystery and doubt yet remained, for the newcomers were all disguised and heavily armed. Masks, made of oat straw, were pulled down over their heads as far as their chins, the spaces between the straws enabling them to see plainly, while their own faces were completely hidden. Each wore an ordinary white shirt outside his clothes, and the lower part of the body was hidden in a woman's skirt of white material, so that they were all white except their shoes. This was the favorite costume of the "straw boys" who drop in at nearly every wedding reception, uninvited, but welcome guests, to drink the health of the bride and groom, and have a few dances with the girls, the "captain" always having the privilege of dancing with the bride.

The leader approached Mr. O'Hara and said: "we have a little business with yourself and your wife and daughter, but we must first blindfold the three of you."

He was evidently trying to disguise his voice, but something in his tone seemed strangely familiar to Eileen, and for a few moments the feelings of doubt, hope and joy which struggled within her bosom almost overcame her, especially coming as they did after her previous fright. She gazed fixedly at the leader as if trying to pierce through his disguise, but she was not left long in doubt, for just then he walked towards her, and bending low to the table beside her, on pretence of arranging the bandage by which she was to be blindfolded, he whispered something into her ear.

Her face lighted with joy, while mantling blushes overspread it. And, as if in obedience to the whispered words, she rose, threw her arms around her mother's neck and said in a low voice: "Mother dear, don't be afraid; these are friends."

The next moment the three were blindfolded, the leader himself performing the operation in Eileen's case and staying by her side as the three were led forth from the house. Two of his men, one on each side, guided the footsteps of Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara, while he and Eileen fell in behind.

It seemed a long, long walk for the blindfolded people. It seemed to them as if they had walked at least two miles, and had gone through innumerable turnings and twistings, walked in circles, and retraced their footsteps time and again. At length they were halted in a spot, where the air seemed suddenly to have become much warmer, and even through the bandages on their eyes came a glow as if from a strong light. They heard the sounds of departing footsteps, as if their guides were deserting them, and then came silence.

Mrs. O'Hara felt some one removing the bandage from her eyes, and looking up she saw her son Frank before her. Another wild look around and she almost fainted in his arms. "God be praised!" she exclaimed, "what is this? Is it a miracle, or have we been carried away by the fairies?"

It was no wonder that Mrs. O'Hara was astounded, for the place in which she found herself was her own big, bright kitchen in her own house. There seemed to be absolutely no change in it, as if no such thing as an eviction had ever been known there. A monster fire was blazing on the hearth, the lamps were burning as usual, and the furniture and equipments were in their regular place. But what bewildered her more than all was to see on the hearth the very pots, pans, ovens etc., she had left in the barn, and there was the same table, with its snow-white tablecloth, and its array of plates, cups and saucers, as it had been laid out for the Christmas supper at the barn. For a few seconds she could scarcely tell whether or not it was all a dream, or whether the fairies had not been at work. Then as she realized that she was truly in her own house she fell on her knees, with the tears streaming from her eyes, and from a bursting heart, prayed with all the fervor of a pure soul with sublime trust and faith in its Maker.

As she arose from her knees, she found that her whole family was gathered around her, and that her brother had arrived.

"*Arra* Frank *acushla*," she said, "what does it all mane?"

"Why, mother, nothing is simpler. The boys met over in the glen to-night and decided that father should not be allowed to suffer any longer, and to turn the tables on *Shawn Dearg* and the landlord, they formed a plan to put him back in his house again. Nearly one hundred and fifty of them came over, and it was short work to break down the bars from the doors and windows and put back the furniture and everything into the house again. Then they made a fire and cleaned up the place just as you see it."

"But Frank, how about the supper things?"

"Oh," laughed Frank, "that is one of the best things about it and it was planned by Captain O'Reilly himself. While he went to the barn with a few of his men to blindfold you and lead you from the place, he instructed another squad to begin to carry the things over here the minute you had left the house. To give them plenty of time to do it, they walked you up and down the *boreen* beyond the barn. I suppose," and he laughed heartily, "that you thought they took you on a long journey, but you never went more than a hundred yards beyond the barn. As soon as everything was moved they took you over here, and I took off the bandages, first taking off Eileen's and father's."

"But, Frank, how did the children come here?"

"Oh that is another surprise the Captain planned. In fact he has planned everything. He knew Uncle was coming over with them, and he sent one of his men to meet them and keep them at Mrs. Kelly's, up the road, till just the right time."

"And who is this kind Captain O'Reilly that has done so much for us?" asked Mrs. O'Hara.

"Why mamma," put in Jim, the younger brother, evidently feeling

that he had some important information to impart, "don't you know Jack O'Reilly, who comes to see Eileen?"

"*Musha*, may God bless him," said the mother, and turning to Eileen she said with affectionate good humor, "so that's how ye knew over in the barn that 'twas friends?"

"Yes," said Frank, "and that explains something the Captain said over in the glen."

"Well," said the mother, "his father and mother's son should be good and he is showin' it. An' Eileen," she said with sly humor, "if he wants ye he can have my blessing."

"Thank you for your good opinion, Mrs. O'Hara," said a cheery voice behind them.

It was Captain O'Reilly himself who had entered unobserved in time to hear the last remark.

Poor Eileen fled in confusion, but soon returned, with the tell tale blush still on her face, and resumed with her mother the interrupted preparations for supper. O'Reilly frankly admitted that he had come to stay for supper, "for" said he, "I missed mine at home in the bustle of the events of the night, and besides I wanted to see Frank."

"Oh yes, and to see some one else" sang out Jim.

Every one laughed except Eileen, O'Reilly himself as heartily as any one. He was evidently supremely happy, and while he talked to Frank his eyes followed her fair form as she busied about the kitchen.

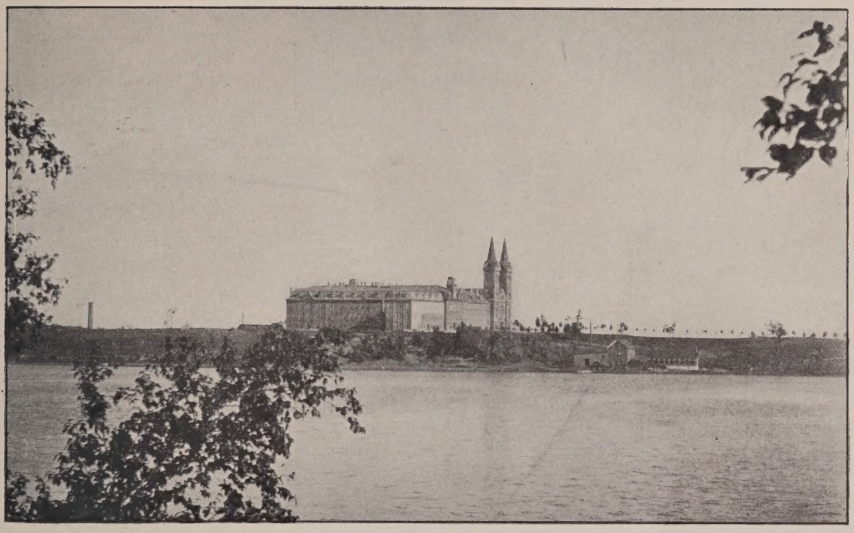
"But, Mr. O'Reilly," said Mrs. O'Hara stopping suddenly in her work as if a dreadful thought had just occurred to her, "wont the landlord prosecute Dominick and put him to jail for takin', possession agin?"

"I thought of that Mrs. O'Hara and prepared for it. I managed to get Major Carson and Squire Saunderson to pass by this way at the time the boys broke open the house. They saw the whole thing, and they will be ready to testify that Dominick was put back into his house by force and that he could not help it. As they are government officials there word will be very weighty, but they are secretly in favor of the tenants and good friends of mine."

This ruse of O'Reilly turned out exactly as he expected, and though O'Hara was afterwards prosecuted he was acquitted, nor was he ever disturbed again.

The supper was a joyous one. It was not only a Christmas feast but also a betrothal supper, for O'Reilly and Eileen, as they sat down side by side, seemed to have reached an understanding. As she looked shyly into his face, with love shining in her eyes, he thought the world held no greater happiness for him. Mrs O'Hara's great joy was mingled with a pious devotion which at once expressed reliance on an all-wise Providence, and absolute submission to its decrees. The younger children were delighted to be home again, and Dominick O'Hara, as he surveyed the group, felt that all the troubles of the past were atoned for. After supper there was no talk of sleep and all prepared to attend the midnight mass together.

Sweet is pleasure after pain. The soul tried by fire revels in the light of returning joy. The heart, which has known sorrow and suffering, feels an ecstatic thrill when happiness once more claims it. So, from the dark night of despair and grief, came the happiest day that Dominick O'Hara and his good wife, Nancy, had ever known.



St. John's Abbey and University, Minn.

THE TRANSITION OF AN HISTORIC ORDER.

M. R. Taylor.

THIS seems to be the age of the Benedictine. Only a few months ago through the munificence of Leo XIII there arose upon one of Rome's historic hills, the Aventine, a great monastic establishment, which will harbor within its walls hundreds of the sons of the great Italian Saint, founder of the widely propagated Order, which bears the name of Benedict. The atmosphere of Italy is redolent with the aroma of the sanctity of those pristine monks, and, from the caves of Subiaco and the heights of Monte Casino, their influence has spread over the world.

Rome has crowned with a wreath of laurel, the name of him who first hearkened to the call and fled to the inhospitable rockiness of Subiaco. Through the dim twilight of the past, America lifts her head and points with loving pride to the Order which has dwelt within her bosom for half a century.

Founded in peace and solitude, from the handful of courageous disciples has grown a community which numbers thousands. The Benedictine Order had its birth in the silence of the mountains; the great Father made his rule undisturbed; —

> The pen became a clarion and his school
> Flamed like a beacon in the midnight air

The mandate of Christ to His own Apostles was fulfilled to the letter in these holy men. Persecution assailed

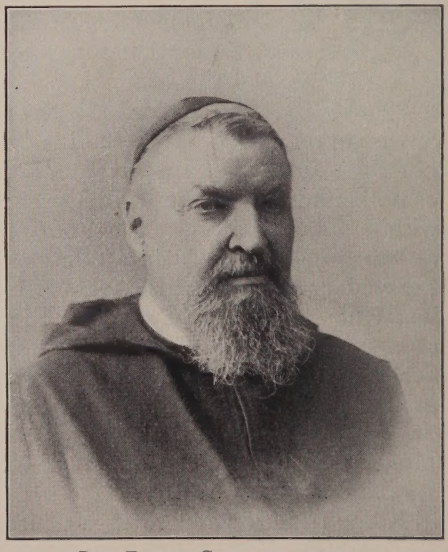
RT. REV. LEO HAID, D.D., VICAR APOSTOLIC OF NORTH CAROLINA.

them, calumny and jealousy rent limb from limb, but the mangled body cherished enough vitality to raise its trembling head, and a work of God was carefully nurtured back to life, to constitute one of the greatest and most important factors in the education and civilization of Europe. As the oldest of all the ancient religious orders, its history is closely identified with that of the prominent countries of the Old World. Read the chronicles of her advancements, inventions, and her growth from barbarism to Christianity, and you will find the records of the Benedictines so closely interwoven with those of scientific and moral progress that subtracting one you destroy the other.

From the great and immortal abbey, their home where —

> Uplifted, like a passing cloud
> That pauses on a mountain summit high
> Monte Casino's convent rears its proud
> And venerable walls against the sky,

these courageous monks scattered themselves in small bands over their sister countries. Spain, France, England, Germany and the northern countries felt their power and began to improve. To extensive erudition these great men united a thorough knowledge of agriculture. While the wonderful discoveries and improvements, which were to benefit the world, were being made within the walls of the magnificent monasteries erected by them, the land was being tilled and made fruitful through their labors.



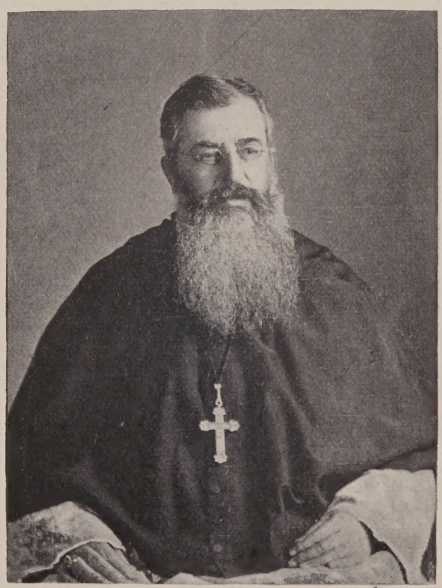
REV. FATHER CELESTINE, O.S.B.
The only surviving companion of Father Boniface to United States in 1846.

Of their homes it is useless to write more than a few words. Every scholar is familiar with the

Rt. Rev. Nepomuc Jaeger, O.S.B., Chicago, Ill.

names of Westminster, Melrose, Furness, Glastonbury, Walsingham, Fountains, the homes of the Benedictines on the British Isle, the nucleus for British industry and education. France calls to mind the history of Cluny, Tours, Saint Maur and Saint Denys; while in Germany the very name suggests those of Reichenbach, Fulda, founded by Saint Boniface, Saint Gall, Hirschfeld, and Ottobayern, usually styled the home of the Emperors, the architectural beauty of which would shame even the glorious achievements of the twentieth century genius.

In 792 Charlemagne erected the abbey of Metten upon the banks of the Bavarian Danube. This early date entitled it to the distinction of being one of the oldest Benedictine monasteries in Germany. The abbey was renowned for its sanctity and learning, and to those who dwelt under the shadow of the sacred pile it was a protector and defender of their privileges and liberties. They regarded the black habit and scapular as sacred badges. The grand old institution held its head aloft during the Napoleonic Wars; its routine of prayer and labor was undisturbed; the good monks pursued the even tenor of their holy lives while their

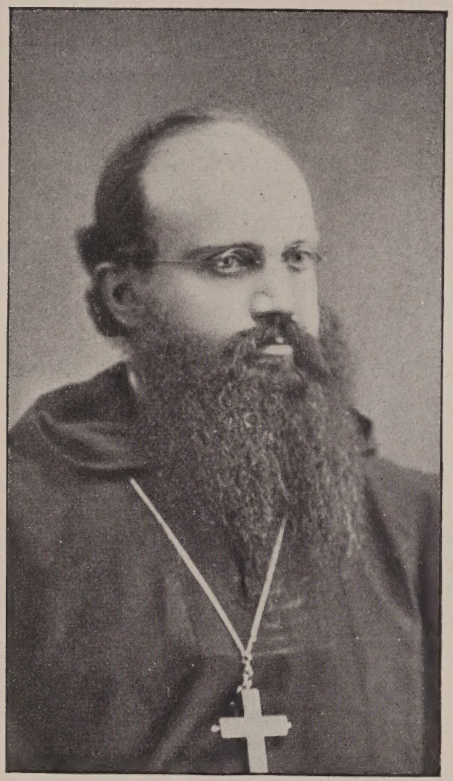


Rt. Rev. Arch Abbot, Leander Schnerr, O.S.B.

brothers had become prey to the merciless avarice and ambition of State.

No respecter of religion, no lover of knowledge, the government of Emperor Francis Joseph cast a jealous eye upon the peaceful walls of

Metten. The fathers heard the distant murmuring of the approaching storm, portending evil, and yet there



THE RT. REV. ABBOT INNOCENT WOLF, O.S.B.
ATCHISON, KANSAS.

was serenity within the cloister. In 1803 the lowering clouds burst in all their pent-up fury. By a single stroke of the Emperor Joseph's pen, Metten and hundreds of other religious institutions were secularized, their property confiscated, and the monks like their Divine Model "had not whereon to rest their heads." Religion was trampled under foot, learning and charity fled with bowed heads from the scene, and irreparable injury was done to the progress of the country.

Fourteen years elapsed, and brought to its senses by the calamities wrought by vandalism, the state began to exert itself to repair, in a manner, the evil. The intention was good, but the work amounted to little. It was not until 1830 that Metten was restored to the exiled Benedictines by the kindness of Louis I, reigning sovereign of Bavaria. Two snowy-headed monks alone remained of the number ejected, and, with grateful hearts, these returned to the arms that had sheltered them in the days when no disturbing element marred the tranquility of

RT. REV. ABBOT PETER ENGEL, O.S.B.,
COLLEGEVILLE, MINN.

Metten. Two years later they were reinforced by five secular priests entering the novitiate, all of whom afterwards held positions of honor in the Church.

One of these, Father Boniface, is

ST. VINCENT'S ARCH ABBEY, PA.,
Mother Abbey of the Benedictines in the United States.

indissolubly linked with the history of the American Benedictines, and to peruse the chronicles of the Order in our own fair land is but to read the life of the noble monk and priest, who laid the foundation for the success achieved by them during half of the present century.

Looking back fifty years to 1846 Catholicity in the United States presented a picture very different from that of the days of their recent Golden Jubilee. Even then, however, there were numbers of our faith scattered over this broad territory; there were churches; and already the corner-stones, for the hundreds of sacred edifices which beautify the New World, were being laid through the zeal and devotedness of God's ministers. Even then the Catholics had a history which had grown with that of the country. From their number came men, fearless of religious persecution, men whose intelligence and pertinacity framed our present "Constitution," and men active in the service of their adopted country, when the flag of rebellion floated over her fruitful acres, and cannon thundered forth a challenge for liberty. Priests were few and the work prodigious. Emigrants had flocked over, seeking an asylum, and their pastors, who accompanied them to supply their spiritual needs, were also obliged to minister to other small congregations.

Catholicity had at this time obtained a foot-hold in Pennsylvania. In 1760 some Philadelphia sportsmen erected a small log hut, which they dignified with the pretentious name of "Sportsman's Hall." This stood upon the site of the present Saint Vincent's Abbey, and was the first monastery.

More than twenty years after, in 1787, five German families came over the mountains and located at this place. Rev. Peter Helbron ministered to their needs, and as the number increased, the cry for German priests re-echoed over this land and penetrated the cloisters of the Fatherland. The constant appeal for assistance attracted the attention of Father Boniface Wimmer, professor in the Royal Institute at Munich, and prompted him to set forth his views in magazines and papers. These very practical ideas elicited great admiration. It was proposed to found seminaries for the education of priests to supply the vacancies in America.

Louis I, much impressed by the wisdom of the project, summoned the young monk and hearing his plans, approved, promising every possible assistance. The ecclesiastical authorities also declared their support.

On July 25, 1846, with four students of theology and fourteen candidates for the brotherhood, Father Boniface left his native home to begin the work of a missionary. In the early days of this century "Sportsman's Hall" had become the property of a Franciscan friar, Theodore Brouwers, who came from Holland seeking a home for the needy, and had purchased land six miles distant from the "Hall" together with three hundred and fifteen acres adjacent. Here he erected a one story log-chapel and labored among the growing flock until his death. The possessions were bequeathed to his spiritual successors as a home for priests and a headquarters for the adherents of the faith in the Western Country, the congregation being made owner in trust.

The community flourished and upon the arrival of Father Boniface with his followers he received from Bishop O'Connor of Pittsburg the St. Vincent property. It would be difficult for us to imagine the impressions the first Benedictines received when they reached the tiny settlement, which was to be their future home. Accustomed to the grandeur and beauty of the German monasteries, their hearts must have been filled with the keenest sorrow at the prospect before them. Fortified and strengthened by God's grace they had come prepared to battle with hardships, to cope with and surmount every obstacle, but it required a mighty test of manhood and the nature of a hero, to be satisfied with the little then offered them, a small brick church, a pastor's residence of similar construction, a miniature school-

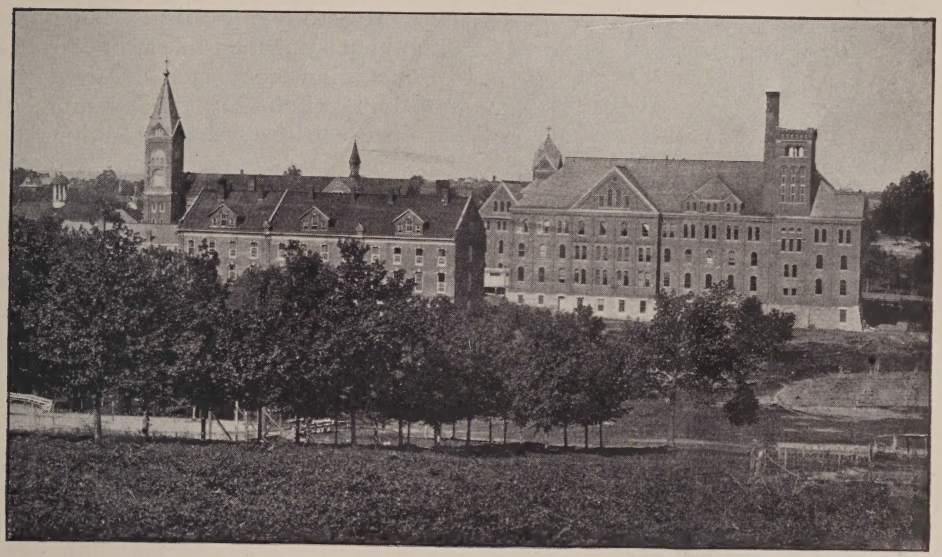
RT. REV. ABBOT HILARY, O S.B.,
President St. Anselm's College, Manchester

house, and a frail barn, the original "Sportsman's Hall."

Father Boniface and his companions took possession of their new home on October 18, 1846, and six days later, on the ever memorable 24th, laid the foundation of the first

panions. But the joy of their hearts, left no place for repining."

Unused to the rigor of a Pennsylvania winter, the exiles' suffering was intense. The wind howled about the frail structure, the snow drifted through the crevices, covering



St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas.

Benedictine Monastery in the United States, and, upon the same occasion invested the four students and fourteen lay-brothers with the religious habit.

Right Reverend Leo Haid, D. D., O. S. B., in his magnificent sermon upon the event of the recent Jubilee celebration at St. Vincent's, pictured in pathetic language the hardships and privations these noble men endured. He mentioned when recalling the investiture of the religious that "Such was their poverty, that the number of habits was much smaller than the number to be invested, hence those who were first favored retired to the sacristy and gave the holy dress to their com-

the hard beds and rough floor with a pure soft mantle; food was scarce, but the simple fare was sweetened by prayer and toil. To quote the Right Reverend Bishop: "They immediately began their monastic life. They rose at a quarter to four and, after two hours of prayer, with glad hearts hastened to work. Trees were felled and fitted for the new buildings, bricks made, stones quarried and dressed, and so the foundations were laid for the monastic home destined to become so famous in future years. In the mean time the lands were cleared and carefully cultivated, continuing the traditions of our Order as the friend and teacher of agriculture."

The dignity of a priest did not deter Father Boniface from laboring side by side with his faithful followers. Together they toiled in the

St. Anselm's College.

fields, together they reared the buildings, and in his working clothes the superior was hardly distinguishable from his inferiors. In August of the following year assistance arrived from Munich in the person of Rev. Peter Lechner, O. S. B., who brought with him from Scheyern twenty aspirants and a purse of five thousand gulden, a donation from the Louis Mission Union, with the further promise of a yearly donation of two thousand gulden. This amount served to establish the Order permanently.

The work increased, but the laborers were by no means adequate to their needs. The reverend founder had organized a school; young students gathered under his paternal care, and while fulfilling his duties of father and guide to them, his primary object — the education of priests and the erection of a monastery — was constantly borne in mind. His force not being requisite, he ordained Rev. Charles Geierstanger who had completed his theological course in Germany. This was the first ordination of a Benedictine in America. Immediately he and Father Lechner became co-laborers in the surrounding parishes, and Father Wimmer relieved of these duties was free to give his undivided attention to the home he had founded.

It was not his intention to confine his order to one locality. The great good accomplished in Europe by its propagation convinced him of the wisdom of imitating the example of his predecessors, whose traditions he so tenaciously preserved. He did not concentrate his efforts upon Saint Vincent's, but with zeal and love for the salvation of souls, scattered his little band wherever work was most difficult, and the benefit, from a worldly point of view, least.

The addition of aspirants incommoded the monastic family and necessitated the building of a larger seminary. For this end in 1850 Father Wimmer founded the Priory of Saint Mary's, Elks Co., Penn. The demand for priests being thus satisfied, attention was given to securing teachers for the various parishes. With this end in view he negotiated with the Mother Superior of the Benedictine nuns in Dryopolis, Bavaria, who in 1853, sent over a number of Sisters. They began their work at Saint Mary's Priory, and formed the colony from which has sprung fifteen convents and seventeen mission-houses, located in thirteen states, with a membership of nearly two thousand.

About this time Pius IX raised Saint Vincent's to the dignity of a monastery and when, in 1854, Father Wimmer visited Rome, the Sovereign Pontiff created him abbot and his monastery an abbey. With a thorough conception of the good

wrought by the community, His Holiness likewise granted him the authority to propagate the Order throughout the Union.

Returning to this country, and forseeing the great field for labor in the West, Abbot Wimmer directed his efforts thereto. In 1856 the first steps were taken to found an abbey in Minnesota. "St. John's with its successful University, its numerous parishes embracing a wide territory, is the monument of their sacrifice." In the same year Kansas felt the worth of the Benedictine Fathers.

"After years of toil, hard work, and severest trials, St. Benedict's Abbey in Atchison with its College, and parish churches in many states, is a standing proof of God's richest blessings. Other abbeys were erected, St. Mary's in Newark, N. J., Mary Help in North Carolina, St. Bernard's, Alaska, St. Procopius, Chicago, Cluny Priory, Illinois, St. Leo's, Florida, St. Martin's Olympia, Washington,— all with colleges and parish churches. Monastic life, education, and the care of souls, everywhere go hand in hand."

On the fifteenth anniversary of his entrance to the monastic profession, December 14, 1883, Abbot Wimmer was elevated to the dignity of an arch-abbot. Years of hardship, of ceaseless endeavor, and advancing age began to tell upon him, yet his unimpaired intellect grappled with, and overcame difficulties, promoting the interests of the Order until his death on December 8, 1887.

Only one survives of the little band who founded St. Vincent's, a white-haired priest, and only he could couch in adequate terms the history of their struggles.

They sleep — the great Arch-Abbot and his faithful followers, after a life of sacrifices for God; their spirits rest with the blessed words "Well done" still sounding from the lips of their Master. They need no eulogy; their works are the monuments which immortalize their memory, the causes for which they lived and died.

Reviewing briefly the work of the Order, reverting for a moment to its history, we are convinced that the world will ever remain indebted to the noble sons of St. Benedict who offered up their lives for the spiritual and temporal advantage of her millions. Their record is incomparably grand. In Europe the finest and most renowned universities have their origin from the Benedictines Their order was styled "The Order of Rulers" since at various ages during three-hundred years the sons of St. Benedict occupied the Chair of St. Peter. State was subservient to their power, sovereigns humbled themselves before their superior strength.

Again passing to the benefit reaped by the United States. Within the last fifty years the humble beginning at St. Vincent's has spread over twenty-five states. The Benedictines in our country to-day number two bishops, two arch-abbots, two independent priors, over two hundred and eighty priests, eighty-seven clerics, twenty-six novices and one hundred and seventy-nine lay-brothers. While one bishop, one arch-abbot, two abbots, ninety priests, twenty-three clerics, and one hundred and seventeen lay-brothers have been called to their reward. St. Vincent's alone has educated between *five and six hundred secular priests*, not to mention those who have pursued their theological studies at the other seminaries of the Order.

The American Hierarchy had its source in a son of St. Benedict. Archbishop Carroll, its first member, was consecrated by Bishop Walmsly, a Benedictine, and, it has received a valuable acquisition in holiness and learning in the person of Right Reverend Leo Haid, D.D., O.S.B., the present Vicar-apostolic of North Carolina. For six years he held the very responsible position of President of the American-Cassinese Congregation of Benedictines, having only recently resigned owing to his laborious duties in the diocese. A familiar and striking figure, he is found fulfilling the priestly functions on the poorest missions, thus proving his loyalty to the order of his choice.

Perhaps it is not generally known that our first Apostolic Delegate, His Eminence, Cardinal Satolli, was a Benedictine. Not a fully professed monk, however, since he was summoned from his retreat, at Monte Casino, to assume the position of secretary to His Holiness Leo XIII, then Archbishop of Perugia, before he had made his final vows. His Eminence still cherishes a fond affection for the Order.

All the Benedictine Institutions in the United States are in a flourishing condition. Each year adds to their success, spiritual and temporal. The spirit of the father is transmitted to the sons, and to-day, through never relaxing energy, they are accomplishing work of which Heaven alone knows the value. Through the Benedictines, the Church, State, and localities in which they dwell, are benefited. The Church by the hundreds of lives which they yearly give to God, the State by the vast number of well-educated, successful men they offer her as citizens, and the localities in which they dwell by the improvements and impetus given to agricultural pursuits, and in all and above all there perpetually re-echoes the grand fiat, "*Ut In Omnibus Glorificetur Deus.*"

POETRY. A SONNET.

CHARLES GOULD BEEDE.

WHEN the poet shall use all the white wings of song
But to fathom the deeps of a sin or a wrong,
Mounting up on its pinions its Heaven to gain
And returning to bless us, shall comfort our pain ;
When the power that he wields shall bring down from above
But the shreds of God's mantling mercy and love,
And shall lay them all beautiful, perfect and pure,
On the heart of our sorrows — his name shall endure !
For true poetry is music, whose echoes sublime
Shall not pass with the passing of earth and of time,
But shall ring down the ages, forever shall roll
On the waves of the splendor of God in its soul —
'Till the work it shall do for the Master is done
And its crown on the throne of its glory is won.

JOHN THE BELOVED

MARGARET KENNA.

OSA CHRISTIE went swiftly up the stone steps. In the portico she paused, breathing like a frightened deer. She lifted her eyes to the sky — eyes as blue as the sky, with God beyond. Then she went into the church.

It was twilight there. Father McCaffrey was walking up and down the aisle, with his breviary in his hands. Once, as he passed her, kneeling in the shadow of the confessional, her eyes rested on him, as they had rested upon the sky.

Presently he went into the confessional.

Rosa followed.

"Father," said the sweet voice, through the little wooden lattice, when she had finished her confession. "I am not happy. I am afraid I do not love my husband."

Silence on the other side of the lattice.

"Is there any hope for me?" pursued the voice.

"Yes, my child, there is always hope. The confession of a sin is a prayer for its forgiveness and when God forgives he sends with this grace another strong light and help for days to come. But, my child, you are true to your husband?"

Rosa trembled. She knew that she must answer this question, as she would answer it before God and his angels.

"Yes," she whispered, pressing her hands to her heart to still its throbbing.

"If you are true to him, if you cleave to him heart and soul, you keep your marriage vows. The rest is a matter of sentiment."

"I keep my vows — oh yes, but Father, he thinks I am so good because I do not love him."

"My child, I would I could call that love up with a word and place in your hands the gift you sigh for. It is a bleeding gift at best, this love which makes joys of sorrows and sorrows of joys. You must pray. You have not chosen deliberately. You were overpersuaded. If youth and inexperience are sins, then indeed you have sinned. But those who chose for you chose well. The love of this man for you will last longer than life. I have seen the world, my dear child, and I know."

"Yes," said Rosa, "that is what hurts me so — that I cannot give him what he gives me."

"Live in the presence of God. Ask Him, with every breath and heartbeat to give you what you desire. When the heart is young it almost seems to have a right to demand of God a certain sum of joy and when in that joy is involved the joy, of another, oh then the prayer is not a selfish one. In me you have always one who will pray for you. Will you pray for me?"

"I do, Father, always."

"Go in peace, dearest child, may the sweet Madonna keep you."

It was hot summer and the mignonette and roses in Father McCaffrey's garden were growing like children. It was among the mignon-

ette and roses that Rosa Christie and Mary Desmond walked one day.

"If I have only one flower, I am happy," murmured Rosa, brushing a rose to her lips.

Mary was silent.

She was a tall, golden-haired girl, with the shadowiness of youth in her figure. Brow and cheeks and ears were tinted like a pink pearl. To-day the soft hazel eyes were dark and a shadow had fallen upon the ethereal face.

"What is it that troubles you, Mary?" asked Rosa.

"Something troubles me. Life will never be the same to me again, but whether I can tell you — oh, Rosa, I love you very dearly and I have none in the world to whom I can speak, but you — no confessor, no mother, no God!"

Rosa started.

"It is true," said Mary. "You will never betray me, if I tell you what is in my heart and yet" ——

"No," said Rosa, after a silence which the birds made sweet with their song, "I will never betray you."

She took a warm silver crucifix from her pocket. The sun made it seem a thing of flame as she pressed it to her lips.

"I swear it, Mary, on the image of my Saviour crucified."

They walked on in the gravel-path, Rosa singing plaintively with the birds.

Mary Desmond was a girl who had famished on the things of her world. Rosa had led her into another world, a world in which the towering earthly figure was Father McCaffrey.

From the first, he woke the poetry in young Mary. She had gone to Mass with Rosa, she had seen him often in his garden, she had gone with Rosa to see his sister, Sister Louise, at the Orphanage — she had pursued him everywhere.

To-day, when she had heard his divine voice sing the Preface in the Mass, when the little bell had rung for the people to kneel and adore, she had knelt and adored him.

"Rosa," she said now, "it would be a great sin in your eyes, to love a priest, would it not?"

"That would depend, dear, upon how you loved him."

"To love him more than life, to love him as God?"

Rosa's face paled.

"It would be a great sin, yes. At least, if it were not a great sin, it would be a great sorrow."

"That is my secret," Mary laid her cold hands on Rosa. "But you must not wrong me. It is not a human love, this love of mine which looks from the church into the sanctuary and sees its heaven kneeling there, as you see yours behind the silver door of the Tabernacle; but this life is killing me, no sunshine, no fragrance, no answering love!"

Rosa, trembling and white, put her arms around Mary, murmuring, "He is the King's messenger, my dearest child, but he is not the King!"

Father McCaffrey's door opened at that moment and he came out in his cassock, scattering a handful of crumbs to the pigeons. Then he joined them in the path.

The tears which had risen in Rosa's eyes fell and he saw them, little dreaming.

When Sister Louise opened the door, Rosa was sitting by the window, with a bunch of American beauties on her knee.

She crossed the room and knelt down beside her. Rosa flung her

arms around her, with startled delight.

"You come as unheralded as the roses," she cried.

Sister Louise buried her face in the roses.

"Dan sent me these. Is he not good?"

"Ah, yes, Dan spoils you, Mignonne."

"Agnes, said Rosa, calling Sister Louise by the sweet name she had worn as a girl, "Dan spoils me, but I repeat it, I am not spoiled."

"The candles are burning before your Madonna?"

"Yes," said Rosa, but she said no more.

"I would like to have a picture of you as I found you to-day, little one."

Rosa put the flowers suddenly in Sister Louise's hands and rose. She was very tall in her soft blue gown and at this moment she asserted her height and grace, as she looked down at Sister Louise. It was sad to see her face so white for the blue eyes seemed to hold a beauty which could not die, a bravery which would bear all things.

"Why do you call me little one, Agnes? I am as tall as a soldier and do you forget that I am older than you by two proud years?"

Sister Louise laughed.

"Ah, but you seem so little and young to me, my Rosa. I am always afraid for you — afraid there will be a storm sometime in your life and that I will not be there to shelter you."

Rosa kissed her.

"But you were saying you would like to have a picture of me?"

"Yes, — as you were when I came in. You were sitting with the roses on your knee watching the gold play of the candles and their pretty shadows. You were wrapt in some beautiful dream and your eyes were offering our Lady the roses, though your hands had forgotten to offer them!"

"It was a beautiful dream" —

"You have not told me why the candles are burning?"

Rosa blushed with joy.

"I have a little petition," —

She sat a moment smiling, smiling in the eyes, smiling in the corners of the tremulous pink mouth. "I want you to ask the Madonna to send me a little boy."

The eyes of Sister Louise filled with happy tears.

"I will ask her now, with the roses," she said, going to the shrine. She put the roses in a crystal vase and knelt a moment before the statue. One of the roses broke and its petals fell into her folded hands. To Rosa she was beautiful, and she watched her as she might have watched some wondrous picture. With what yearning, what emotion, she wished at that moment that she might have been called like Louise to live this life, the life between the lights where dark never masks as day, where the eyes open with the flowers and close with them, sunrise singing a morning hymn and dewfall a cradle-song, where the heart, enamored of the Great Gardener becomes at last, a lilied cup for His sorrows and His joys.

Rosa knelt a moment too.

"I went to Father John," she said, when Sister Louise drew her from her knees. "I was miserably unhappy when I went in, but I came away at peace. Nothing ever seems to surprise Father John. He seems to realize that we are pilgrims and to expect the vicissitudes of the

pilgrimage, in whatever form they come.

"As for himself, I could not help thinking, as I came in from the blue and golden afternoon, to find him softly pacing the twilight aisle that if God was to call him at that moment, he would be ready. He is glad to live and he will be glad to die. He is already an angel of God."

Sister Louise listened, with radiant eyes. When Rosa had finished she seemed to be still listening.

"I do not know why, but I never realized what a low, exquisite voice you had, Rosa, until you spoke just now of Father John."

"I know why," said Rosa softly.

Sister Louise sat looking at her.

"Do not look at me with your great eyes. I am afraid of them, for they look straight into my heart and I have a secret there, which is not my own. Agnes, if I had your eyes, I should never need a candle in the dark.

"Give them to me" she murmured, with the sudden fondness of a child.

"Yes, Rosa, — my eyes, my hands, my love, my life — all are yours. But" — she drew her little silver watch from the bosom of her blue habit — "I must go. The orphans will be crying for their bread and milk. Now, remember the cough. Dress warmly. Walk on the sunny side of the street when there is a sunny side and stay in and say your prayers when it is stormy and as Father John says — 'The sweet Madonna keep you!'"

"I want to give the dresses and veils for your first communion class and the bouquets," said Rosa laughing.

Sister Louise seized her hand and kissed it. Then she and the beautiful day went out together and Rosa was left in darkness.

It was night when Sister Louise reached home.

The great bell was pouring its sweetness into the silence. In the Convent garden, in the early moonlight, three hundred boys had clasped their dusty hands and stood looking with loving eyes at Father John, as he said the Angelus.

Amongst that great crowd, — little brown heads, red heads and gold, — there were many voices; some like silver, some like swords, and some too like trembling harp-strings and the songs of angels. There were as many destinies as there were voices and the voices were like little twilight prophets. Father John thought with a thrill of the Great Heart, which never speaks and is never silent, the living, dying Heart, on which each little name was written in fire and tears!

Sister Louise saw only him as he stood there, the spare figure, the white face, the deep eyes, lighted as from the altar fires.

"Good-night," she whispered, as he was hurrying into the street.

He turned, with a look of deep joy.

"Good-night, my good little Sister," he said, and she knelt on one knee for his blessing.

Then, for many days, Rosa was ill with her cough and there was nothing for her to do, but take the advice of little Sister Louise and stay at home and say her prayers.

"But tell her," said Rosa to Father John, "that it is like taking the advice of a little primrose who, tasting only the sunshine and the dew, knows nothing of the affairs of the great world and should not dare

to minister to a woman of the world like me!"

They both smiled at the playful words.

"You will never be a woman of the world to me, Rosa. I think always as you were a little while ago — you and the little primrose" — almost brushing the floor, with his beautiful hand, he described the height of the two little girls. "But in the primrose, there is a sort of sweet guile, for it knows and keeps still and the world never dreams that it knows."

"Shall I tell Sister Louise you said she was not guileless?"

Father John laughed at seeing Rosa so happy.

Sister Louise was busy with her first communion class. She could not spare the time to go see Rosa, and Rosa had to be content with hearing from Father John of the beautiful work that was going on among the little orphan girls, and being so ill she forgot her promise about the dresses and veils.

"Dan," she said, on the day of the first communion, "this glorious morning strikes like a sword at my heart, for I forgot to get the veils and flowers for the children."

"It is strange Sister Louise did not remind you, but — let it go. I have ordered the black ponies. Wouldn't you like to drive down for Mary?"

"Yes."

"Isn't Mary a beautiful girl, Rosa? There is something quite seraphic, in her face."

"Yes. It is a face of dream-like beauty. The eyes, like the eyes of Galahad, seem to be ever upon some holy quest. Only the Holy Grail will satisfy that sweet spirit.

"Dan," she looked into his eyes, "if I were to die you would be always very good to Mary, for my sake?"

"Yes, for your sake."

And, then, because Rosa's tender Irish heart was touched,— Dan knew not why — she shed again two tears.

"The Martins must be Catholics," said Dan to Mary and Rosa, as they approached the Convent and saw hundreds of these blackbirds startled into sweeping flight from the chimney.

Only the village street separated the boy's and girl's home, so that as the Sisters flitted back and forth, they must have often reflected upon the contrast in the two characters, the one to do the wooing, the other the work of the world!

When Rosa entered the Chapel, Father John was already on the altar, in his snowiest vestments, and Sister Louise was leading the band of children to their places. Her bonnet seemed whiter than ever and in the deeper pallor of her pure face, there was a fleeting thought of the feast.

Two by two, the children came, each with a lighted candle. The dresses were soft and plain, and the veils fell in exquisite grace, about the flushed, prayerful little faces. The incense swept down the aisle to meet the fragrance of the lilies.

In the choir, the boys sang.

Rosa followed Father John, as he moved about the altar. She was thinking her sweet thoughts. Dan and Mary knelt with bowed heads. Rosa stole glances at them under the fringes of her downcast eyes.

She was kneeling between two sorrows and as she looked at the little children there, young devotees on that beautiful day, she prayed with a woman's wistfulness that they might not have to suffer the hard things of this world, these little brides of heaven!

When Mass was over Father John called Rosa into the garden. The children thronged about her, kissing her hands. She felt herself transfigured with joy by their smiles.

"My little lambs," she cried, "there is surely some mistake. I forgot to send the dresses and veils—"

"Dan sent them for you," said Father John.

Then the children made a wreath of lilies and taking off Rosa's hat, laid it on her soft hair.

Dan was on the church steps, waiting, watching.

Rosa looked up and seeing him, smiled. His love for Rosa had not come as a storm in his life. It had come as a long, soft shower and when it rains and rains and rains, the earth must yield at last its shy white flowers.

This is what Dan felt when Rosa smiled.

Mary Desmond was leaning over the fence singing a ballad.

It was only lately that she had felt the need of song. Her voice was wild and beautiful. There were tears in it, which the notes would not shed and the voice left the score and wet the woodland with its tears. The singer did not know how beautiful the song was. It was as a nightingale, singing itself to death and dying, dreaming of a sweeter song.

Behind the lilac bushes Father McCaffrey listened.

"Miss Mary," he cried, coming forth, "you sing like an angel!"

Mary's face lost every bit of bloom. Her eyes were black with anguished surprise.

"I never sang until to-day, Father," she murmured.

"You have a bird in your throat. I think you should go away and study. One day you may be a great artist, an opera singer. We are not all destined to live and die in the shadow of these little hills. There is work to do out in the great world. I feel that I have discovered you, my child. If you go forth to seek your fortune, remember that I blessed your first little song!"

Long, long Mary leaned over the fence, with her white hat hanging by its soft strings to her shoulders and her chin resting dreamily in her hands. She was thinking of the song of which Father McCaffrey had found it worth while to speak. The world had changed, since she had sung and he had listened. The song did not seem to be her own. It was part of the great, rolling clouds, which the sun was forever parting and bringing together, part of the dying day and the dew.

Her Highland collie walked up and looked at her, but to him, her eyes were blank. He went away slowly. He seemed to be mourning a dead love.

Mary put her fingers to her throat.

"It is not there—it is gone—my song. Where? Perhaps—perhaps to heaven."

Late in the afternoon she stirred from her dream.

It seemed to her she had wakened from death, rather than a dream. She hurried away and found herself at the door of the little church, all trembling.

Father McCaffrey was there. The light from the windows fell upon his figure in scarlet and gold checkerings. Mary sat in the shadow, watching him at his prayers.

Time rolled away and where the sun had warmed the aisle, shadows walked now. The figure of the priest was like a piece of breathing marble.

The coming of a storm would not have broken his deep rest more than the going of the sunshine had done.

The sanctuary lamp became a crimson presence in the dusk. Father John's prayer went to Heaven. In the same moment it came back and like the hand of Christ upon the blind, it touched Mary's beautiful eyes and lo! she saw beyond the brown head bowed at the foot of the altar, saw beyond the Tabernacle door and falling on her knees adored the King.

When she remembered herself, Father McCaffrey had gone. Looking down she saw — or seemed to see a white lily in her hand. She opened her lips and sang.

So Rosa, who stealing in to pray, found the answer to her prayer in the song which Mary was singing to the Blessed Sacrament, it seemed the silver door of the Tabernacle must shiver and the Lamb of God appear.

Mary came out into the morning in a white dress. Dear Eyes, her collie, was dozing in the sunshine. His hind legs were tucked under him, his nose was stowed away over them and his golden tail was thrown like a blanket over all.

Her step roused him but he only glanced at her.

"Dear Eyes, will you go an errand for me?"

He got upon his feet and nodded his head more in majesty than in love. Mary knelt down and put her arms around him. She could feel that his body had grown thin, his breath came too sharply and he trembled, as from hunger and cold.

"Dear Eyes, I have not been well. I have gone through a great suffering. It seems that I have been away on a long journey and that I have only now come back. But this is my baptismal day. I am as spotless as a little baby just born and as glad. Will you not be glad with me. Dear Eyes, I wish you had a soul, that you might be baptized too. God must have wanted man to be happy, when He made him a living plaything like you. I know you thought I would never love you again. It has been weeks since we have had our lunch together on the hills, which I used to clothe with your own Scotch mist and heather! I beg you to forgive me and I will never forget you again!"

After the manner of his loving kind, the collie rose and bounded to Mary.

"Now, Dear Eyes, if it is not asking too much, will you carry a box of violets to Father McCaffrey for me?"

Dear Eyes said yes.

First Mary gave him a little feast. Then she brought out a purple box from the florist. The dog sniffed knowingly. Mary pointed to the house across the hills and he was off. If a dying lamb had awaited this silent little shepherd, he could not have followed the trail faster, in the cold company of frost and stars.

At last he stood at Father John's door, the box hanging by a blue ribbon around his throat and a light snow storm on his back.

Father John opened the box with a boy's eagerness. Mary had never before sent him an offering. These violets came from the penitent to the priest.

He smelt them and then he patted the dog.

"Dear Eyes you and your little mistress are good people," he said, but he did not know the debt the violets would have paid.

They knew, as they lingered at the foot of Father John's crucifix, that

Mary had once loved God in him, that now, at last, she loved him in God.

It was only the next Spring and Mary Desmond was already singing in grand opera. The world wondered in its old way, how one so young could remain untouched. She did not tell the world that sorrow had come first and then song. It is with the weapons which are concealed that victories are won. Mary thought always of the blessing upon her first little song — of the mystic lily that had blossomed in her hand and she sang and did the world's work of joy, the sun by day and Mary by night!

In the springtime too, Rosa's prayer was answered. A little boy was born to her. And then they said that she must die.

Father John was pausing in the street to post a letter, when he heard the news.

Rosa was young and beautiful. He saw her and Sister Louise always, two little girls, with golden braids and laughing eyes. He could not tell how much of the purity and peace of his priesthood he owed to their innocent love and he could not bear to think of death for Rosa.

In his heart, her little child held out his helpless arms.

Life was sweet to Father John in his youth. He loved his little flock, with a love which they could never requite.

The old died and in dying, wove themselves like a silver thread through his thoughts. The young lived and in living needed the touch of his anointed hands always,— a wedding, a christening, a Communion!

And when the young sometimes died and the old lived, he blessed the dust of the one and was afterwards both child and priest to the other.

So life was sweet to him, in its bitterness, but never bitter in its sweetness. The very village flowers spoke to him in their shyness, and when he took the by-path across the hills, the lambs set up a happy bleating.

But he stood in the footsteps of the Man of Sorrows.

And now, when he heard that Rosa was dying, he felt for the moment, a human hesitation. His heart beat, beat.

Then he bared his head in the dusk.

"My God," he said, in the silence of his heart, "take me and spare Rosa."

The pigeons were walking the street like ladies and gentlemen as he hurried on and the villagers were selling their pretty little wares. The lights were kindled suddenly like stars.

Father John went home and took up his office book. Sister Louise came in as he finished his reading.

It was late for a visit from her, but she said that she was worn with watching at Rosa's bed and wanted the sight of his dear face to quiet her, for sleep.

But he had seen a shadow come into the room with her, and with those searching eyes of hers, she saw that his heart was closed to her this night as with a bar.

"Father John, do you think Rosa will die?"

"No, Agnes."

"I hope she will not die. She has only now begun to live and she wants to live for Dan and her little boy. At first, they were like a pair of doves over the child and Dan kissed Rosa and said: "At last, you love me!"

"Now, wouldn't it seem cruel, Agnes, if she were to be taken, just as happiness had dawned for her?"

"It will not be," said Sister Louise with a strange softness.

Father John looked at her sharply.

The cornette left her face in shade, but he saw the tremor of the lips, the weariness of the little figure. Her eyes so deep and dark and wide to-night, seemed looking into eternity.

"Good-night, Father John, I am so tired. If I do not wake in the morning, tell them to let me sleep.

Then he knew the divine drift of her wistfulness. She had made an offering too. With a prescience from heaven, he knew they would not see another day together.

"Agnes," he said, taking his little sister in his arms, "I want you to remember that from the first breath you drew you have been a joy to me!"

In the darkness, little Peter Barrett knocked softly at Father McCaffrey's door. By the light of his candle, he saw the child's pink cheeks and ears.

"Sorry 'bout wakin' you, Father," said little Peter breathlessly.

"I was not sleeping, my boy," and in truth the eyes of Father John looked as if they had never known sleep.

"Granny Donovan's very low — they want you, father."

Only that afternoon he had seen Granny Donovan gathering sticks in the sun!

More softly still than little Peter had knocked at his door, he knocked at hers and prepared her soul for its short flight.

The heavens were flushed with dawn when Father John left the little cottage.

He hurried along, lost in holy dreams.

An engine neared the village crossing. He was on the track when he saw it. He had still time, but he fell and the engine thundered over his legs.

He fainted.

When he wakened, men were bending over him, with white faces.

Then he knew that he was dying.

"Kneel down," he said gently, "and ask the good God to have mercy on my soul."

And the men knelt down.

The morning breeze twisted his hair into curls, the little curls which his mother had once wound like gold around her fingers.

Perhaps an angel brought him the Viaticum.

"Cyril," said Mary, at the young violinist's door, "come with me, I must go to the church and it is too dark for me to go alone."

Cyril laid down his violin.

"You are as white as a flower, Miss Mary. Is there bad news?"

"Yes — Father John is dead."

They did not speak again until they reached the church. Then Cyril said, "I will wait for you here."

Alone, Mary stepped into the vast silence.

Cyril leaned against one of the great marble columns of the portico, waiting for her. He lifted his arms above his head wearily. In the dusk, one could even see that the tips of his fingers were flushed with the harmonies, which they wrung from his violin. The aria which he had been playing was still crying in his heart. But the world interested him, this little world around the old Church, and he watched it drawing its curtains and dreaming of its soon-coming lullabies. For a moment he grew sick at heart and he wished

that his mother might to-night sing him to sleep.

To another it might have seemed bitter that Mary had a sorrow which he could not share, that he must wait without in the Roman night, with the flower in his coat dying of cold.

To Cyril it was sweet to be thus waiting. When God gave him strings for his violin, He gave him wings for his soul and upon those wings his spirit followed Mary into the Church.

She sang an *Ave Maria*. Then, after a pause, she came out.

"Cyril, are you cold?"

"No."

"I am sorry I was so long, but when I sing—"

"When you sing, you go home," said Cyril softly. "Time ceases and the song annihilates all that is not worthy of it."

"Cyril, there was never a song, of which you were not worthy."

"How good you are!"

A child passed with her empty flower-basket over her arm. She was smiling to herself as she tucked her only remaining bouquet under her little nose. It was a tuft of Spring violets, purple and white, a little faded from the child's hands, but sweeter dying than living. Cyril ran down and bought them.

"It may be," he said, placing them in Mary's hands, "that Father John but waits the offering of these little flowers to release him from Purgatory."

"It is you who are good, Cyril. Are you tired?"

"A little tired."

"Yes, you look pale. I believe you are in love."

"Yes."

"And are you loved again?"

"No."

"Ah!—Is she, this wondrous creature, whom you love—is she a nun or married?"

"Married—to one who is worthy of her, to music."

Mary did not hear the last word.

"Do you ever see her?"

Mary was trembling with her own grief, but she was trying to forget it for Cyril's sake.

"Yes, I see her," he smiled, but never alone. Yes, once alone."

"If she is married, you can never even send her a flower."

"No—yes, I remember I once gave her flowers. They were like these very little violets, white and purple."

"For love and sorrow," murmured Mary.

"Do not trouble about me to-night Miss Mary. All is well with me and the violin—and for her—I never dare to think of her, except on my knees."

"I am sorry for you, Cyril. I know you would be a lion in war."

"And a lamb in love."

"You talk very prettily," Mary laughed, "I cannot help wishing she could hear you."

Cyril laughed.

Mary looked up to heaven. If she had known how beautiful she was, with her face touched by the dew and the divine stars, she would not have looked up to heaven for the world had told her her charms and she never used them.

"I am going to pray for you Cyril to-night—to ask Father John, who is a saint in heaven, to plead for your happiness. You do not know how happy I am for his sake, since being in the Church. Only think, the words are true of him at last: "There was leaning on the bosom of Jesus one whom Jesus loved."

Waking one morning, Rosa lifted

her head from the pillow, and remembered that it was springtime. The birds sang at her window. It was as if one of the old masters had torn away a trembling peach-bough and laid it, dripping with dew, upon his score, this song from the red-breasted way-farers!

Turning round, she saw Sister Louise sitting by her, playing like a child with her large wooden beads.

At first Rosa did not speak. She looked at Sister Louise wonderingly and the lashes lifted and fell swiftly over her blue eyes. Some truth, with tears in it, flashed over her.

"Father John has not been to see me," she cried out.

Sister Louise changed from flesh to marble.

"Father John has not been well," she whispered, but the requiem was in her eyes.

"O God, he is dead," sobbed Rosa.

This was all.

To have said one word would have been to have darkened the world forever for Rosa and to undo the shy sanctity of Father John's life.

One day, at last, Rosa walked out into the garden, with her baby in her arms.

In his joy, Dan forgot his fatherhood. The madonna stepped out of the divine story and stood before his dreaming eyes.

An unearthly beauty touched the mother and the child. Their faces were as white as the mist and their garments lost in a silver light. A cloud of incense seemed to have drifted out upon the sunshine and the air quivered, with its ineffable odors, as if the garden were the church.

"What's the baby's name, Miss Rosa?" called little Peter, passing in the street.

She clasped her little boy closer, as if she had only that moment found that he was her own, and she looked up to the blue sky, "his name is *John!*"

TWO-FOLD DARKNESS.

CHARLES J. MARTELL.

A darkness haunted erst the storied pale
Of Pagan Hades, bred from stygian gloom,
The utter blackness of that ultimate tomb
Where sighed the cypress, mid eternal wail.

There is a darkness clothes the sombre vale
Of Christian death, like to a summer's night
Whose shades more glorious far than garish light
Reveals new works that make earth mysteries frail.

The shadow one of Eidolon despair,
That reigned, black-throned, upon fell Pluto's shore,
And oft hath cast its curse upon the world.

One the dispelling of life's vulgar glare,
To show the firmament where hope doth soar,
Beyond whose veil God's glories are unfurled.

THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

Rev. Mortimer Edward Twomey.

ANY a story-writer has affected us with the joys and the sorrows of childhood; many a poet has enraptured us with the beauties of boyhood and of girlhood; many a moralist has painted for us the duties of children; but only here and there has some one spoken out boldly for the rights of children. Duties we all have, and rights too. Our duties we fain would shirk, our rights we demand. It is more to our pleasure to win from others than to concede to them. If the demagogue proclaims our rights, we exalt him; if the preacher cry out aloud our duties, we turn from him. The journalist, the lecturer, the companion who points out our rights is "Hail fellow!" the moralist, the scientist, the historian, the priest who manifests our duties is to be eyed askance.

Full grown, in possession of our faculties, in the exercise of our reason and our freedom, we can and will speak out for ourselves, demanding rights, condemning, perhaps with curses loud and deep, those who stand in our way, conceding nothing of our cherished rights.

But these sacred privileges, these holy endowments have come upon us not in a day. They are but the development of a germ, the growth of a seed. Implanted in our human nature, they were with us when we came into this world, and the first right that was ours, the right to life, was only the beginning of that long series of rights, that shall be ours until we give up all that is ours here on earth, and take our final right, to die and be at rest.

And so the child has rights that attend him from the cradle to the grave. His voice is not strong to speak them forth; his mind is not developed to understand their importance; his will is not bold enough to assert them. But as the child is father to the man, should we wish a race of men fearless for the truth, for principle, and for justice, we should develop those qualities latent in the child, and maintain for him what yet he cannot acquire by himself.

My right is a something inestimable. It is more than a privilege; it is a belonging of my nature, and to rob me of my right is to rob me of something of my life. He is an unfeeling Shylock who would cut away the flesh from nearest my heart; he may protest that he wants but the mere flesh, the pound guaranteed him by his bond, but with it, the life-bringing blood must flow. And I, as I would defend my life even to the loss of another's, may too, should I so will it, defend my rights. Nay even, there are rights of such nature that I am by duty bound to save them, though in the saving of them I forfeit my life. Then losing my life, I shall again find it.

The history of slavery is the power of might over right. That thraldom which conquering nations have put upon their victims has de-

graded the victors as it has crushed the vanquished. We, who to-day rejoice in our freedom and are outspoken for the freedom of all peoples, must not enslave our own children. History teems with examples of vindictiveness of pride. We have no admiration for the commoner Marius who has become the haughty conqueror of Jugurtha, only to drive him in disgrace before his chariot, until the jeers and the insults of onlooking multitudes dethrone the Numidian's reason. We loathe the ignoble action of mighty England, afraid of her implacable foe, and consigning to slow death in forlorn Helena, the captive whom we too may condemn for his unholy ambitions, but whom we pity in his exile, Napoleon Bonaparte.

But the answer comes back: to talk of rights for the child is dangerous. He must be instructed in his duties. No brilliant notions must be set before him of privileges. Soon enough he will assert them. He is too tender to be entrusted with edged weapons. He may turn them to his self-destruction. Softly, gently! The tender plant must be watered, and carefully nurtured, and exposed to the life-giving sun. 'Tis well, indeed, to protect it from the frost. But it is not wisdom to be ever imagining that there is only frost. Even when winter reigns, the careful gardener, putting the plant under cover, will train the sun's warm rays to seek it through glass that allows the light to enter, but permits not the heat to steal away. But the plant loves the free air, the strong sunshine, and if it be hardy, it needs but once to take root, that it may grow with maturity, and endure to old age, a joy, a protection, a glory, and a sustainer of life.

And shall we do less for the child than for the plant? Shall we deprive the human soul in the spring-time of its God-given favors? Shall we reduce the developing mind and heart and the growing body to servitude? What wonder then if the bent spring leaps back beyond its place? What wonder if the ravages of a new found freedom frighten the careful observers, and make them sad that such wild youth and young manhood attend on so repressed a childhood. Not license, but rights; not disorder, but freedom; not untrained, but tutored, governed childhood is the object of this theme: to assert positively, to assert it anew, that while childhood has duties, great, undeniable duties, it has growing side by side with these, proceeding from the same root, expanding into the same life, worthy of the same protection, rights, God-given, inalienable, priceless.

He is not the child's enemy who respects in him the present worth and the future promise. He is the enemy who has small regard for either the duties or the rights of the tender being. He too is an enemy who regards but the sterner features of that young life, and is ever impressing upon it the condition, the power, the majesty of law. He is the friend to childhood, the man whom the little one will trust, whose hand he will grasp with surety and with perfect confidence, into whose eyes he will look fearlessly, who, while checking him in his wildness, conducts him into freedom; who, while subjecting him to law, trains him to obedience for conscience sake.

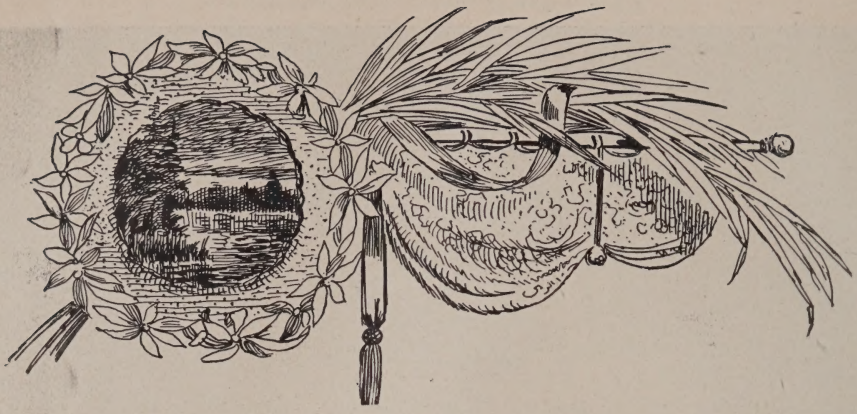
You cannot deceive a child. There is within his soul the knowledge of his destiny with the means

to his end. To deprive him of what his inmost nature proclaims to be his own, but irritates, and makes of him a rebel. For a time he may be subdued, but in the day of his emancipation, fortunate is he and fortunate his oppressor, if he do not cry out against all order and discipline. 'Tis said the common way is to grant too much to the child. Alas! 'tis very true and this too is against the rights of childhood, for that age needs and demands protection against itself and its untrained faculties. But the principle again returns, that the child is to be studied in all his faculties, to the depths of his being, that, thoroughly known, he may be circumspectly viewed, and all done that will advance him in safety along the road to manhood. It is dangerous to grant him undue liberty; but experience, an ever wise teacher, makes known that it is no less dangerous both to the child and to society to repress beyond justice.

A forbidding aspect, an angry repulse, a careless demeanor, a weary negligence will not make the child more dutiful, but will work positive harm to his rights. It is so much easier to snap and snarl than to explain; a kick or a blow is so much more convenient when we are ill-tempered, than a kind advice, that we, imposing duties upon the young, only shirk our own, and injure the lives that depend so much upon our help.

So here, then, let us give ourselves pause, and investigate seriously the question regarding the rights of children. Men and women have courageously devoted their lives to the training of the young. Their labor is hard; their energy untiring, their perseverance admirable. They win the child, because they respect him. They learn the secret of influence over the young, because they recognize in the developing nature, the manhood and the womanhood of to-morrow. The mother to whom before and above all, Heaven has entrusted the child with all his present and all his future, values him beyond all treasures, and her eye of love sees in him what to guard as what to remove, what to cherish as what to reprove. Who would know childhood should go back in memory to the days when he reposed in his mother's arms, or sat complacently at her feet, looking up with wistful gaze into her loving eye, or placed his tiny hands upon her knee, while she taught him to pray to the Father in heaven. The true mother's love may err in gentleness, but even her faults will lean to virtue's side.

DESPAIR OF JACOB.



THE YOUNG SALVINI.

MARY F. NIXON.

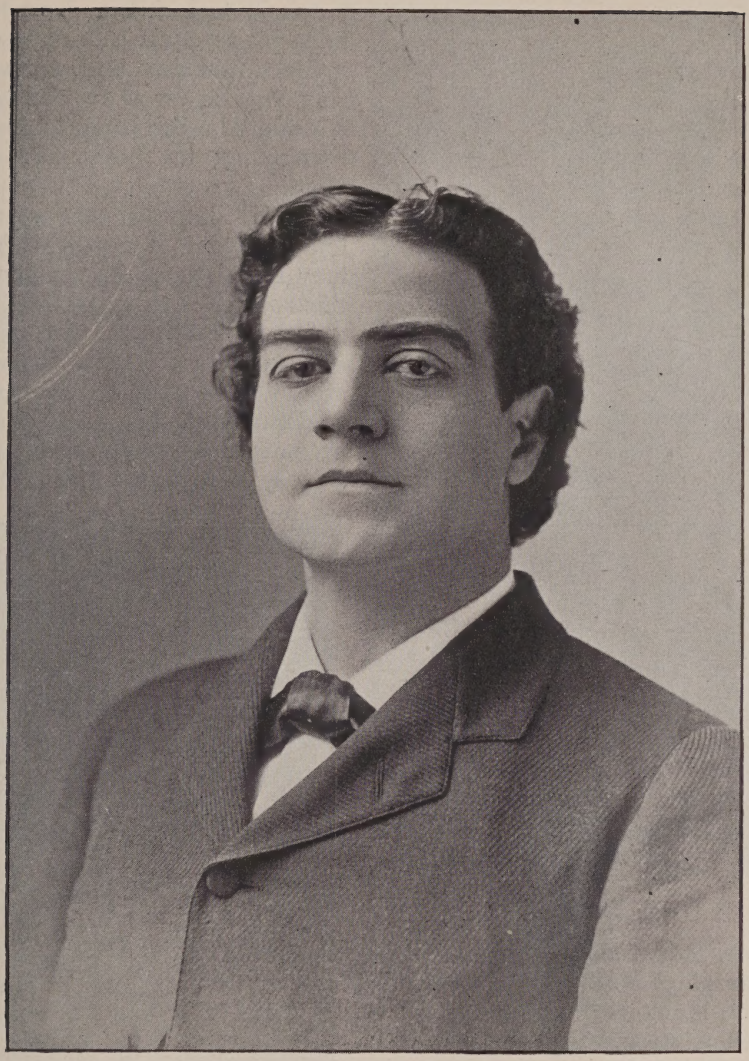
THERE are few of the younger actors upon the stage at present who attract more attention and have more criticism, adverse and favorable, than "young Salvini" as Alexander Salvini is commonly called to distinguish him from his father, the great "Othello."

Born in 1861, Alexander Salvini was one of six children, all of whom show marked talent for the stage. The eldest of the Salvini family was Gustavus, who, after fighting his father's opposition for five years, went on the stage, to remain, however, only three years. Although meeting with considerable success, he left to please his father, and is in business in Pisa. His sisters are fine actresses, although allowed to show their ability only in amateur work, and the talent of all the children, while marked, is not remarkable, since their father had a world-wide fame, and their mother, although dying when only thirty years old, was well-known in Italy as an actress.

"When I was only knee high," says Mr. Salvini, "I used to play parts, and always liked the drama. I remember when I was ten years old my father dressed me up to take the part of a man sixty years of age, in a private theatrical. He seemed to be much pleased with me then, but I was educated to be a civil engineer."

When Tomaso Salvini was away from home, on the principle that "when the cat's away the mice will play," young Salvini used to play in amateur theatricals, and so acquired a considerable repertoire. Thus also he gained by constant practice that facility for memorizing, which is one of the unusual things about him. There is almost no actor of his age who knows so many roles.

In the year 1881, Alexander Salvini came from his Italian home to this country, where employment as civil engineer on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad was awaiting him. But the fates were not propitious, and Melpomene claimed him as her own. He went up to the Union Square Theatre one day, to call upon Mr. Palmer. The famous manager, hear-



ALEXANDER SALVINI.

ing Salvini's name asked him if he acted, and to recite, which the young man did, the result being that the temptation to go on the stage proved too strong, and the die was cast.

Clara Morris was then playing Article 47, and young Salvini accepted the leading support in that strong play. He was very successful, although his English was rather faulty, as he had only been in this country three months. When his success seemed well assured, the graceless youth cabled back to Italy to his father, and the Signor wrote severely to know why he had not asked permission?

"Because" said his son, "I knew I wouldn't get it."

Since his first appearance as a mere

SALVINI AS D'ARTAGNAN.

boy, Mr. Salvini played two seasons with Margaret Mather, as "Romeo," "Claude Melnotte," "Orlando," "Sir Thomas Clifford," and "Rudolph," in "Leah." He was in "Storm-Beaten" with Shook and Collier, two seasons with A. M. Palmer, and played juveniles in his father's company in 1885, where he first appeared as Lagardére in "The Duke's Motto," creating the part, and thus beginning his career as a purely romantic actor. In 1889 he was stage-manager for his father's last American tour, and those who remember the productions given by the Salvini company that year will feel Alexander's talent as manager to equal that of actor.

Since that time he has been "starring," with far more claims to be considered a bright and shining light than many in the theatrical firmament.

Of his large repertoire the best known part is that of "d'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers." In this role he is matchless. There is a fire, a fervor, a verve and vigor about him, a perfect comprehension and vivid portrayal of the character of Dumas' gay hero, which seems to preclude mere acting, and makes him a veritable Guardsman, with his hand-

SALVINI AS ROMEO.

some face, his supple form, his sturdy pluck and gay insouciance. He seems to enjoy every line of the play, and to enter into the spirit and fun with genuine boyish enthusiasm.

He is at his best, too, in "Ruy Blas" and only the play-goers who recall Fechter will feel that Mr. Salvini had any predecessor who could outshine him. The part is a difficult one, for beneath the dress of a servant, the hero hides a spirit as noble, and as proud, and far more pure than that which animates the breast of the grandee of old Spain. The young actor seems to feel this, and his real spirit flashes through the servile cringing which the lackey's habit entails. The tone of the play is of a purity rare even in these days of improved stage morals, and Salvini brings this out clearly, especially in the wonderfully tender and touching love scenes with the Queen.

There is one memorable scene, that in which the villain taunts Ruy Blas with his low birth and the latter replies, in his thrilling voice, (which is one of the greatest gifts kindly Nature has bestowed on him) "We are well matched. I wear the lackey's habit; *you* the lackey's *soul!*" and here Salvini is superb!

Last season he added to his repertoire two plays, "Hamlet" and "Othello," rather a daring attempt for a man not yet five-and-thirty.

"As many men, so many Hamlets," the old saying goes, and since nearly every human being who has ever read the mighty play has a different idea of it, no actor can please everyone, although Booth perhaps came nearer to it than anyone.

Mr. Salvini takes Booth's acting version of Hamlet, yet never were renditions more unlike. This does not come from the difference in intellect so much as from that of temperament. That Mr. Salvini's intellect is clear and capable he shows by his scholarly performance of the play, but as yet it is only scholarly. He has evidently studied the part with care, and his portrayal of the wonderful Dane is a painstaking piece of work, but it is very faulty, and the failures arise from his natural temperament. Alexander Salvini, with the rich blood of Italy stirring in his veins, and a nature all fire and fervor and Southern impetuosity, *could* not be the melancholy Dane. This shows even in his speech. A person

SALVINI AS HAMLET.

very familiar with the lines would follow the rapid utterances of the famous soliloquy, but to any one else he would be at times unintelligible. Italian is easily spoken and far more quickly than phlegmatic northern tongues, and Mr. Salvini

SALVINI AS "RUY BLAS."

forgets at times that he is not speaking in his own liquid language. He is strangely original in some of his rendering, for lines such as

> The time is out of joint! O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right,

which Goethe has said to be the key note of the play, are passed over with little attention.

The best scene in the play are his dialogues with Ophelia. Whatever may have been the great dramatist's idea in regard to the "sad, mad Ophelia," Salvini leaves us in no doubt as to *his* ideas on the subject. He — Hamlet — had loved Ophelia with a boy's first fervor, and when the fearsome things happened which made a man of him, he weighed her in the balance and found her wanting. Fair she was and sweet, but too weak for adversity's hour. His keen disappointment in her character he shows in a way befitting his southern violence. If he learns to curb this intensity and lend more dignity to his acting, he will have conquered half of his difficulties so far as Hamlet goes.

Upon the stage-settings, costumes and details of his plays, Mr. Salvini has expended unlimited time and energy. An anachronism to him seems an impossibility. It would be out of the question, for instance, for one of his company to read a volume of a popular novel series when posing as the Queen in "Hamlet," as a member of another well-known actor's company did recently.

Tomaso Salvini was quite the reverse of his son in this respect. He never went inside the theatre except to act. Alexander brings all his fund of enthusiasm to bear upon perfecting everything as much as possible. Money is nothing to him, except that he may spend it in bettering his plays. He is untiring,

devoted, loving art for art's sake, full to the brim of energetic ideas, and not depending upon others for their carrying out.

The very faults which make Mr. Salvini's "Hamlet" unsatisfactory render the role of "Othello" suitable for him. Although he has, no doubt, his noted father's rendition of the character ever before him, he is by no means an imitation. He has conceived the role and followed out his own conception, showing marvellous power and force in this, one of the most difficult of all Shakespere's characters. The noble Moor, so torn with agony by the worst affliction which can stab a trusting heart, his misery, his doubts, his hesitation, anger, fury, and final frenzied deed of rage, — all this fearful study of the heart of man is laid bare to one's gaze, and to anyone who has ever seen the simply wonderful piece of acting, this play of "Othello" will always have a newer interest.

"I am very tired," Mr. Salvini said, after a production of this play, as he appeared in all the disguise of paint and "make up." "It is a part which takes much life. There is action all the time. In any other play — the 'Guardsmen' for example — I can rest. I am sometimes off the stage, and can do myself the pleasure to see those who are so kind as to come behind the scenes to see me," he said in his soft Italian accent.

"Which is my favorite part? I like them all, but perhaps d'Artagnan suits me the best. Othello is hard for me to play. You see, I have my great father to remember! Ah! I must grow to my part!" this last with a boyish simplicity very attractive in a man so flattered and so sought after as "Salvini *fils*."

It is his extreme simplicity, added to a marked kindliness, which makes him so great a favorite with those of his own profession, to whom he is always ready to lend a helping hand.

THE SNOWBIRD'S NEW YEAR CHORUS.

THE BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND.

Rev. William Dollard.

ONCE upon a time a great ruler sat on the throne of Omar. His youth and manhood were graced with wisdom. His administration conferred profoundest peace and prosperity throughout the realm, and won him the unbounded devotion of his people. He was evidently beloved of Allah, a true son of the Prophet. But, as we are told "to account no man happy until he is dead," we must not be surprised to learn that, in the full flush of his fame, the meridian of his glory, the Commander of the Faithful was suddenly stricken with a fell disease which baffled the united skill of his best leeches. In such sore strait, a proclamation was issued offering munificent rewards, temporal and eternal, to whomsoever succeeded in restoring the health of the Cailiph. But all in vain.

Among the many attracted by the summons, however, there was one who if he could not cure, swore by the beard of the Prophet that he at least knew the remedy. Whereupon, being urged, he declared that the king's sole chance of recovery lay in *procuring the shirt of a happy man and wearing it.* "The simplest thing in the world," cried his ministers, "for wasn't every mother's son within the four walls of the empire happy and prosperous as the day was long." A search was instituted. Bishmilla! not one could be found. The galleys were manned and the seven seas scoured on the same fruitless errand. At last as they came nearer and nearer to the setting sun, a fair land uprose from the bosom of the ocean, and on its shore they 'spied a figure that raised their hopes to the pitch of certainty. Their "happy man" was singing and dancing and enjoying himself in the fullest and freest fashion, Care and he were evidently unacquainted. So, as the story goes, they scimitared the Giaour, and proceeded to secure the talisman. But to paraphrase Virgil's famous anticlimax *Invenerunt tunicam — nullam.* The Irishman didn't have any shirt.

We will allow this introduction to serve a double purpose. You mustn't expect too much in a short review of Irish Ballad poetry, such as this necessarily is; and it may induce those altogether unacquainted with the subject, or only partly familiar with it, to be led into a surprise, as unexpected as was that of the Cailiph Omar's disgusted ministers. Only the surprise will be of the pleasant sort.

Speaking generally we may consider the terms ballad and song interchangeable. But according to the critical canon of taste, a ballad is not a song. Nor a song a ballad. This, however, is arbitrary. Just to follow the fashion and avoid confusion we will make this distinction. The term "song," is strictly applicable only where all the established and recognized rules of versification are rigorously observed, of rhythm, metre and finish. This is supposed to give us the jewel cut and polished and elab-

orately set. But the ballads to which Ireland owes a historic name are certainly not those. They are the jewels in the rough, unattractive perhaps, superficially, but the genuine stones withal — the real, simple song welling up spontaneously from the heart, fresh and unfettered, crystalizing an idea or an event in a popular, lasting form, with the accompaniment of appropriate music.

This age of ours is, without doubt, a highly cultured one. Whether it is more so than any other may be disputed. To our time at least, belongs the greatest universality of appreciation for literary effort. There is established to-day, an aristocracy of intellect, within whose privileged ranks men of all races and tongues are admitted, if they present the proper credentials. And there never was before, a time in which the desire was so general to fill what Byron calls, "a certain portion of uncertain paper;" to occupy a seat in the gallery of the immortals. In the consequent hurry and rush, there is apt to be wrong done, and the deserving jostled aside or trampled on, and forgotten, at least, temporarily. This is peculiarly true of the Irish element in the race for fame in prose and poesy. The English speaking world, through the medium of which alone, it was possible for Irish effort to be appreciated, had, at least until within a very few years, never considered the notion that Ireland possessed a distinct national poetic literature of her own; a literature that is elevated and elegant, as well as luxuriant, and which needs but to be known to take a high place in the estimation of the good and the wise. As a simple matter of fact, the ordinary English or American critic of to-day complacently regards Irish literature as a Nazareth out of which no "good" is to be expected. Nevertheless, the student who brings the least spark of sympathy to the study will find in the Ballad Poetry of Ireland, much to marvel at, to admire and to love.

Ballad Poetry "holds the mirror up to nature," reflects every refinement of feeling, every passion, every hope, the whole moral, intellectual, and physical condition of the people, by and for whom it was written. You can feel their heart-throbs, you can see their bosoms swell, their eyes brighten or lower, or soften, and you can catch glimpses through this medium, this veil of song, into the holiest and most secret recesses of their souls. Next to living with a people it is the surest way to a true, thorough knowledge of them, better and safer than history, which has been called, what it often is, a conspiracy against truth. Now, a love of music and song was from the first, characteristic of the Celt. "When other peoples," says Father Tom Burke "celebrate their victories, their achievements, we behold on their banners, the lion, emblematic of power; the cross symbolizing their faith; the stars and stripes, as in the American standard, the emblem of rising hope; but when Ireland had her own standard, and flung its folds to the breeze, her ambition and her genius were embodied in a golden harp." Hardiman and Walker, recognized authorities, give us many selections from ancient Irish manuscripts, that fully justify the assumption. We are told that the Bards or Ollamhs, were a favorite class in those early, pre-Christian days, and that they owed all their power and prestige to the influence of music and song over their countrymen. They held positions infer-

ior only to the king, and we find a curious custom, that prevailed also amongst the Hebrews, emphasizing this. The various classes, under the Brehon Law, were obliged to wear a certain number of colored stripes in their dress to denote the rank they held, the greatest number being the privilege of the highest. Next to the king, we find the Bards wore most colors, or were second to him in dignity. And what is more, while the person of the king was not safe from conspiracy, the Ollamhs lived always secure. Twenty years was the necessary novitiate for the aspirant to their ranks, and the title "Bard," was conferred only when the successful candidate had demonstrated his ability, in presence of a grand convention, to sway the soldier's heart and regulate its throbs, as well as the maiden's, in accord with the measures of his many-stringed harp.

The greatest of ancient Ireland's schools of melody was at Tara; that historic hill whose name is suggestive of the great musical tournaments enacted there. Ta-mur, the wall of melody. What a field for the imagination. Can any ancient or modern discription of savage or chivalrous joust give as striking a picture as do those minstrels of Ireland, of their fights, their successes, their failures, in their own and their people's chosen arena? Greek epic, or Roman song has no such record to chronicle.

While all Ireland then, was music-mad, while it was really governed and controlled, marshalled and arrayed and educated by the spirit of harmony, poesy flourished amain. A people whose highest ambition was to excel "in concord of sweet sounds" must have been in the highest degree poetic. And so we read how "stately kings swept by in their painted chariots; yellow-haired heroes rushed to battle shaking their spears, and shouting their war-songs, while the thick gold torques rattle on arm and throat, and their many-colored cloaks stream in the wind. They pass us by and are lost to sight, and their places are filled with others in a shifting, splendid, confused pageant of monarchs and warriors, and beautiful women for whose love the heroes are glad to die, and the kings to peril their crowns. And foremost of all move the majestic Bards, striking their golden harps, telling of glories past, and handing down the names of heroes forever." (Lady Wilde.)

Those Bards were indeed a wonderful body of men. They ruled the people, one might say, altogether by their higher instincts, and by such precept and example almost unprecedented, encouraged them in the practice of every virtue. From those Bards the Brehon Law demanded:

Purity of hand,
Purity of mouth,
Purity of learning,
Purity of marriage.

And the Bard who violated any of those purities was deprived of his income and his dignity. "All the ancient life of Ireland," says the above writer, "moved to music. The Brehons intoned the laws, recitative, to the listening people; the Senachies chanted the genealogies of the kings; while the poets recited the deeds of heroes, or sang to their gold harps those exquisite airs that still enchant the world, and which have been wafted down the centuries, an echo, according to tradition, of a soft, pathetic fairy music,

that once haunted the hills and glens of Ireland."

Well, the Bards are gone, but their spirit still lives. Magnified through the mists of ages, we find them scarcely human, and even as Ignatius Donnelly says, the gods of Greece and Rome were but the deified kings and scholars of an antediluvian world, so in the people's fanciful imagination the Ollamhs of legendary lore became endowed with supernatural powers. It is related that, one time, Seanchan, the chief Bard, wanted an egg for his breakfast, but was told the mice had destroyed every egg in the house. This naturally angered him. "I will satirize them in a poem," he cried, and forthwith chanted so bitter a satire against them that ten mice fell dead in his presence.

They lie beside their nectar,
And their bolts are hurled.

If it be a weakness to treasure the recollections those Bards have left, the whole Irish race may plead guilty. By the way, this amiable weakness hasn't escaped the sharp eye of the American, this love of the past, this veneration for what is ancient and honorable. I saw him have his irreverent fling at it not long ago. He gets two breechless urchins of the Milesian persuasion into a hot dispute concerning the rival claims of their respective families to remotest descent. "Kosciosko" Murphy declares proudly that his ancestor shared bed and board with Noah. But his claim was "flooded," so to speak, by his opponent's assertion that the Flannagans wern't that kind, they'd be behouldin' to nobody, they had an Ark of their own.

With the eighth century the Bards began a troubled existence. For over a thousand years their wondrous reign had lasted. But the hands that had languished over the lyre so long, that struck such soul-searching music from its speaking strings, could also wield the sword, and "in its redeeming magic, and in the quivering of its crimson light," proved anew their right and title to leadership among their countrymen. They were first in every savage fight with the Danes, and it was Brian, king and chief Bard, who swept them at last forever, from Irish soil. The Norman and the Sassenagh knew the power of the Bards and, during the protracted struggle, persistently sought their destruction. They succeeded. The Wall of Melody became an unsightly ruin, and the Harper's heads grinned from many a battlement within the Pale.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright,
The Harp of Tara swells.
The chord alone that wakes at night
Its tale of ruin tells,
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant, breaks
To show that still she lives.

The study of Irish poesy, for the seven hundred years succeeding the Norman invasion, is a sad one. When the chivalry of the Middle Ages was developing the romantic poetry of Provence, Ireland was in a death-struggle with the Dane. When Dante and Petrarch sung in the mellifluous Tuscan, Ireland was encountering the best soldiers of Europe under Elizabeth's generals. While Spanish minstrels were chanting the glories of Charlemagne and the Cid, the same unending duel was going on, and while kings and princes were everywhere else making culture the pride of their reigns, the priest, the schoolmaster, and the Bard in Ireland had a price on their heads. The vicious perfection of the Penal

Code had done its work. We all are familiar with Burke's scathing characterization of that "machine" the like of which never before "proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." Doesn't it make one's soul shudder and sink with horror and pity to hear the gentle philosopher Berkeley, query in the first decades of the eighteenth century:

"Whether there was, under the heavens any Christian or civilized people, so beggarly, so wretched or so destitute as the common Irish?"

And yet music and song survived. We find the "Author of the Faerie Queene," while denouncing the Bards, and prescribing them the gallows, as the only effective means of destroying a troublesome propaganda of treason, paying this tribute to their genius: "I have caused divers of these poems to be translated to me, and surely they savored of sweet wit and good invention, sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave grace and comeliness unto them." Higden in the thirteenth century styles it "musica peritissima," and the great Bacon found it "melting." Still further, Giraldus Cambrensis, who was avowedly hostile to everything Irish, pays his reluctant tribute. "The skill of those Irish in music," he writes, "is incomparably superior to that of any other nation. For the modulations are not slow or morose, as in the instruments of Britain to which we are accustomed, but are rapid and precipitate, yet sweet and pleasing. Such agreeable swiftness, such unequal parity such discordant concord, so delicately pleasing, so softly soothing, that it is manifest, the perfection of their art lies in their concealing it."

But, though music and song still lived, it assumed an almost entirely new character. Then was added, that distinct trait, which is since almost inseparable from Irish song; the wild passionate wail of hopeless grief, or the tender melancholy such as surrounds one whose memories are all of the dead. Their battle-songs once streamed and crashed like the warriors of a hundred glens meeting; now the wail of despair is enough to make the marrow quiver, and fill the nostrils with the breath of the grave. But this never degenerates into querulousness, or shallow sentimentalism. It has all the force and naturalness that distinguish English and Scotch song. But, it has too, what they have not, the glamor of an imagination that is at once, the wildest, softest, sweetest and saddest in the world. "*Plorans ploravit in nocte*," and like Rachel there were none to comfort her. "Sobbing like Eirê," says the poet, "with sorrow and love." There was never a portion of God's earth won from the human heart greater intensity of devotion. In the frenzy of their affection, the singers personified their motherland, and in fanciful allegory, whose extravagance is excused only by its sincerity, wept over her departed glories, her living sorrows. To the dreamy sensitiveness of their imagination, Ireland was clothed in the flesh and blood of a maiden, full of youth and beauty, embodying every grace and charm, at whose feet, in guise of a love-song, those fond idolators poured out, in soft or stormy spells, the treasures of their affection. They sing like that fabled bird of the East, which amid the tropic luxuriance of its native olive groves, fills them with plaintive notes for its heart always "leans upon a thorn." "The Irish," says Mons.

Thiery, "made for themselves monuments which neither steel nor fire can destroy. They had recourse to the art of singing, in which they gloried in excelling, and which in the days of their independence had been their pride and pleasure. They love to make their country into a real being, they love to speak of it without pronouncing its name, and to mingle the love they bear it, an austere and perilous love, with what is sweetest and happiest amongst the affections of the heart. It seems, as if under the veil of those agreeable illusions, they wished to disguise to their minds the realities of their troubles and dangers, and by graceful ideas, to divert themselves, like the Spartans, who crowned themselves with flowers when on the point of perishing at Thermopylæ."

I should like very much to quote Mangan's translation of "Roisin Dhuv" in full, here, as an illustration, but must content myself with advising the readers of DONAHOE'S to procure a copy of his poems and enjoy them at first hand. Who is there, with any Irish "red lightning" in his blood, can read them unmoved?

Over hills and thro' dales,
Have I roamed for your sake,
All yesterday I sailed with sails,
On river and on lake.
The Erne at its highest flood
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood
My dark Rosaleen,
My own Rosaleen,
Oh there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened thro' my blood
My dark Rosaleen.

. . . . . .

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills.
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My dark Rosaleen,
My fond Rosaleen,
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My dark Rosaleen.

Such was the burden, and such the fashion of patriotic song up to what is called the transition period; to the time when the tongue of the Saxon became familiar to Celtic lips. They are all of the same extravagant type, full of impotent passion and profound melancholy, sinking into darkest despondency or soaring in rapturous triumph. They are notes of a temperament which makes men and nations feeble in adversity and great, gay and generous in prosperity. The ballads of the affections, belonging to this same period, have all the magic charm peculiar to them in our own days. The "boys" and the "colleens" are the same, and "mo creevin," "mavourneen," "asthore," "acushla," with all their hyperbole of tenderness drop from lips no less persuasive. Truly, as Henry Grattan said, the genius of our people is "affection." Their love-songs teach us above all things, the depth, the freshness, the purity of their hearts, bathed in the softness of their green island's climate:

There is dew at high noontide there, and springs
i' the yellow sand
Of the fair hills of holy Ireland.

To be continued.

THE SWALLOW'S SONG.

CRONA TEMPLE.

From the French.

I'VE seen! I've seen!
(The swallow cries.)
"What have you seen
'Neath Spring's cold skies?"
The children in the fields at play,
The flowers coming up this way,
The gay green things, more green each day,
I've seen! I've seen!

I've seen! I've seen!
(The swallow said.)
"What have you seen?
Last year is dead,
And clouds are driving overhead."
I've seen the birdies line their nests
With yellow catkins' silken crests,
And warm their dear eggs 'neath their breasts.
I've seen! I've seen!

I've seen! I've seen!
(Comes twitteringly.)
"What have you seen?
I cannot see."
The deserts where tall palm-trees rise,
The wide blue water; and the skies
Where warmth of summer ever lies;
I've seen! I've seen!

I've seen! I've seen!
"Oh, glad true song!
I've nothing seen
My whole life long.
A child I've been with blinded eyes;
Teach me, O birdie, to be wise;
To know that after cold and rain,
The sweet green gladness comes again,
And even during winter's reign
Love's law is strong."

Cassell's Magazine.

BARBARA BURCHARD'S NEW YEAR.

SARAH FLINT.

NE stormy day in December, Barbara Burchard sat by her kitchen fire. She was alone, and as she listened to the wind, whistling in the chimney, a sorrowful look crept over her face, and she said to herself: "I wonder if there is any one on this earth more alone than I."

To escape from her thoughts, she rose, and laying aside her knitting, looked out over the fields. The scene was not one to bring much joy to a woman who lived alone, and was past middle life. The wind was blowing in gusts, and piling the snow into great drifts, making the roads impassable. The trees, tall and gaunt, swayed in the wintry blasts. Here and there was a shrub to which the snow had clung, as though seeking to shield it from the storm. As Barbara looked, she could but think how much it all resembled her life. Gloomy thoughts crowded thick and fast into her mind; a flock of snow birds flew by unheeded, but their merry twitterings came back to her above the noise of the storm, and as she listened, the words of the Divine Consoler rebuked her doubting spirit: "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father."

She turned from the window, a new content in her heart. "If He cares for those little things," thought she "I guess that He will care for Barbara Burchard. Why should I be solicitous about the morrow?"

Barbara was one of a large family. The others had married and gone to homes of their own, but she and her mother had lived on in the homestead over the threshold of which the father had been borne many years before. The time had been when they were in comfortable circumstances, supplied with all the comforts of life, but where there is a continuous outgo and no corresponding income, it doesn't take long to produce a shrinkage. Little by little the expenses of the two women had been curtailed and the last year, the sad year of her mother's illness and death, Barbara, who had a horror of debt, had hard work to make both ends meet.

As the brothers and sisters had married and gone to homes of their own, their interest in those under the old roof-tree had lessened, and when, after a hard struggle with her pride, Barbara asked for help, she had been told that they had enough to do to take care of their own, but supposed that it was their *duty* to do something, and therefore they would each contribute a certain sum each month. All told, it was a meagre amount and came laden with so much advice regarding the way it was to be spent, that Barbara felt as though they were on the Charity List. She did not read the letters to her mother, but let her think that they were all glad to care for her in her old age.

The years went by, the mother was laid to rest, and Barbara was left alone. She never had been very strong, and was unable to do hard work. One of the sisters proposed that she be invited to make her home

with them by turns, but was silenced by the others who said that they knew of no reason why they should take care of her as long as she was able to take care of herself. One sister-in-law said: "That when she married James, she didn't marry the whole family, and as for having an old maid stuck around her house all the time she wouldn't, and in all their calculations they could count her out."

Some said one thing, and some said another, but it all had the same coloring. None of them wanted Barbara, and not one intended to have her. No thought did they give to the long years their sister had spent caring for the mother, while the others had chosen their own pathway. So she had lived on at the old home, which her father had deeded to her before his death, earning her living by doing work for the neighbors, with whom she was a great favorite. She never had known actual want, though she had come to a good many close corners.

It was the last day of the year and she was having a fit of "the vapors." She thought of the years gone by when they were all at home, and of the merry-makings in which all were interested. Looking back she could see that life's road had led past many a pleasant spot, that had been to her like an oasis in the desert; but looking ahead its aspect was long and dreary, with nothing to break the monotony, no cheery home to afford a resting place. Barbara never had learned to take short views.

As one thing after another came to her mind, she thought of a young lad that her mother had taken many years before, to do the chores around the house. He had been with them a year when he had asked permission to visit an uncle living in a neighboring town. He had been allowed to go, and from that day nothing had been heard of him. Barbara wondered how it was that he had passed so completely out of her life. She had been fond of the boy, and to-night it seemed to her that if she had him to care for her heart hunger would be appeased. Barbara had dreamed of an invitation from some member of the family for the holiday season, but no word had she heard. One of her sisters lived only two miles away, and the Sunday before when they had met at church, Barbara had purposely led the conversation around to the coming holiday, and had been told that they were all "going over to John's father's to dinner." So all hopes of an invitation to dine with them was at an end. Disappointed in this hope she pleased herself with the fancy that they would send her a chicken for her solitary dinner, but that dream, too, faded, they had no dainties to waste on the old maid of the family.

If the little woman had been strong and well, such bitter reflections would not have disturbed her, but hard work had left its traces on her body, and worry, its corresponding marks on her mind. Still the lesson taught by the snow birds cheered her much, and she resolutely put from her all feeling of resentment.

"Aunt Barbara," called a merry voice, "Are you sleeping there in the dark? Come open the door and let me in."

Barbara hastily opened the door, and a bright young creature flitted in. "Give me the broom, please, Aunt Barbara," she asked, "Did you ever see such snow!"

Aunt Barbara replied with another question, "Annie Shaw, what brought

you out in such a storm as this? There, now you are all dusted; come in out of the cold."

"Why don't you tell me that you are glad to see me?" laughed the blithe young visitor. "I waded over here in all this snow to wish you a Happy New Year, and to ask you over to our house to help us eat our New Year dinner."

Aunt Barbara stroked the pretty rosy cheeks. "I *am* glad to see you, I always am, dear heart. I guess I was so surprised to see you out in this storm, that I didn't know what to say. Sit right down here by the fire in this big chair and get warm."

"Not till you tell me that you will come over to our house to-morrow. Come, say yes, quick."

"You're very kind," faltered Barbara. "And I am proud to be remembered, but as for coming over—"

"Well," interrupted Annie, "You're coming anyway. There'll be two or three, beside you, and we'll have lots of fun."

After much urging, Barbara said: "I'll come if you want me to, but it don't seem as though I would be much company for any one, I have lived alone so long, I sha'n't know how to behave myself."

Content with the promise the happy girl departed, and Barbara sat long over her fire planning the details of her unexpected pleasure.

The next morning, by ten o'clock, she was ready to go over to Mr. Shaw's, and as she locked the door and dropped the key into her pocket, she said: "I know I'm early, but I said that I would come as soon as I could, and I might as well go now as later. As they are neighbors, they won't mind if I am there before any one else comes."

The house was soon reached, and Mrs. Shaw met her at the door, with a hearty hand shake and a "Happy New Year." She took Barbara's shawl and hood, and seated the little woman in a big arm chair in the parlor before a blazing fire, at the same time telling her that she was glad that she had come early, they could have a good talk.

Presently Annie came in and asked, "Aunt Barbara, may I take your door key? We want your big dripper. I know just where you keep it, and I can get it as well as you."

Barbara gave her the key, adding the caution: "Be sure and lock the door when you come out, if you don't I shall be afraid to stay alone all night."

One o'clock came, and no dinner, at which Barbara wondered much, for she knew how punctual Mrs. Shaw was in regard to her meals. Every little while she could hear the sound of laughter from the kitchen, and there seemed to be much hurrying to and fro. Just as she was beginning to feel very hungry, the excitement of going out had spoiled her appetite for breakfast, Mrs. Shaw, exclaimed, "Barbara a sleigh has gone to your house."

Barbara meekly put on her wraps and as she trudged home through the snow, which was falling thick and fast, she said to herself, "It's just my luck, anyway, it never did rain porridge that my dish wasn't bottom-side up, and besides I never did calculate on having a good time, that something didn't come up to prevent. I think it's funny, though, that Mrs. Shaw didn't ask me to come back to dinner, if I could; ten chances to one, though, if she wasn't glad to get rid of me." As this thought flitted through her mind she brought herself up sharply: "Barbara

Burchard, aren't you ashamed of yourself. You never had a better friend in the world than Mrs. Shaw. If you talk like that, about her, even to yourself, you don't deserve to have any friends."

On reaching her home she found the front door wide open, and instead of one person inside, she saw that there were several and as she went up the walk, a fearsome thought assailed her, "My land, all them folks! I can't ask them to stay to dinner, for I haven't enough in the house to feed a cat, let alone all that lot."

As she stepped into the little entry, the sitting room door opened and a man of about forty years of age came out. Without more ado he picked her up and raising her to a level with his face kissed her.

Seeing her bewildered, indignant look, he burst into a merry laugh, at the sound of which, Barbara threw both her arms around his neck, at the same time exclaiming, "Henry Brown! little Henry Brown. Have you come back. Have you indeed come back."

"Yes," he made answer, "it's Henry Brown, the boy you and your mother befriended, and who has come back to care for you all your days, dear Aunt Barbara."

Before she could make any reply, the kitchen door opened, and Annie Shaw appeared, followed by her father and mother and a goodly number of neighbors. "Well, I'm glad that you have come at last," laughed the little conspirator. "Now hurry up and get your things off, or my dinner will be all spoiled," and she hurried away to the kitchen.

Barbara wondered where the dinner was to come from, but as Annie opened the door, savory odors floated in and the company saw a well spread table, at which they soon were seated; Henry Brown at the head of the table, and Barbara at his right.

Realizing that love had prompted the glad surprise the tears welled up, but were stealthily wiped away by the happy little woman. She looked up with a quick, bright smile.

"Its all so beautiful," she faltered, "Such a happy, happy New Year. The snow birds have taught me a lesson, my friends. Not even a sparrow falleth."

ARBITRATION AND CONCILIATION.

EDWARD O'DONNELL,
Secretary of Boston Central Labor Union.

THE parties to a dispute who will permit an exaggerated opinion of self-righteousness to gag reason, and a spirit of rancor to cloy judgment, are the avowed enemies of progress.

Every dispute, every proposition, is open to dissent, investigation and adjustment. Interpretation is based entirely upon selfish aim and aggrandizement, measured by addition, multiplication and interest.

The students of industrial economics have arrived at the very sensible conclusion that their ethics may sometimes be illogical, notwithstanding well defined principles, regarding the bread and butter side of labor disputes.

The strike has unquestionably become a most expensive weapon, although very often the medium of success; and even now it resolves itself into an open question, whether it is always a profitable means of adjustment.

The leaders and interpreters of economic thought, frankly admit that other measures must be established by which the relations between capital and labor shall not be further strained; and therefore demand, in the name of mutual harmony, a tribunal of arbitration and conciliation.

Ah, but, appealeth the toilsmen, whose judgment has been unfortunately warped by inherited burdens, we are the best judges of our own needs, and employers have no interest in common with us. This is the delicate and severe strain upon the minds of those among the workmen, who have devoted experience, time, patience and reflection for the amelioration of their class! and this struggle is, alas, too often rendered almost unendurable by employers of labor, whose superior intelligence and moral responsibilities should suggest acquiescence.

While we may deplore very often the aggressive, and, perhaps, unreasonable spirit of the demand, we cannot altogether refrain from censuring the equally aggressive, and unreasonable spirit that will not admit of conciliation.

The chasm between capital and labor is indeed deep and wide, and while it may not be possible in our time to bridge it over by means of permanent transit, a common interest should at least suggest a mutual and cordial means of communication. When enterprise is dependent upon the labor market, and the labor market is dependent upon enterprise, necessity and peace command a more friendly relationship whether either or both of the contestants will have it or not.

General interests must eventually step into the breach; they cannot much longer tolerate unnecessary interruption — arbitration and conciliation must and shall prevail. Sufficient argument has not yet been advanced for the rapid accumulation of wealth, and the man has yet to be

born who dare justify the multitude of paupers dragging their weary lives through a boundless plentitude, checked by artificial depression.

The most advanced students of the labor problem do not claim to have its solution locked up in their breasts, but they do assert that fairly remunerative investment should at least pay fairly remunerative wages. Who, after all, have to patronize the articles of production and consumption if not the multitude? And, if the purchasing power of this mighty army, cannot meet the growing desires of civilization by a reasonable competency, is it just, is it wise to frown down complaint without investigation? Is it consistent, is it judicious to arouse an indignation stimulated by poverty with the sweeping response that there is nothing to arbitrate?

When mammoth structures of commerce overtop the well patronized slum, and gorgeous mansions shut out the evidences of want, and when statesmen plead inability to grapple with the awful problem of the unemployed, surely there must be some grievance that requires the sober and not wholly biased scrutiny of others less involved than the direct parties to labor disputes.

The labor reformer does not mount a high horse. He is willing to admit, in spite of all the impulses of resistance and aggressiveness on his side, that life can be made more pleasing to his class when conciliation confronts demand, and arbitration assumes the precedent.

Neither capital or labor can afford to dispense with these agents; they are the guardian angels of peace and prosperity, and where their kind services are ignored, a suspicion of injustice lurks.

At no period of the labor movements' history than the present was the intervention of arbitration and conciliation of such estimable value, when the various agencies of enterprise and employment are seeking a closer and a still closer combine. As free competition is being expunged by gigantic trusts, labor desires some medium of tribunal before which to present complaint, rather than appealing to overheated passion, to the discomfort and danger of those who ought not to be made participants in possible disturbances.

The existence of the board of arbitration and conciliation is the best evidence adducible of the sincerity of the labor reformers, at whose express bidding it was called into being. The working people are at all times desirious of submitting to its consideration its differences, and abiding by the result; while very many instances may be cited where the employers have discourteously refused the voluntary assistance of the board.

The commercial methods of accumulating wealth, when measured by a strict morality, are unquestionably open to criticism, and in like manner the standard by which wages are established may also be imperfectly and unsatisfactorily adjusted. If, therefore, our intentions are honestly shaped, as man to man, there should be no objection to submit our differences to an unprejudiced, disinterested tribunal.

Justice, placed in the scales of selfishness, is not at all times the most reliable, and it would be a dangerous experiment to accept the declaration as infallible.

Capital not only needs protection against its own unwise methods when dealing with the producers, but labor most of all demands a critical super-

vision over its every act, because its judgment is influenced by harsh environment. At no time has it been claimed that every demand of labor was not subject to modification, but it has been, and is to-day affirmed that capital is unmercifully squeezing the very life out of its victim; and instead of boldly coming before the bar of public opinion to squarely meet the allegation, it disturbs the entire commercial world by resorting to the lockout or challenging a strike.

Consequently some generous mode of conciliation and adjustment must be disinterestedly advanced, and emphatically insisted upon; peace should prevail at any price.

But from whom does the opposition to arbitration and conciliation spring?

From the very element who at least should be the first to embrace its friendly aid.

Since the founding of the Board of Arbitration, only in a few instances have the employers accepted its services; the object being, it has been alleged, and with a coloring of truth, to discredit the system and permit it to perish by default, while in every case of any magnitude an appeal for arbitration has preceded the strike.

Within the last few years the hostility of the employers to the State Board of Arbitration has been indiscreetly manifested; and during the present year we have seen a large corporation indignantly decline to submit the grievances of its employees to the calm consideration of this legally appointed body; the master builders and masons following its example in the case of the Hoisting and Portable Engineers.

The impudent expression of "nothing to arbitrate," coming from either employers or workers is conclusive evidence that there may be a great deal to arbitrate; for the cause that is righteous shrinks not from the light of day; it is ever jealous of its good name, and is not unconscious of the possibility of error.

And now we approach the growing desire of the large corporations, and a few labor reformers for a "compulsory arbitration."

Why a compulsory arbitration?

In face of persistent opposition to voluntary arbitration, a lurking suspicion of bad faith and sinister design very naturally arises, and it must not be a matter of surprise when the great bulk of the working people register protest.

Let us see for a moment where danger to the workers might accrue.

It is apparent to every thinker, who watches the course of popular legislation, that resistance always emanates from the corporation in the interest of the employing class generally, and no better illustration is presentable than the struggle which gave the State Board its existence.

With its ability to drown the will of the people in the chambers of legislation, how much easier for it, when the members of the Board of Arbitration are annually removable, to poison the honest purpose of one, two or three men?

The labor organization, at all times firm in its agreements and obligations, might, under prejudiced decision, be compelled to submit to arbitration, unholy in spirit and unjust in operation.

Under a system of compulsory arbitration, the angel of conciliation would be converted into a grinning demon; industrial warfare would be more intense in hate, and the intent of the law ruthlessly prostituted.

The great army of labor, under the

shield of the American Federation of Labor, stands squarely up for voluntary arbitration and conciliation. When a corporation (or employer) is willing to demonstrate its inability to meet the demands of its (or his) servants the most turbulent demonstration is instantly suppressed. Labor is not inconsistent, is not the violator of law and order; while it is always on the defensive it is as submissive to reason, as it is willing to strike for its rights.

The time is closing fast upon us when all great issues that lead to international, national, state and local disturbances, must, because of unnecessary waste and sacrifice, submit to arbitration and conciliation.

THE DAY THAT IS DEAD.

DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

THE rosy red sun-light is streaming
Adown the wide fields of the west;
The lake in the hollow is gleaming
With purple and gold on its breast,
With the lustre of heaven on its breast;
And in darkening greenery dressed,
The forest looks down, as if dreaming,
From its wine-flooded hill in the west.

Long shadows lie dark in the hollow,
And point to the night as it comes;
Day dies, and the breezes that follow
Breathe faint with their failing perfumes,
As they waft from the woods and the glooms,
With the faint and the failing perfumes,
That arise from the shades of the hollow
To meet the calm night as it comes.

And the rays of the past rise before me;
I think of my life that is sped,
Of the shadowy night that comes o'er me,
The pall of my day that is dead,
Of my day that lies silent and dead;
And the joys of the morning-tide fled,
Like odors of roses come o'er me,
Of roses long withered and dead.

THE OLD YEAR.

WHAT did the old year bring, lassie,
What did the old year bring?
A well-loved youth with a heart of truth
And a golden marriage-ring, lassie.

What did the old year bring, laddie,
What did the old year bring?
A vessel tight, with sails snow-white,
Like a seagull on the wing, laddie.

What did the old year bring, father,
What did the old year bring?
Six feet of sod in the acre of God,
Where the robins sweetly sing, dearie.

What did the old year bring, mother,
What did the old year bring?
A silent hearth and a saddened path,
With the loss of everything, dearie.

THE NEW YEAR.

A. LANG.

WHAT will the new year bring, lassie,
What will the new year bring?
To a smiling wife a new young life
In the cottage 'mang the ling, lassie.

What will the new year bring, laddie,
What will the new year bring?
On a favoring gale a home-bound sail,
While aside the waters fling, laddie.

What will the new year bring, father,
What will the new year bring?
Time does not come to the heavenly home
Where the joy-bells ever ring, dearie.

What will the new year bring, mother,
What will the new year bring?
A year nearer rest with him I love best
In the presence of our king, dearie.

Longman's Magazine.

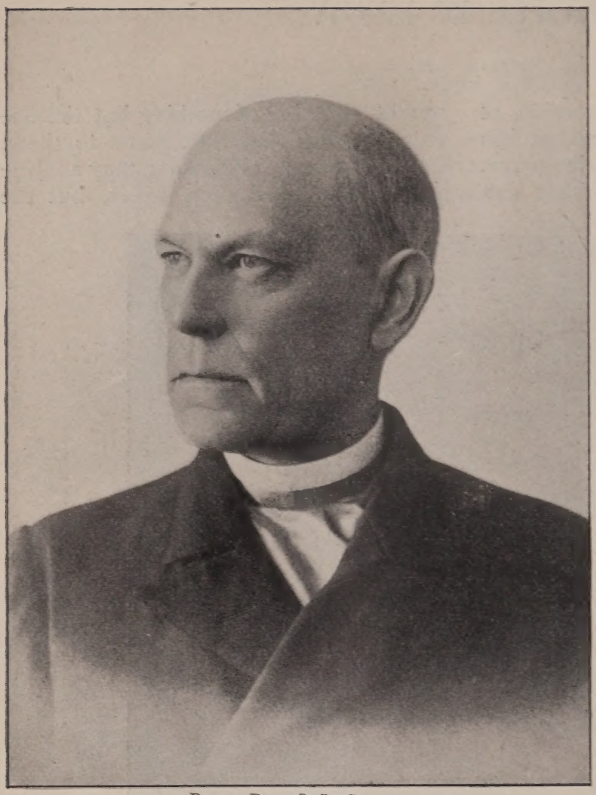
PEOPLE IN PRINT.

WILLIAM HOPKINS.

"It is the happiest explanation of Catholic belief and practice that has been printed in the English language. It rejoices in every quality that can recommend a book to those for whom it is intended. No other man could write it, and it is doubtful if the author will ever repeat it; simply because it is the sum and substance, the heart, brain, soul, and devotion of the missionary who tramped his way over the southern country, with earnest purpose, deeply in love with his work, loving the people he sought, thinking of nothing but the one way to bring the truth home to them. Critics, savants, professors, may analyze and wonder and even sneer, but the book is simply beyond them. It has the grace of simple diction, of clearness and brevity; but its one great charm is that it fitted the people, the nation, for whom it was written." Thus wrote Rev. John Talbot Smith of "The Faith of Our Fathers."

CARDINAL GIBBONS.

It was the first book produced by Cardinal Gibbons, and it served to make



RIGHT REV. J. L. SPALDING.

him famous as a literary worker as well as celebrated along other lines. His Eminence has added new lustre to this popularity. He announces that his latest book, "The Ambassador of Christ," has been completed, and its genuine Americanism is manifested not only in the body of the book but also in its very preface. The Cardinal says: "Among the thousands of Americans that annually embrace the religion of Christ the most exemplary and conspicuous are often found among those that had been at one time the most pronounced opponents of the ancient faith. The most formidable zealot of the primitive church afterward became the great apostle of the Gentiles.

"Americans are fundamentally a religious people. They who characterize them as a nation so absorbed in trade and commerce, in agriculture and politics, as to give scarcely thought to eternal truths, judge them not correctly.

"We are happily living under a government of constitutional freedom. Our citizens enjoy the largest measure of liberty that is compatible with law and order.

"She (the Catholic church) is eminently the church of the people. She exercises a wholesome influence on the masses. While always in sympathy with genuine progress and the lawful aspirations of the toiling millions, she knows how to curb their excesses. She appeals to their enlightened self-interest and moral sense, and she endeavors to control them by religious sanctions."

Right Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, the brilliant young bishop of Peoria, Ill., has just arrived home from Europe with his already large storehouse of knowledge still further equipped by his experiences abroad. Bishop Spalding is well-known in Boston where his educational movements have been watched with admiring attention. It is written of him that he is nothing, if not an educator. The current of his being sets full and strong in that direction. His life has been spent in explaining and solving the difficulties, and in pointing out the dangers that lie in the way of popular education. Few men are better authorities on the subject, for few have given more time and thought to its consideration, or brought to its study a brighter or more cultivated intellect.

Here are some of Bishop Spalding's gems: —

The saddest truth is better than the merriest lie.

Whatever is good is from God.

Anger is vulgar.

We feel ourselves only in action, and hence the need of action, lest we lose ourselves.

Strive for knowledge and strength, and do not appear to have them.

We may know a man by the company he keeps; we may know him better by the books he loves, and if he loves none he is not worth knowing.

Truth loves not contention, and when men fight for it, it vanishes in the noise and smoke of battle.

Suffering is the mother of high moods and great thoughts.

If thy own little room is well lighted the whole world is less dark.

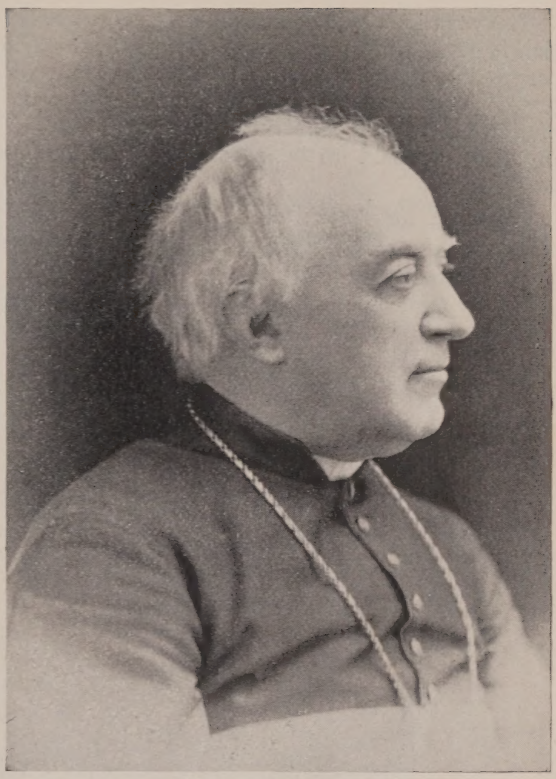
It is good to know.

The news that comes from Montreal, to the effect that Archbishop Fabre is suffering from an incurable malady, is the occasion of wide-spread sorrow; for the love felt for the venerable Metropolitan of Montreal is not confined within Canadian bounds.

During the twenty years he has presided over the religious interests of the See, the last ten of which as its Archbishop, Montreal being made the head of a province in 1886, he has ordained over one thousand priests, and a large number of these, who are laboring in different portions of the United States, feel a personal sorrow for the saintly prelate at whose hands they were in vested with the dignity of the priesthood.

The bright particular star in the literature of to-day is Rev. John B. Tabb, a new "poet-priest of the South."

"He was born in Virginia. Becoming a Catholic, he studied for the priesthood and was ordained."



ARCHBISHOP FABRE.

This is the fragment of a sketch that is going the rounds of the press.

Father Tabb is worthy of greater notice than this, but such scanty biographical facts argue much for his modesty. He is a poet in every sense of the word — tender, sympathetic, and lofty — and, while occupying the chair of literature at Saint Charles' College, Md., he finds time to turn out some of the cleverest verses of modern poesy. Father Tabb's art of condensation is simply perfect. His latest production is a fine sample. He gave it to the Chap-Book and called it

A Rubric.

The aster puts its purple on
When flowers begin to fall,
To suit the solemn antiphon
Of autumn's ritual;

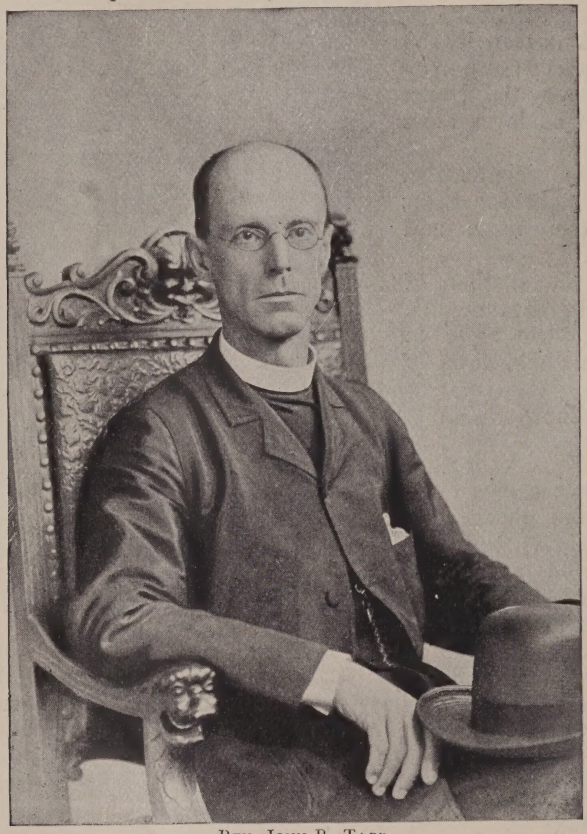
And deigns, unwearied, to stand
In robes pontifical,
Till Indian summer leaves the land,
And winter spreads the pall.

The vexatious Manitoba School Question is being widely discussed. In this connection Premier Laurier is the subject of much comment. The conditions of settlement laid down in the compromise are said to be practically as follows: —

There are to be no separate schools, all the provincial schools having the same text-books, and to be subject to the same inspection. All teachers are to go through the Provincial Normal School. In certain districts there are to be Catholic teachers, where there is an average attendance of twenty-five Catholic children.

In districts where children speak French the teacher must be qualified to teach both languages, and the books will be in French and English. The teachers are not to give religious instruction; but in the last half hour of the school day the minister of any religious denomination may visit the school and give religious instruction. This, however, is not to be done if the parents object.

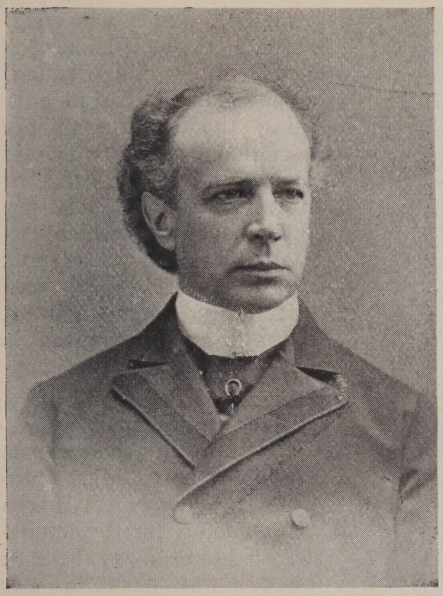
There seems to be little doubt that the majority in Manitoba will embody these arrangements in provincial legislation.



Rev. John B. Tabb.

By permission of Current Literature.

It is no small distinction to be the only Irishman and Catholic who has ever been elected to the State Senate of Delaware and to occupy as speaker of that body the next highest office to that of Governor. This is the honor to which Colonel John P. Donahoe



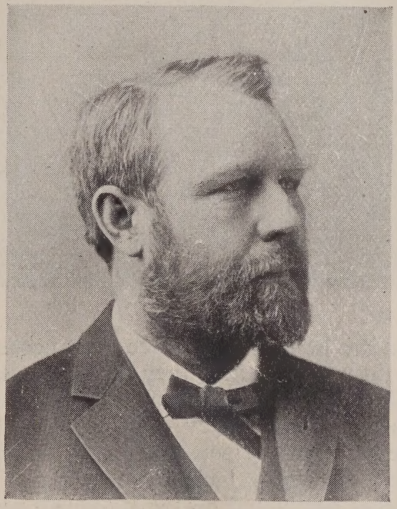
THE HON. WILFRID LAURIER.

can lay claim; but it is by no means his only distinction, for he is a veteran of the late war with a magnificent record of valiant service and at present holds the office of Junior Vice National Commander of the Union Veteran Legion.

COL. JOHN P. DONAHOE.

No man holds a higher place or a more honorable record on the Western Boards of Trade than does Mr. Michael Cudahy. He is a man of the strictest business integrity and his word is his bond. He doesn't neglect any of his opportunities, either. Mr. Cudahy has just inaugurated one of the largest mercantile combinations in the country; so that, together with his famous Chicago, Milwaukee. and Louisville houses, this latest enterprise puts him easily in the front rank of America's most successful business men.

Mr. Cudahy is associated with his



MICHAEL CUDAHY.

brother in the conduct of their varied interests. Both men were born in Ireland, and they are splendid types of their sturdy race.

To obtain the highest civic position in the gift of a city at the age of twenty-four is a most unusual honor and thus John P. Feeney, of Woburn, Mass., has the proud distinction of being the youngest mayor in the country; but to those who know him, and who have followed his career, the honor is not a surprise, for however rapid his rise. it is but a proper recognition of qualities

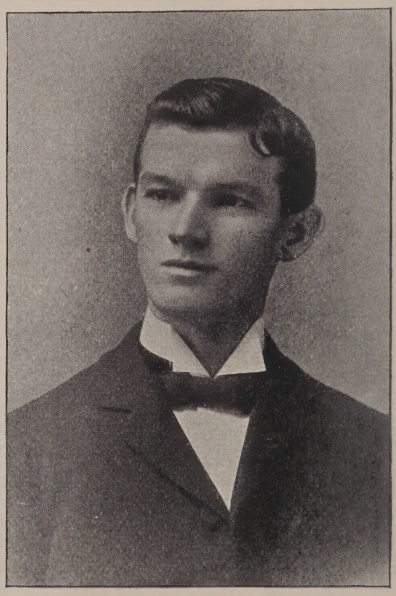
MARY A. SADLIER.

that are bound to advance their possessor in whatever field they are employed.

Mr. Feeney was born in the city, to the chief magistracy of which he has been recently elected, Nov. 21, 1872, and therefore lacked some days of having completed his twenty-fourth year when the citizens of Woburn gave such an emphatic proof of their regard for his character and ability.

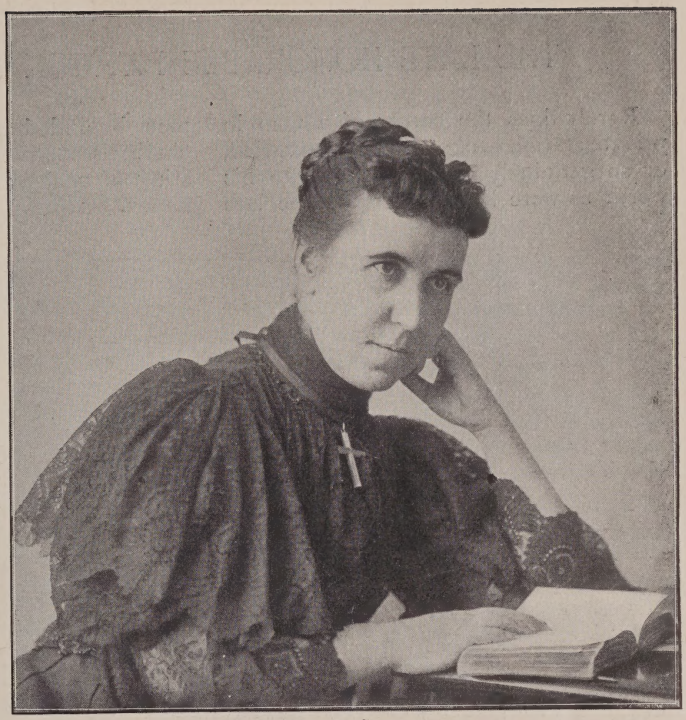
Where is the Catholic home in America, in which the name of Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier is not a familiar and venerated one, and where is the writer who has done so much to create a healthful, Catholic, literature in this country? She was a pioneer in the field which she cultivated to such a degree of fruitfulness, and the influence of her pen asserted itself most happily. She entered upon the work when the need was great for its accomplishment, and who can estimate the benefit she conferred in providing sound, healthy reading, and in educating the taste to an appreciation of that which is true, and uplifting, and to an aversion for the debasing stuff, then being widely circulated. Her's was a most happily fruitful pen, and great indeed is the debt of gratitude and esteem that is due for all she has conferred.

"I am in no sense a public woman," Miss Katherine E. Conway remarks with good-natured emphasis. "I hide away here at my editorial desk in *The Pilot* office, with the cloak of my beloved profession wrapping its protecting folds around me: and I am content with this — and an occasional book or two in press!" she added naively.



JOHN P. FEENEY.

Miss Conway is the frequent subject of favorable mention in the literary world. *The Boston Commonwealth*, Dr. Edward Everett Hale's paper, has this to say of her: "She is critical, but not too self-assertive, and is known to possess remarkably clear judgment. She is a woman of and with the world, many-sided, rationally pious, firm of conviction, cultured. She is a person of delicate sympathies — pitying the unfortunate, rather than censuring them."



KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

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Her latest books include another volume of poems, "A Dream of Lilies," "Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly with Literary Estimate" (published the year following her friend's death), "A Lady and Her Letters," "Making Friends and Keeping Them," and "Questions of Honor in the Christian Life." These three books last named constitute the first numbers of her "Family Sitting-room Series" — and are devoted to the ethics of home and social life.

HELEN T. GOESSMAN

ONE of the bright particular lights of the Catholic rostrum and one whose voice and pen are alike happily employed in behalf of the higher education, as emphasized by the work of the Catholic Summer School, is Miss Helen T. Goessman, of Amherst, Mass., whose recent address before Ozanum Circle, New York City received marked attention. Miss Goessman is the daughter of Prof. C. A. Goessman of Amherst, and will be heard during the sessions of the Catholic Winter School.

THE LATE HONORABLE PATRICK MAGUIRE.

Rarely does the career of a man in private station evoke so many, so varied, or so genuinely sincere tributes to his worth as were bestowed upon the late men behind him who had cause to cherish resentment, or to feel the bitter sting of real or fancied injury at his hands. Around his bier multitudes of

HON. PATRICK MAGUIRE.

Hon. Patrick Maguire, whose untimely death recently shocked the community, of which he was a respected and influential member. Actively engaged in the fierce contentions of politics, where blows must be given and expected; conducting a newspaper which reflected his views upon public questions, and which always spoke plainly and unequivocally; battling resolutely for a foremost position in the arena of commercial competition, — he left few, if any, mourners flocked to do honor to his memory, and to testify by their presence their respect for his character as a man, as a citizen, and as a fair and generous antagonist.

What he was, he made himself; what he possessed of worldly goods he earned by hard work, intelligent effort, and honest toil; what he achieved in the broad and troublous field of political leadership, and in the activities of journalism, constitutes a substantial part

of the recorded history of Boston during the last quarter century.

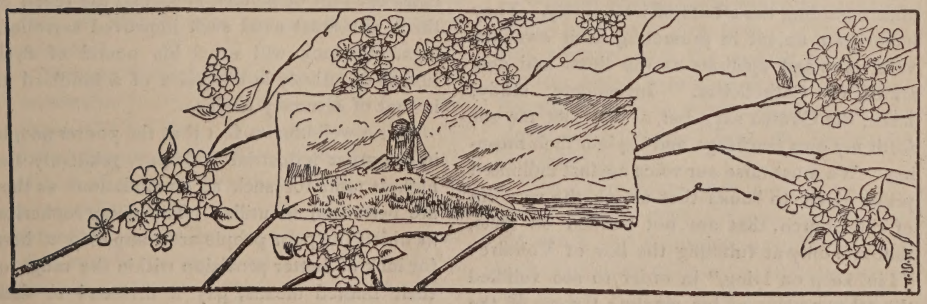
He came to the city about forty years ago, at a time when the opportunities for profitable employment open to Irish immigrants who had the hardihood to profess the Catholic faith were extremely limited in numbers and dimension. No influential friends were ready on his arrival to give him a helping hand. The atmosphere was hostile; he lacked the advantages of a liberal education. He began the struggle of life unaided and alone. His stock in trade consisted of a buoyant disposition, willing hands, native wit, and keen intelligence, a clear head, and an unfaltering determination to surmount all obstacles that might impede his path or check his progress toward the goal of ultimate success. He won a high and honorable position in the city of his adoption by the exercise and development of those qualities and by observing the Golden Rule in all his dealings with his fellowmen whether in politics or in business.

From the printer's case he graduated to the reporter's desk. His progress was slow, but it was sure and safe, and based upon a solid foundation. He next went into business as a real estate dealer and operator. In this field of effort he won enduring laurels. For over twenty years he has ranked as one of the foremost experts in that branch of trade.

In the early 60's he entered the domain of active politics. He was a Democrat from conviction. To the Democratic party he was loyal to the end. His wonderful capacity for organization, his keen insight into political situations and conditions, and his ability to judge men and weigh their motives, won for him a commanding position in the councils of his party. The qualities which gave him prominence and success in business affairs made him a trusted leader in politics. He was honest, sincere in his convictions, unselfish in his devotion to the cause he espoused, and inflexible in his loyalty to his friends. He was a fair fighter, and a manly and chivalrous antagonist. His opponents honored him while they feared him; but they always knew where to find him.

Mr. Maguire was a consistent Catholic. *The Republic* which he founded in 1882, and which he managed until he was overtaken by his last illness, has ever been a fearless champion of the cause of Mother Church. He made it a model of its class, and one of the best types of Catholic journalism in the country. It stands to-day as one of the most enduring monuments to his ability and intelligence and to his zeal as a Catholic citizen.

The death of such a man as Mr. Maguire is a distinct and irreparable loss to the community in which he won such signal triumphs in the face of terrible odds, and which honored him for his manly independence and for the rectitude of his public and private life.



EDITOR'S REVIEW.

THE Catholic is looking forward to the day when he shall receive a just criticism, and he feels that the day is rapidly approaching. In fact, he knows from many evidences that more than the promise of a bright dawning has arrived; that the sun has really risen to pursue a brilliant course even to the zenith of truth. Strange, that where the Catholic has asked only a fair hearing, the same has been frequently denied; that where he has demanded that investigation be made of his doctrines, and the Church's teachings, he has been answered with the sneers and innuendoes of a vast ignorance. But we have hope: the publishers of books of reference and of encyclopædias consult Catholic writers for the compiling of Catholic articles. Time was when prejudice and falsehood wrote these articles. And your book-agent holds up as a merit in his wares that Catholic writers of note have treated Catholic subjects from a Catholic standpoint. Let the good work go on, until it ceases to be a matter of surprise. The Catholic has no dread of truth; falsehood alone can do him evil, and place the Church he loves in an unholy light.

Along the same line we believe that the Catholic is justified in asking of the reviewers that anti-Catholic books be submitted to the judgment of Catholics capable of rendering answer to the charges made against their Church. The aim of the reviewer should be for truth, and chiefly in books written for the express purpose of setting forth religious principles and doctrines. Whatever knowledge men may have possessed regarding other matters, they have shown a lamentable desire to dwell in perpetual ignorance regarding the affairs of Catholicity. They have been unjust in presenting their own private views and opinions as the views and doctrines of Catholicism. Investigate, study, learn, the Church says, but, at least, let me set forth my own teachings and explain their meaning. We must raise our voice against unlimited praise given to books that attack the very life of the Church, that are not builded on facts, that aim only at fulfilling the law of Voltaire: "Lie, keep on lying," in order to see fulfilled the other portion of his maxim: "some of the mud is sure to stick." We have gone beyond mud-slinging even in politics: there should be no place for it in religion. Truth, only truth, again we say it, is all the Catholic demands.

* * *

AMONG all the philanthropic movements of the age there is none more complimentary to the broad and enlightened spirit at present asserting itself, nor of more practical worth, than that in behalf of better home surroundings for the industrial classes. The tenement-house problem in all populous centres is calling for a speedy and practical solution, and a public sentiment is being crystallized that promises great things in this direction. In Europe, especially in Glasgow and Dublin, the need of better home surroundings, for the accommodation of the working people, is being met with a wisdom of provision decidedly creditable to these two cities, while the work has also been effectively inaugurated on this side of the Atlantic, particularly in New York, and its influence is being extended to other cities of the Union.

Individual efforts have been made from time to time by large employers of labor to have their workmen properly housed; but these are isolated cases and served for the building up of suburban communities. Little, if anything, has been done for the betterment of the toiling masses of the cities. To be sure, the apartment house has come as a modern institution, and to some extent is a decided improvement; but business rather than philanthropy has been behind these more recent innovations in the way of dwellings, and in the vast majority of cases the rent demanded is beyond the reach of those who most need such improved surroundings. Shylock will exact his pound of flesh just as effectively in the guise of a landlord as in that of a money lender.

It is a well-known fact that the poorer people in the great industrial body pay, relatively, the highest rents for such accommodations as they are permitted to utilize. The dingy rookeries, in which the poor people are compelled to herd for lack of better provision within the range of their limited means, pay a dividend to their

owners out of all proportion to the monetary investment, and thus the most contemptible kind of human greed, because it trades upon the necessities of the poor, is responsible for the perpetuation of buildings that are an eye-sore, and the continuance of conditions that are a menace to the public health. Even so great an institution as the corporation of Trinity Church, New York, the largest property owner in the lower section of that city, and whose title dates back to the old days of royal grants, was so culpable in regard to the character and conditions surrounding its tenements as to have its greed and unconcern for its tenants called to the attention of the courts, the evidence presented being a disgrace to civilization.

Happily, however, the dawn of a brighter era is at hand. Those who have the means, the influence, and the generous concern for the well-being of the race are being enlisted in the cause for the better housing of the working people, and the death knell of the non-habitable rookery, with its unsanitary accompaniments, and of the greed that has thus far perpetuated the plague-spot, is being sounded. Comfortable, attractive, and healthful dwellings for the working people of the great cities, and at a rental within their reach, will be the outcome, and who can estimate the value mentally, morally, and physically of a happier home environment, with its helpful and uplifting influences. Philanthropy has here as noble a field for its employment as can be found in the world.

* * *

IT is high time that the people o the Irish race in America resented the libels published *ad nauseam* in such caricature groups as "Hogan's Alley," and "McFadden's Flats." Humor is a thing quite apart from such monstrosities of the pencil and its license is carried altogether too far and with a bias too one-sided to merit toleration.

It is not in the Hibernian nature to object to reasonable jocularity even though it be at the expense of the race. A people of a traditionally sunny temperament, whose faces are more accustomed to the smile than the frown, whose appreciation of the humorous phases of life is proverbial, cannot be charged with a super-sensitiveness in the matter of being the target of caricature whether it be on the stage or in the press; but there is a limit which decency prescribes and beyond which alleged humor of pen or pencil has no right to go; and which has been passed in the caricature abominations to which reference has been made.

Prejudice through ignorance or intent will no doubt continue to malign Irish character. Some minds are so warped by an inheritance of unreasonable and unreasoning antipathy to anything Irish that, as Sydney Smith said in regard to the necessity of inoculating jocularity into a Scotchman, nothing short of a surgical operation would seem sufficient to implant an idea of fairness into such heads. With these people we have nothing to do and for them we have nothing but pity. What we do object to is any countenance on the part of those of Irish blood to cartoons or other libels on Irish character which cater to such prejudice and contribute to its perpetuation.

* * *

THE resolution offered recently in the United States Senate by Senator Allen of Nebraska calling for an inquiry into the matter of the expenditure of money in the last presidential election, touches on a question in which is involved the honor of the nation, the integrity of the Republican form of government and the dignity and freedom of the ballot.

It is a well-known fact that during the campaign the charge was repeatedly reiterated that immense sums of money were being raised and employed to corrupt the electorate, and while there was more or less denial that any money was being illegitimately expended, it was not denied that money was being employed as a powerful factor in the campaign, on the contrary its necessity was argued to meet expenses that had to be incurred and which were in every way legitimate and honorable.

Without presuming to support the contention of one party or to dispute that of the other, the fact remains that the matter dwelt upon in Senator Allen's resolution should be thoroughly investigated. Our political methods should be above suspicion and above the imputation of mercenary control.

There is no doubt that in every presidential campaign large sums of money are required for legitimate and necessary expenditures; but as such disposition of money is in every way right and proper and as those having charge of its disbursement have a record of the same, they

need have no fear in giving the facts and figures to the public. More than this, the honor of the country and of the party favored demands the removal of any suspicion of dishonest or corrupt practices in the attainment of the end achieved.

This government stands before the world as the highest accomplishment of a free people and the corner-stone of the governmental fabric is a pure and untainted ballot. Men may differ as to matters of national policy and as to the individuals most worthy to preside at the head of affairs; but they do not differ in demanding that the choice of the electorate, as asserted by the result at the polls, shall be the free, honest, and unhampered expression of the popular will.

* * *

THE year just closed has been one of importance to the country in many ways. Though shortly after its opening the indications of a war-cloud appeared on the national horizon through the vigorous assertion on the part of President Cleveland of the applicability of the Monroe Doctrine in the matter of the Venezuela Boundary Question. Lord Salisbury found it judicious to recede from his bellicose attitude and submit the matter in dispute to arbitration. Thus the first determined stand made by this government in behalf of its guardianship to the other American republics against European aggression, since compelling the French to withdraw from Mexico thirty years ago, accomplished the end in view and compelled the acquiescence of Great Britain in the doctrine proclaimed during the administration of President Monroe and which has remained a cardinal principle of American political faith ever since. Not only has the year seen arbitration accepted as the way to the peaceful solution of the Venezuela problem, but the way has been paved toward an international agreement by which any other vexed questions between this country and Great Britain, which may arise from time to time, will be similarly settled. Thus the year 1896 has witnessed a decided step forward toward the reign of perpetual peace between the two countries. May it not be hoped that this will fructify into the early accomplishment of an "end devoutly to be wished." This advancement of the arbitration principle as a means for the settlement of international difficulties may be set down as one of the chief incidents of world-wide import with which 1896 is credited, and an adornment it is truly to the record of the year.

* * *

ALEXANDER SALVINI has passed from the stage of life to that of eternity, and with the descent of the curtain of death the world has taken its farewell of one of the most promising actors of the romantic school the century has produced. Nothing needs to be said just here in regard to a career which gave evidence of such histrionic possibilities, for the appreciative sketch from the pen of Miss Nixon which will be found in another portion of this issue, pays timely and discriminating tribute to his worth, and will serve to emphasize the loss his death is to the mimic world in which he was so striking and attractive a figure.

* * *

THE exceptionally fine portraits of the Presidents presented in the opening article in this number are from "The Presidents of the United States," published and copyrighted in 1895 by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., through whose kind permission they are used.

* * *

AGAIN the French Academy has shown its regard for the qualifications essential to being classed among the so-called Immortals by refusing to elect Emile Zola to membership in that body; and thus the traducer of Lourdes and the panderer to a vitiated and depraved literary taste has once again been denied the distinction he has craved for years.

He has won fame of a certain unenviable kind and has achieved wealth by the misapplication of powers that might have contributed to the highest honor had they been employed in a purer field; but he chose rather to cater to a morbid and diseased and must be classified accordingly.

The French Academy, notwithstanding the latitude allowed the French author, shows by its repeated refusal to admit Zola to its membership that it knows where to draw the line and does not propose to place the seal or toleration on literary pollution. The distinction, therefore, which Zola so earnestly craves is, happily for the honor and credit of the Academy and of the French nation whose intellectual dignity it is designed to preserve and uphold, denied.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Causes for Thanksgiving.

How many of us are grateful to God for the common blessings of life. Imagine our feelings if we were to become blind or deaf, we should storm Heaven with novenas, make pilgrimages, pray as we never prayed before. But we seldom think of thanking God for the blessings of sight and hearing. We shall listen to music and to the voices of our friends during the coming year; we shall look at sometimes, moonlight, sea and woods and hills, above all we shall meet the smile and glance of those we love with answering eyes and lips; and few of us will think of thanking God for these joys of every day. The unthankfulness of believers is one cause of unbelief to those who are outside the Church,

Another reason why we do not convert the world, is that we dispute among ourselves. Let us make the world say as it said in the days directly following Our Lord's death, "See how these Christians love one another."

But the principal reason why we make so little impression upon those who have not the whole inheritance of faith is this: Most of us are not as proud of our Church as we should be. The Church possesses all of poetry, chivalry, and grandeur that earth can give; or Heaven grant, outside of its own golden gates. Half of us do not really believe this. We compare our clothes or house or pocket money or talents with those of our neighbor and think ourselves worse or better off than he is by that silly way of measuring fortune. If we have the Faith and he has it not, we are rich and he is poor, and our way of living must be so just, pure, and beautiful to look upon that our neighbor will wish to share our religion. Example must be our missionary work in childhood and in early youth; later on more will be asked of us, works and perhaps words too.

In a late number of the *Paillettes d'Or* (Grains of Gold) is this true story. Between two trains, a number of persons entered a buffet for luncheon, men decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, several ladies and some children. They looked annoyed at the fact that on Friday only meat was served, but nevertheless they sat down and began to eat. A young man came in and took his seat. He was strikingly handsome and had an air of good breeding and knowledge of the world. He said to the waiter, "This is Friday; bring me an omelette," and was quickly served with that marvel of cookery, a good French omelette. The other Catholics felt ashamed, and when some of them were whirling along in the same car with the knight of the omelette, a knight of the Legion of Honor said to him, "You set us a good example just now; if you had come sooner, ten, perhaps fifteen persons would have kept the Friday abstinence."

"Very likely," said the young man, "I always try to be punctual but to-day I came late. My mother was cured by a miracle and I promised our Lady to be an apostle of the Friday's abstinence. I am a travelling agent and have little time for prayer or good works so I follow this apostolate. There are six of us travellers who were trained by religious, and we have founded the confraternity of the omelette. We are usually the first to come to the table on Friday, and we call at once for an omelette. You see gentlemen, a good deal can be done by a little Christian courage."

EMMA FORBES CARY.

Human Magpies.

In a small village in Shropshire, England, there are a great number of magpies, and if any one wishes to know why that particular bird is always spoken of in connection with gossip, let him go to the town of Wellington and watch the habits of these chattering creatures.

They hop about the quaint streets, pausing in lanes and by-ways and under the fragrant hawthorn hedges for a good long chat, and that they are plainly slanderous is easy to be seen.

If you want to know the autobiography of a bird slander, watch the magpies.

One of them will go up to another, cock his pert head upon one side, and talk a little, chirping confidentially. Then the two of them hop away to find a third, consulting with him for some time. How they nod their heads in feminine interest, and when a fourth, passing by,

speaks to them and they do not return his bird-ship's bow, you may be sure the last comer is the poor unfortunate of whom they spoke.

Then all three hop away, not to tell of it, oh, no! They wouldn't mention it for worlds! However, the first tells her best friend, in the *strictest* confidence. The second whispers it to a mutual friend whom she really thought it her duty to warn about the affair, and the third magpie tells her children they must never again play with the slandered one's children.

Eventually the entire flock knows the story — whatever it was, and probably a committee, or jury, takes the matter up and expels the unfortunate from the community, or, perhaps, pecks her to death.

The birds are not very different from their prototypes, the human magpies or gossips.

There is a little story by Edna Lyall, "The Autobiography of a Slander," which every one should read. It is a very simple story of the advent of a stranger into an English village. A few chance words, nothing more than a surmise about or expressions of distaste for the hero, caused a perfectly innocent man to be persecuted, suspected of being a Nihilist, and at last unjustly incarcerated in a Russian prison.

It is a hackneyed subject but one which can never be bought too strongly before our minds.

The remedy for gossip, and the scandal which it usually degenerates into, is never to talk about *people*.

There are so many charming things to talk about we need never gossip. Books, "our true, our real friends;" music, art, *things*, but never people.

"But," you object, "some people cannot talk about anything but other people."

That often appears to be the case; but you will always find that the very person who appears to be the most impossible has some one subject upon which he or she can talk well. You must simply take the trouble to find out what topic will interest your listener. "But it's so tiresome to talk about commonplaces," you say.

A great many things are extremely tiresome which are advisable. Is there anything more commonplace than gossip? Talk about the weather if you must, but do *not* be a human magpie.

MARY F. NIXON.

Thoughts for the Coming Year.

Broken resolutions are so often the subject of clever jests that it is difficult to speak seriously as the New Year draws near of resolutions which ought to be made and never broken.

At the present time the only bulwark against self-indulgence is the teaching of the Catholic Church, laws resting on reason, revelation, and the example of the best men of every time and every race. There have been periods in the history of various nations when pride expressed itself in self-control. Pride now finds satisfaction in luxury and self-indulgence. Stoicism and Puritanism are in ruins, only the teaching of Christ offers resistance to the world and only in the Catholic Church are the laws of Christ preserved in their integrity.

Let every Catholic at the beginning of the New Year resolve to oppose by example and influence the self-indulgence which threatens the safety of our country. Among the repetitions of history are periods of luxury followed by political and social decadence. There are various opinions as to the direct influence of luxury upon the economic forces of a community. There can be only one verdict as to the power of luxury to weaken the individuals who make or dissolve a community, and in this work of construction or dissolution women are more responsible than men. They rule the homes, train the children, and foster or check the growth of self-indulgence in domestic life. What would the Pilgrim Fathers say if they could see what is called, I believe the "typical American family?" What would they say to the modern methods of practising economy and prudence among the race they founded.

E. F. C.

A Penny Party.

Did you ever attend a Penny Party?

Each guest is supplied with a pencil, a penny and a card with the following:—

"Find upon the penny,

I. An Apostle.

II. What Americans would die for.

III. What the old knights always carried.

IV. What Shakespere wrote his plays with.

V. What killed Cock Robin.

VI. What is on every one's head.

VII. A much abused individual.

VIII. What crowned the victor at the Olympian Games.

IX. What we all love.

X. What every girl is supposed to want.

XI. What two people are supposed to be when married.

XII. A slang expression.

XIII. Half of the National flag.

XIV. Collections of musical instruments.

XV. An Arabian delicacy.

XVI. Flowers famous in Holland.

XVII. What is said in Congress.

The guests are to guess as many of these as possible, everything mentioned being found upon the penny.

The one who guesses the greatest number receives a prize, a dainty porte-monnaie or a pin made from a coin.

The correct answers of the puzzles are as follows:—

I. One Sent. (cent.)

II. Liberty.

III. A shield.

IV. Feather.

V. Arrow.

VI. Crown.

VII. "Lo! the poor Indian."

VIII. A wreath.

IX. United States of America.

X. A Beau (bow).

XI. One.

XII. Cheek.

XIII. Half of the National Flag.

XIV. A Band

XV. Date.

XVI. Tulips (Two lips).

XVII. Ayes and Noes (Eyes and Nose).

M. F. N.

Moral Courage.

One needs an independent spirit to-day to uphold principles which few people would have ventured to attack fifty years ago. But we have only to bear our testimony firmly and calmly, to find support where we least expect it. Many upright Protestants are silenced by the persistent preachers of new theories, and they gladly support the arguments of Catholics who are courteous and well-informed.

But alas! as the martyr, Robert Southwell says,

> It seems no fault to do that all have done;
> The number of offenders hides the sin;
> Coach drawn with many horse doth easily run,
> Soon followeth one where multitudes begin.

It is easier to forgive sins which are of general occurrence then it is to condemn them. The prevalence of selfish luxury and its attendant evils, which ought to terrify us, tends to make us familiar with evil and tolerant of it. We should therefore constantly watch lest conscience grow dull, and perception coarse through listening to the repetition of worldly maxims. If during the coming year we do not bear testimony by example and precept to the holy teaching of the Church, we shall have failed in our duty. The "noble army of martyrs" were not more firmly sustained by the grace of God than we shall be if we lead unworldly lives amid the worldliness which spreads its temptations around us on all sides.

E. F. C.

Some Books We Should Own.

All who can afford it should have a good library of Catholic books for reference and to lend to Protestants who ask for information about the practice and teaching of the Church. Some books are for all time, but there are others which are written to meet the needs of our own age. Among the invaluable books recently published are "Pastor's History of the Popes," a work of immense research; "Father Vaughan's Armory of Holy Scripture," and Father Searle's "Plain Facts for Plain Minds." Books which make distinct pictures of certain periods in history are useful, as for instance, Mrs. Maxwell-Scott's "Tragedy of Fotheringay Castle," a study of the hapless Mary Stuart, worthy of the direct descendant of Sir Walter Scott. To clear one's judgment as to divisions of opinion in questions open to discussion the "Life of George William Ward," by Wilfrid Ward is valuable, and it is a book of engrossing interest. As an aid to familiarity with the chronological succession of saints, the much neglected Alban Butler should be restored to our shelf of books of reference. His accounts will not always bear the search-light of the unflinching Bollandists, but they are plain histories of heroes and heroines whose fame grows steadily under modern criticism. The index of the large edition is valuable, giving the saints

of each century in due order, as well as the succession according to the days of the year.

These are mere suggestions, not a list of books. To be ready with answers to all chance questions is not possible for the ordinary layman, but the material should be at hand to provide an answer to every rational inquiry.

E. F. C.

Borax.

ITS USES IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

Few housekeepers possess a knowledge of the many virtues of borax, so valuable for general purposes in the household.

As a simple domestic remedy for many ailments borax is unrivalled. If the eyes are weak or inflamed from exposure to the light, cold or other causes, a daily bathing with a mild solution of borax will strengthen and cool them. For sore throat or hoarseness, a small quantity of powdered borax, dissolved in the mouth and swallowed is always effective.

A cold in the head can be relieved by snuffing powdered borax freely, and the same treatment will be found excellent for catarrh in the head.

Acidity of the stomach can be corrected by taking a small pinch of borax several times a day.

Borax applied to canker spots under the tongue, or used as a wash for a sore mouth will effect a speedy cure. The bites of insects, as well as summer rashes will cease to give pain if bathed in a strong solution of borax, equally efficacious in curing burns, scalds and other injuries.

For a wound borax is nature's best remedy, being antiseptic, disinfectant, emollient, and safe to use in every way

Corns and bunions may be cured by wetting frequently with borax water, and tender feet relieved from burning and itching by the same application.

On the toilet table borax is invaluable, it destroys dandruff, and cleanses and softens the hair. It cleans brushes, combs and all toilet articles.

Added to the bath water borax softens it; and gives a healthful glow to the skin. By washing the hands with it, they may be kept smooth and white

Its use in the laundry softens the water, whitens the clothes, gives transparency to muslins and laces, removes fruit stains, besides rendering the labor of working comparatively light.

All kitchen utensils may be kept sweet and clean by washing in borax, which is also a valuable aid in the dining room.

For ridding closets and presses of ants and roaches borax mixed with sugar will be found very effective.

For preserving fresh meat and fish nothing better can be used.

ELIZA P. PARKER.

Baby's Ball.

A ball which will delight the small one of the family can be made by even the little sister of eight or ten. Find a pill box, a tin one is best, and put in a dozen shot to make a noise. Make a bag of white cambric or muslin the size of a big baseball, and fill with cotton, putting the pill box in the middle just before sewing the end up. For the outside choose very gay worsteds in five colors. On the ordinary steel knitting needles cast eighteen stitches and knit thirty rows back and forth, plain knitting. Sew the stripes together and slip the muslin ball inside, drawing each end close and fastening.

A Handsome School or Skate Bag.

Buy seven-eights of a yard of fawn-colored or soft gray corduroy. The fineribbed is the best, aud it need not be the expensive sort — that costing seventy-five or eighty cents is suitable. Fold the right side in and sew the selvages together, leaving an open space of ten inches in the middle of the seam's length. Now slip the seam along so that it lies through the middle of the bag, and stitch the ends across to close them. Turn right side out and hem down the selvages at the opening. Buy a pair of rings and chain, either gilt or silver, slipping them on over the ends, These bags may be made more elaborate by embroidering the corduroy with initials or a design before the material is made up. Care must be taken, however, to see that the embroidery comes in the right place by folding the corduroy as it will lie when finished and putting the embroidery diagonally across one of the ends.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Striking out for Themselves.

"Reckon we'll get 'em burned out by Tuesday week, Tom, and be ready for Pylant's oranges. Suppose the old fellow will want us to take pay in town lots, though."

"He'll get left if he does," and the lad by the fire removed the skillet of fried bacon from the coals and put the coffee pot in its place. "I'm willing to work out a five-acre lot, but don't want any towns. Say, Dave, what do you think of the party going to Punta Rassa?" he added, as he thrust a stick into the bean pot to see what prospect there was for an early supper.

"Well, from what I hear, I fancy there is plenty of good land to be homesteaded in that section, and if we didn't have a good job here, I'd be for joining them. I begin to feel a little anxious to have some land where we can be starting trees of our own."

"Same here; but the land will come in good time, and while we've got a week's rations of bacon and hominy ahead, I sha'n't kick against luck. But grub's ready."

Both lads fell to with a relish. Beans seemed to be the central dish at almost every meal, and yet they somehow never seemed to tire of them.

They had encountered a good many hard knocks since leaving their far away homes, but were evidently none the worse for them.

Dave Freeman, the son of a hard-working Kansas farmer, had come South to better his fortunes, and with a deep but unexpressed longing to help the home folks.

At Flomaton, or Pensacola Junction, as it is now called, he had fallen in with Tom Bryne, an Indiana boy, and the two had soon become fast friends.

By getting occasional jobs along the way, and not infrequently "tramping it," they had reached their present quarters, near Panasofkee, in Sumter County, Fla.

Here they had taken a contract from a "paper town" proprietor to clear five acres of land for seventy-five dollars.

This was a low figure, as the ground was full of palmetto roots, and not only were the trees to be cleared from the lands but all stumps to be burned out.

The boys had already been at work over two months, and hoped that another week would complete the job. On the first, their employer was to commence gathering his oranges, and they expected several weeks' employment at that.

Although the work of clearing was very hard, the boys were rugged and hearty, and thoroughly enjoyed their novel surroundings.

After finishing their beans, they put away the few dishes, and began the round of their stumps. Here and there one was dying out, and new fuel had to be piled around it. As one stump burned out, it was dragged from its hole and placed against the roots of another.

And so, from one stump to another, adding fuel to this or dragging that away, their faces covered with soot, and looking more like negroes than white boys, they darted around, shouting gleefully to each other whenever one of the tall pines burned through and came crashing to the ground.

A little to one side, and out of reach of the fires, the boys had built a little six-by-ten shanty, where they kept their belongings and occasionally slept. More frequently, however, they slung their hammocks between two pines, near the camp fire.

At first, the peculiar roar of the alligators from the swamp near by had disturbed their rest, but they very soon got accustomed to it, and also to the startling challenge of a large bat, which is apt to frighten strangers by its sudden appearance and shrill cry.

A few days before the boys finished their contract, a party of surveyors and prospectors stopped at their shanty to get a drink of water, and to see if they could get them for a few days.

As the pay offered was good, the boys were glad to accept it, and five minutes were sufficient to put their few belongings into the shanty and to nail up the door.

It took the party some hours to reach their destination, and as soon as they had partaken of a lunch, they began to survey a site for a new town.

The boys had seen a great many "paper

towns" since they came to Florida, but as a rule had taken little interest in them. They were usually ventures of men who did not have capital enough to make their speculations a success.

Tom and Dave were put to work carrying chain, and very soon became interested in the talk of their companions.

The spot chosen was a very beautiful one — a sloping hillside gradually narrowing into a strip six or seven hundred yards wide, and running between two of the most picturesque lakes the boys had ever seen.

From the talk of the party they learned that a number of them were railroad men, and that they were endeavoring to buy at nominal figures all the choice lands along the line of the new road before the settlers became aware of its value.

They discussed their plans before the boys without reserve, and it soon became evident to the latter that the future of this hillside could bear no comparison with the other paper towns they had seen. A number of very wealthy men were interested in it, and they proposed to make it the winter home of themselves and friends.

"You see, gentlemen," said one of the men to his companions, as he pointed across the strip of land to the slope on the other side, "the road will wind around the lake, across the neck of land, and along the western side of the lake to the right, and then in almost a bee line toward Palatka. Ten years from now, and this hillside for miles will be a succession of orange groves. Near the depot we shall have a limited number of business lots, while the balance of the land will be surveyed into large orange grove and villa tracts. It will be specified in each deed that no cheap buildings shall be erected. It is not a mere speculation, as there are already a dozen or more men who will begin elegant residences as soon as the land is surveyed."

"Do you know, professor, who owns that point jutting into the lake? It is a fine building site."

The speaker was a tall, sharp-featured man of middle age, whom his friends addressed as "doctor."

"No," answered the professor; "but I think a man named Pylant is the owner, and that the twenty acres beyond belong to him also. However, we do not wish to make too many inquiries just now. He saw us when we came out, and should we go back and value his land, he will put on four prices. Our policy is to go back as though we were disappointed in the land, and by the time we return he will be ready to offer it at our own figures. We can probably get it for four dollars an acre, perhaps three. It is thirty miles from any town, and as Pylant got it from the government, three or four dollars will be a big price to him."

"And in twelve months it will be worth as many hundreds," said the doctor.

Tom and Dave looked at each other curiously, and wondered how they would feel if they owned a few acres on this hillside.

At the end of the week — for the few days' work had lengthened into five, — the boys were paid fifteen dollars and told they would soon be wanted for several months, should they care to return.

Everything was found safe at the shanty, and the boys went to work at the stumps with a will. At the end of the third day, the last root was reduced to ashes, and then Dave set to work to prepare a supper suitable for such an occasion. Fried quail (which they had snared), orange slump, pineapple shortcake, baked beans, and a pot of steaming coffee, graced the table (or rather box), while by way of dessert, a pillow-case full of oranges, picked up in a neighboring grove, stood by the side of the banqueting board.

Next morning the boys went to see Mr. Pylant.

"So you've cleared it up, have you?" he exclaimed, as the boys told him their errand. "I saw last week it was most done. Reckon you'll want a little money and the rest in land. Sharp boys! Know land is best — going up, going up all the time."

"But if you please, Mr. Pylant, we'd rather have the money," said Dave, quietly.

"Money!" exclaimed the "cracker," in affected astonishment. "Why, boys, in one year there'll be a city on that land, and you'll be rich. The lots I let you have for thirty dollars 'll likely be worth a fortune."

"We don't want any lots," replied Dave, decidedly. "We intend to get some land when we can, but we must have it large enough to put out a good grove on."

F. H. SWEET.

To be continued.

What the Children are Making!

"It's a great secret," said the little woman, "but I'll show you if you promise never to tell."

Of course we promised, but what we saw pleased us so much that we begged permission to tell our girls about it. The secret is still to be kept from our little friend's family; papa and mamma, and the children, will not know until Christmas eve.

And then?

They will see all the beautiful useful gifts that the eldest girl of the home made ready. We wish we could describe them all, but we must be satisfied with describing just a few; the Children's Corner would not hold them even if we could use it all for that purpose.

No doubt many of our girls have their gifts hidden away ready to bring out when the tree is firmly planted, and its great branches reaching out for Christmas treasures, but there may be some who did not have time, or were puzzled about what to make and Bessie's suggestions will help them.

She had copied them from different sources, and saved them till it was time to think of using them for Christmas gifts, and we give her notes just as she had taken them.

Mamma's Scrap Basket.

Get a gay Japanese parasol from any of the stores in which they are sold, and, with a very coarse darning or upholsterer's needle, make a tiny hole in the bamboo ends, so that you can pass a fine wire through when the umbrella will open about half way, twist the ends of the wire together, which will hold it firm. Get your brother or father to fit the ferule end of the umbrella into a small block of wood, which should be weighted with shot or pieces of lead, so that the umbrella will stand upright. The block may then be gilded or painted with black or red enamel paint, and, when the handle has a big bow of ribbon which harmonizes well with the colors of the parasol, a useful catch-all for bits of paper and light scraps is ready.

AN OFFERTORY.

Oh, the beauty of the Christ-Child,
  The gentleness, the grace,
The smiling, loving tenderness,
  The infantile embrace
All babyhood He holdeth,
All motherhood enfoldeth, —
  Yet who hath seen His face?

Oh, the nearness of the Christ-Child
  When for a sacred space,
He nestles in our very home, —
  Light of the human race!
We know Him and love Him,
No man to us need prove him —
  Yet who hath seen His face.

Selected.

THE BRAHMIN, THE TIGER, AND THE FOUR JUDGES.

Once upon a time a Brahmin, walking along the road, found a great tiger shut up in a cage for the public good. The huge beast roared piteously: — "Oh, brother Brahmin, let me out, just to drink a little water, for I'm dying of thirst."

"Not I," said the Brahmin; "you would eat me."

"Father of mercy, that will I not. I will drink and go back to the cage."

But when the silly Brahmin opened the cage, the tiger sprang out and roared, "Now will I eat you first and drink the water later."

"Kill me not hastily," said the Brahmin; "ask the opinion of four judges, and if they agree with you I will die without complaint."

They walked on until they came to a banyan tree, which quickly condemned the Brahmin. "Men seek shelter under my boughs," said the tree, "I lend them my shade, and then they hack off my branches and fair foliage. Let the tiger eat the man!" But the Brahmin begged for time, and they walked on until they met a camel and stated the case to him. He replied sadly: "When I was young and strong and useful men fed me well and were kind. But now in my old age I am starved and beaten and overdriven. Let the tiger eat the man!"

Next they consulted an eagle flying through the air. He paused and balanced himself on outspread pinions to hear the case. "Men shoot me and steal my young," said the royal bird; "men are the persecutors of the earth. Let the tiger do as he likes with the Brahmin."

Now only one more chance of life was left; but luckily for the Brahmin they next met a jackal, wisest of beasts. The man told his story and said, "Now, uncle jackal, what is your judgment?" "Show me the place where you both stood," said the jackal, so they all went back and stood in front of the cage. "Stand just where you stood before," said the jackal to the Brahmin. "Now, tiger, where were you?"

"In the cage," said the tiger.

"How do you mean? Which way were you looking?" asked the jackal.

"I stood so," said the tiger, jumping into the cage; "my head was turned towards the Brahmin."

"Very good, but we've not got to the bottom of the matter," said the jackal. "Was the door open or shut?"

"Shut and bolted," said the Brahmin.

"Then shut and bolt it," said the jackal.

When the Brahmin had done this the jackal gave judgment.

"Oh, wicked, ungrateful tiger," he said, "your only reward for kindness was the wish to eat your benefactor. Stay where you are. Friend Brahmin, your road lies that way and mine this. Farewell."

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this Department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the first of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass." As a guarantee of good faith, every letter must give the full name and address of the writer, which will not be published. In future no unsigned letters will be answered.]

"H" inquires regarding the Christmas candle.

The Holy Scripture frequently refers to our Divine Saviour as the Light of the World. He came as the true Light to enlighten every man. He is the Light shining in the darkness of ignorance and sin to dispel the darkness, and to bring in the radiance of His own grace, and wisdom, and holiness. The Church always keeps in mind that Jesus is the splendor of the Father, and Light of Light, and so uses candles and lamps to diffuse light in her services. They remind us of Him who came to enlighten us. At Mass, at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at Communion, whether in the Church, or at the home of the sick, the candles are lighted. In the lamp before the tabernacle, olive oil is ever burning. Its flame tells us of the Divine Light upon that altar. And so, too, the people at their homes have the beautiful custom of lighting a candle on Christmas Eve, and at different times until Epiphany, or little Christmas, as it is sometimes called. Thus they honor the coming of the Light from heaven, and seek that His grace may shine within their souls, and guide them into the paths of righteousness. The brightness of God shone about the shepherds to whom the angel of the Lord announced on the first Christmas the tidings of great joy, and a star appeared in the heavens to guide the Wise Men of the East to the Light of heaven and of earth who was born of Mary, and who was to be found in the manger at Bethlehem. So, this custom of the Christmas candle is beautiful in its meaning, and is itself a profession of the old and simple faith that brings the brightness of divine happiness into the Christian home.

A Texan subscriber wants to know the cause of the Church's antagonism to the Masonic order, and in general her opposition to secret orders.

The answer to this query has been at different times set forth in these columns; but as the matter is exceptionally grave, we will again approach it. With the Church, authority is something sacred. She knows that all authority is from God. She knows by bitter experience that secret societies have little or no respect for authority; that they place their own selfish aims and ambitions above law, and that if outwardly they obey the law, they would as readily disobey, if their purposes were thereby to be served. As regards the Masonic order in particular, history attests its devastating influence over civil law in multiplied instances, and against religious discipline. The greatest opponent, the most bitter enemy that the Church to-day encounters in Europe, especially, is Free Masonry. For very self-protection, she must cry out against her enemy. They say that in the United States there is no evil in Masonry. Who knows? Who is invested with the knowledge of the secret workings of the supreme rulers? How long shall they hold themselves free from the wickedness of their transatlantic brethren? What is the need of any secret society in this land of free speech, of a free press, of freedom of conscience? The citizen who loves his native land, or the land of his adoption, this land of liberty, needs only the secrecy of the ballot. In his franchise and the untrammelled use of it, he will find ample means for preservation and advancement. Away with secret societies, their hideous, and, sometimes, almost sacrilegious rites, their oaths, their destruction of personal liberty. They are in their nature inimical to the spirit of this country, and, sooner or later, they will work harm here as elsewhere.

Again the Church protects the liberty of a man, and forbids him to enslave himself by oath or obligation to a blind, unreasonable, unknown obedience to unknown and unknowable leaders.

Again, the rites, the ceremonies of secret

orders, frequently become the religious exercises of the members of these societies. The lodge becomes the church, the presiding officer, the priest, and anything is likely to serve as a god. The strong tendency of secret societies is towards a practical paganism. In Paris, they have lodges for devil-worship, others for insult to the Blessed Sacrament, in measure and ways incomprehensible to any who believe in our Dear Lord's presence on the altar.

Visitor writes: —

I called on a friend recently in a neighboring town, and she invited me to church for the "Holy Hour," as she called it, which she told me was a devotion each Friday evening in her parish.

Will you please explain this devotion?

Our Divine Lord, on His last night on earth, prayed in the Garden of Gethsemane. He complained to His Apostles that they failed to watch one hour with Him. In memory of His sacred prayer on that occasion, and His reproach to Peter, James, and John, the devotion has been long and extensively practised in the Church, of passing an hour in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament in prayer to our Lord, and with Him to His Father.

Latterly, the Eucharistic League has been instituted for priests, who, becoming members, choose, each one for himself, an hour each week for adoration. In some parishes, the pastors have invited the people to enter into the devotion, and have appointed one hour each week for the devout members of the congregation to assemble and to pray with the priests to our God who stays with us on our altars. Friday night is often chosen, but any hour can be chosen, according to convenience. The devotions can vary, if only the spirit be observed of union with Jesus, of adoration and love for the Blessed Sacrament. This "Holy Hour" becomes the source of countless blessings to those who enter faithfully into its spirit.

From Minneapolis comes the question: —

What is the meaning of a fish in sacred symbols?

If you take the sentence: Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour, and translate it into Greek, and then take the first letters of each of the Greek words, you will have the Greek word Ichthus, which signifies a fish.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Novels.

Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist, who is already well known by his intensely interesting novels on Polish life, and his historical romances, dealing with the crucial events in Polish history, has been experimenting in a new field, and gives us a novel of absorbing interest, entitled, "QUO VADIS." It deals with Roman life in the time of Nero, and vividly pictures the great struggle, which was going on between Christianity and paganism. With a master's hand Sienkiewicz portrays the mad orgies of Nero, the undying devotion of the early Christians, the excesses of the Imperial court, and with a vividness and power, that makes imperial Rome, with her cruel persecutions, stand before our very eyes. A touching vein of romance, which centres around the young pagan Vicinius, who loves the Christian maiden Lygia, runs through the whole story. The characters of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, especially that of Saint Peter, are grandly drawn; and the utterances which the writer puts into the mouth of the prince of the apostles are moving and sublime. Altogether we should pronounce this novel the strongest and most powerful, that has been written on the great struggle which ended in the triumph of Christianity and the overthrow of pagonism. The translation is well done by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Refreshing as the breezes, which sweep through the pines of the Adirondacks, under the shadow of which the scenes of the story are laid, is "MR. BILLY BUTTONS" by the rising Catholic novelist, Walter Lecky. Simple and touching

is the story of the life of the good, ingenuous people, who knowing little of the ways of deceit, but rich in the possession of a guileless soul, pass in review before us, as we turn the pages of this truly interesting novel. We fall in love with Billy Buttons and old Cagey and the rest who under rough exteriors show such nobility of soul. The beautiful character of Père Mounier with his childlike faith appeals to us strongly. There is a richness of pathos and a noble simplicity, permeating the whole story, which appeal to the heart and must make this story popular. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago Benziger Bros.

Another Catholic novelist, from whom much may be expected, if we judge him by his past efforts, is Prof. Maurice F. Egan, who has just written a delightful story, entitled "THE VOCATION OF EDWARD CONWAY." Mr. Egan does not believe in sacrificing principle to passion even in the pages of a book, and illustrates his ethical ideas, of novel writing in the book before us. We have presented for our consideration a variety of characters. The renegade, a type common enough in our American life of today, who ought to be a Catholic, but who enjoying a little social distinction and a moderate share of the good things of life, looks with good-natured contempt and indifference upon the religion of his fathers; the hardened atheist who thinks it his duty to be at enmity with all the world, but whose heart is finally touched through his only child; the remorseful man who thinks himself guilty of a crime, which happily he did not commit, and thinks all men are staring at him and charging him with his sin; the young Southerner, of high principle, Edward Conway, who through his unselfish devotion finally brings happiness to these unhappy men. All these characters are admirably drawn. We need more novels of this kind, strong, healthful and pure; and we trust that this one is but the forerunner of many, with which Mr. Egan will delight the reading world. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

Readable and interesting is the novel of John Oliver Hobbes, entitled, "THE HERB-MOON," the pure, unselfish love of the heroine and the constant loyalty of the hero, which endure through years of separation, are finally rewarded by mutual union. The scenes of the story change from an English hamlet to the wierd theatre which the English metropolis affords. English country and city life find abundant chance for illustration in this well-told story. New York and London: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Religious.

A book for every Catholic household has been issued by the enterprising firm of Benziger Bros., entitled, "GOFFINE'S DEVOUT INSTRUCTIONS ON THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS FOR THE SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS. It is graced by a preface from the pen of Cardinal Gibbons. Besides containing short, practical instructions on the epistles and gospels of the Sundays and holydays, it contains also a short history of the principal saints to which are added short instructions on the epistles and gospels proper to each, an explanation of the sacraments and ceremonies of the Church, an explanation of the Mass, and prayers and devotions adapted to meet the religious preference of all. The book is a treasury of Catholic devotion. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

"DEVOTION TO THE MIRACULOUS INFANT JESUS OF PRAGUE," is a booklet, issued by Joseph Schaefer, New York, in which is given a short history of the origin and progress of this devotion. Many instanes of the efficacy of this devotion are related, and the prayers proper to this devotion are subjoined.

A charming little "MANUAL OF SAINT JOSEPH," for the use of men's sodalities has been issued by B. Herder & Co., publishers, St. Louis. Great care is shown in the selection of beautiful and simple prayers, and the manual is a welcome addition to our books of Catholic devotion.

Scientific, Literary, etc.

The latest accession to the series of text books, which are being put forth under the generic name ot "COLLEGE HISTORIES OF ART" is a "HISTORY OF SCULPTURE" by Allen Margnaud, Ph. D., L.L.D, and Arthur L. Frothingham, Jr., Ph.D., both professors of archaeology and the history of art in Princeton University. It is a compendious, but judicious account of the art of sculpture from its rude beginning in the Orient to its perfect realizations in the masterpieces of Greece and Rome and the Italian Renaissance. Due mention is also

made of the work of modern sculptors in Europe and America. The book is well illustrated, and will be appreciated by all students, who have not the time to devote to larger and more diffuse books upon this subject. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"COCHEM'S EXPLANATION OF THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS" a book first published almost two hundred years ago, appears in an English dress, and is introduced to the American reading public in a preface by Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes of Covington. This book, though old, will be found well adapted in many ways for the wants of to-day. It is replete with solid instruction and erudition, which have the effect of giving the reader a greater reverence towards the great central mystery of the Christian religion, and persuades one to set a higher value on the benefits to be derived from the holy sacrifice. Some of the incidents, which illustrate the reasoning of the author, might be omitted, as belonging to an age when faith was more vivid than it is in our day. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

One of the best books for college debating societies which has appeared is "BRIEFS FOR DEBATE" by W. Du Bois Brookings, A.B., of the Harvard Law School, and Ralph Curtis Ringwalt, A.B. of Columbia University, with an introduction by Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D. of Harvard University. The subjects proposed for debate are modern, practical and of supreme interest at the present time. They have a wide range, embracing the leading questions in the political, social and economic world of America. The briefs are concise, but clear, and merely directive, leaving the student ample scope to work out his side of the case. Copious references are given showing where rich and proper material may be found, from which the student, who holds either side, — affirmative or negative — may forge his arguments. The briefs are preceded by a short treatise on the art of debating, in which many valuable and practical hints and suggestions are given to the young debater. We welcome this book, as a timely help to the young man, who wishes to know the best thought of the leading thinkers on the subjects of the day, and desires to intelligently discuss them.

Some original and striking thoughts on the vexed question of immigration are presented by John Chetwood, Jr., in "IMMIGRATION FALLACIES." The whole question is fairly discussed, and the advantages and evils of our present system are clearly set forth. We should advise all, who are interested in this question, which absorbs so much of public interest, to read this latest contribution to the subject. Boston: Arena Publishing Co.

Historical.

A HISTORY OF ROME TO THE DEATH OF CÆSAR" by W. W. How and H. D. Leigh of Oxford University, England, is the best compendious history, of Rome, which has yet been published. Its purpose is to meet the requirements of students of advanced schools who wish to make the University examination, and it succeeds admirably in its purpose. The authors display a thorough knowledge not only of events, which are merely historical, but of changes and developments in Roman life and government, which show a wide acquaintance with the best authorities, who have written on this deeply interesting subject. The principal events of Roman history, which gave rise to crises in her national life, are treated at length; and an intelligent idea of those critical stages, which impressed a peculiar character on Roman forms of government, is presented to the reader. The whole book reveals a scholarship and a deep research, which will make this history a standard work in higher schools and colleges. London, New York and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

New light is shed upon the troublous times, through which France passed during the eventful years of 1790–1801, by the published "MEMOIRS OF MONSIGNOR DE SALAMON," who was the Papal Internuncio at Paris during that critical period. These memoirs are published from the personal notes, made by Monsignor De Salamon himself, which were found in Rome after his death. They have all the charm of personal memoirs, and give us information in regard to those fateful times, which we shall search for in vain in the many books written upon this most discussed subject. This book constitutes a distinct addition to the literature, written upon that great upheaval of modern times — the French Revolution. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

A Drawing-Room Shower.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

Donahoe's Magazine.

VOL. XXXVII. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1897. NO. 2.

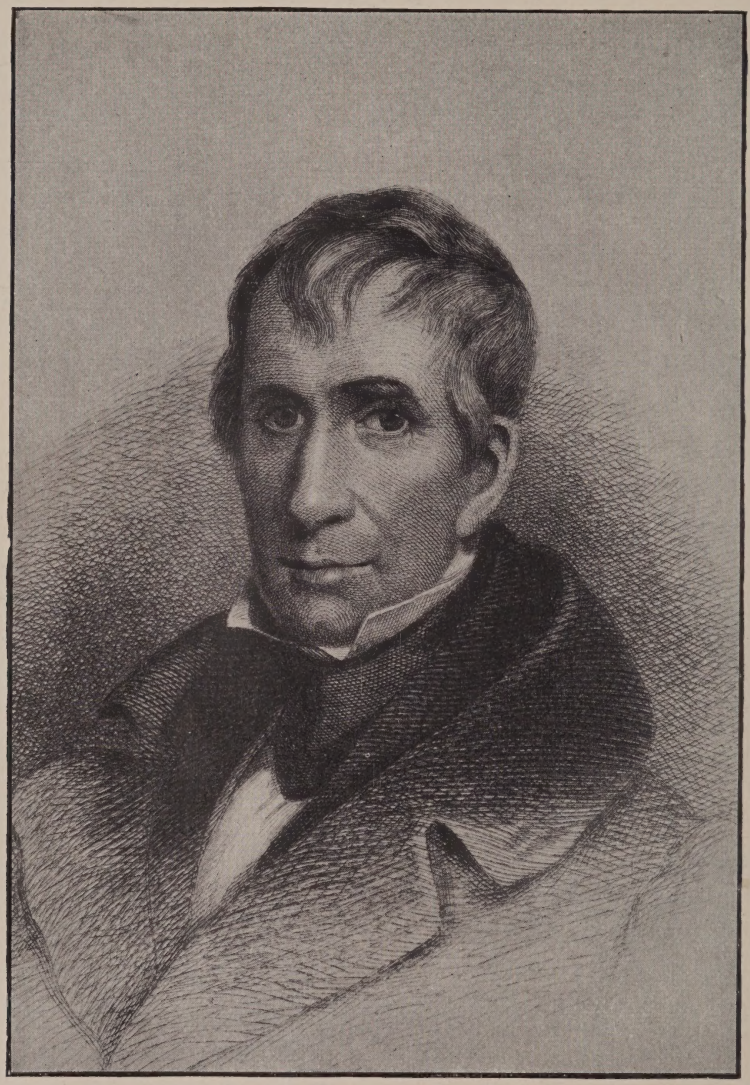
PRESIDENTIAL ADMINISTRATIONS OF THE PAST.

THEODORE F. BENTON.

II

Partisan warfare, from which the administration of James Monroe was so singularly free, was the most distinctive feature of that of John Quincy Adams, and it was conducted as vehemently and with as much bitterness by the opposition as had been the case during his father's occupancy of the presidential office. Even the early Adams tried to negotiate for the sale of Cuba to this country, but Spain would not entertain any proposition of that character. Another plan from which great things were expected, but which came to naught, was the so-called Panama Congress, through which it was hoped to place the United States at the head of a great American confederacy.

Andrew Jackson was of that vigorous type of personality which is always bound to assert itself, and the opposition to his candidacy, when his name was first brought forward, resulting in the election of John Quincy Adams, was not calculated to contribute toward the equanimity of the hero of New Orleans. He was a soldier primarily and not a diplomat, and would not be controlled by questions of mere political expediency. As president, therefore, he was as uncompromising and unflinching as he had been as a commander of an army, and his two administrations were thus periods of turmoil. He believed in vigorous government, and from the day of his first inauguration until his retirement, eight years later, the power of the presidential prerogative was stoutly upheld. He was hostile to John C. Calhoun, who was his vice-president, and who had been vice-president during the term of John Quincy Adams, and his hostility found additional occasion for asserting itself when Calhoun espoused the cause of nullification. The firmness of Jackson was the bulwark of the nation against the further progress of this treasonable pretension of South Carolina. It was the first open attack in the South at the principle of national unity, the first assertion of a State in the slave section of fealty to a doctrine which was later to cause a disastrous and sanguinary civil war. To Jackson history accords the credit of crushing for the time the movement inaugurated by South Carolina which, if then permitted to obtain headway, might have plunged the country in the throes of rebellion at a time when the abolition sentiment of the nation was not so able to cope with it as was the case thirty years later. The United States bank was another matter to claim attention in Jackson's administration, and, although the president's



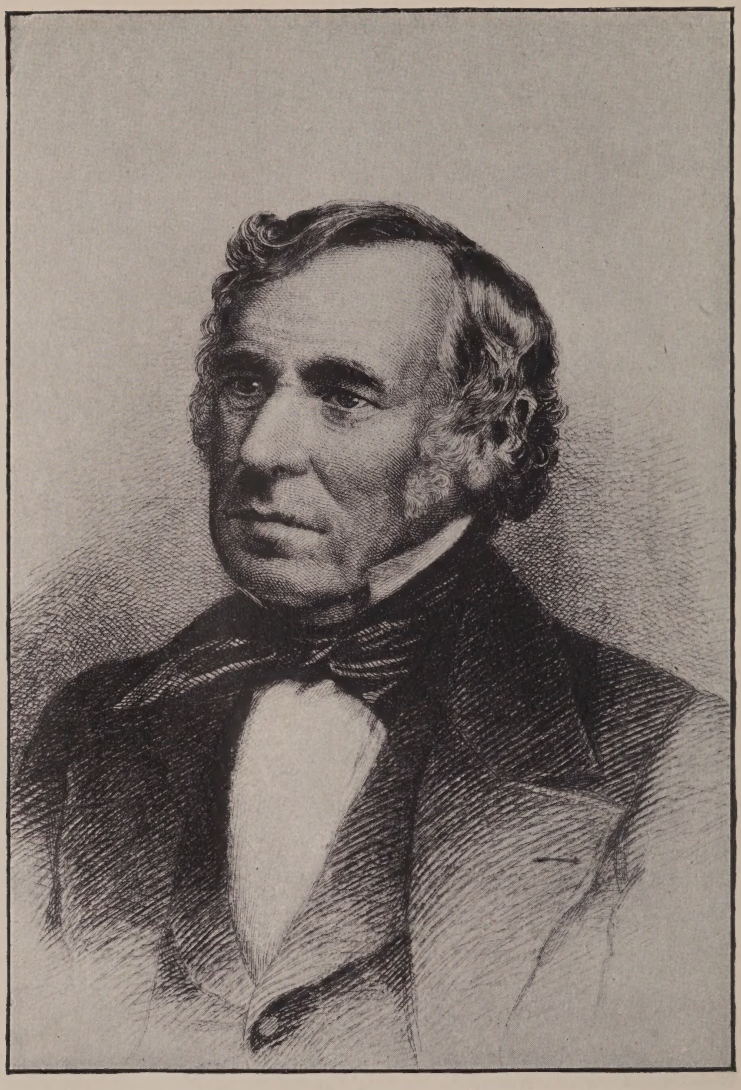
W. H HARRISON.

veto of the attempt of Congress to re-charter this bank, threw the country into a political and monetary commotion, it added to his popularity and contributed to his re-election for a second term, which term was even more stormy, in a political sense, than the first, the "bank war" being renewed, and a degree of bitterness exhibited on both sides that has scarcely a parallel in the history of the country, the United States Senate going so far as to pass a vote of censure of the president, which vote was expunged shortly before his retirement from office. Notwithstanding the domestic trials with

JAMES K. POLK.

which Jackson had to contend, his administration was distinguished for a successful foreign policy, important treaties were made, indemnities were obtained from France, Spain, Naples, and Portugal; and in his second term the national debt was extinguished. In his final term, too, the agitation of the slavery question was renewed with enhanced vigor, and the Seminole war burst forth anew.

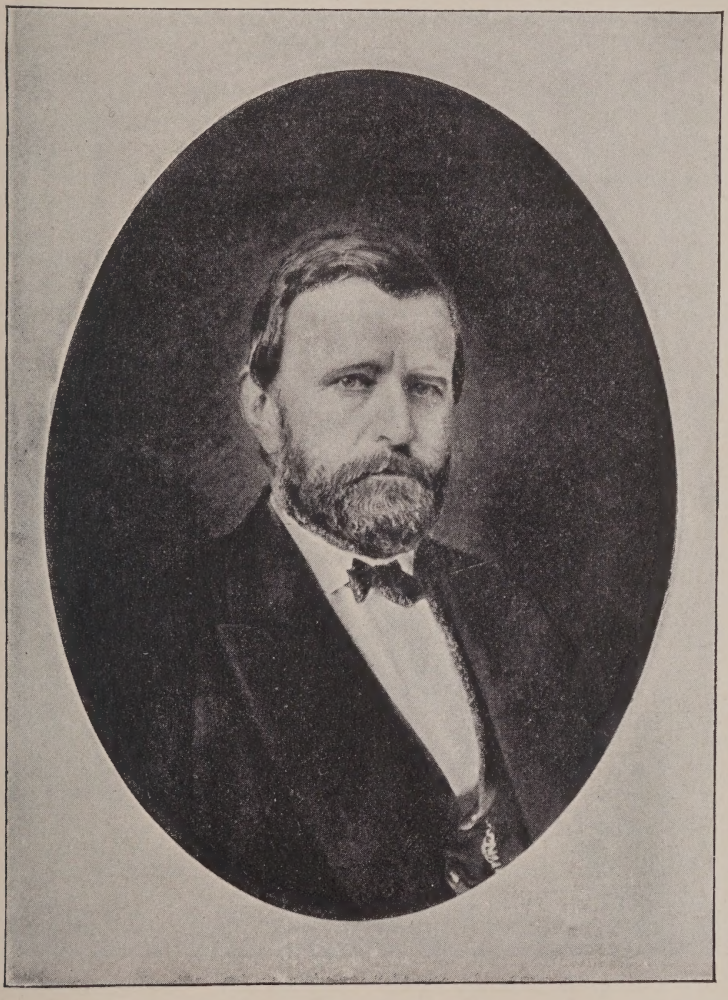
The monetary disturbance in the country, which had been gaining force during the last administration of President Jackson, reached a climax in the first year of President Martin Van



ZACHARY TAYLOR.

Buren's term of office, and a condition of industrial and commercial stagnation unparalleled in the history of the country, known as the "Panic of 1837," fettered, for a time, the energies of the nation. It was a period of great financial disaster, and bursts upon the country two months after Van Buren's inauguration. Thus, the chief work of the latter's administration, was the promotion of legislation to meet the monetary exigencies of the time, and its chief fruit was the law establishing an independent treasury. In his last message to Congress, President Van Buren announced that the country was without a national debt or a national bank. The panic, however, which un-

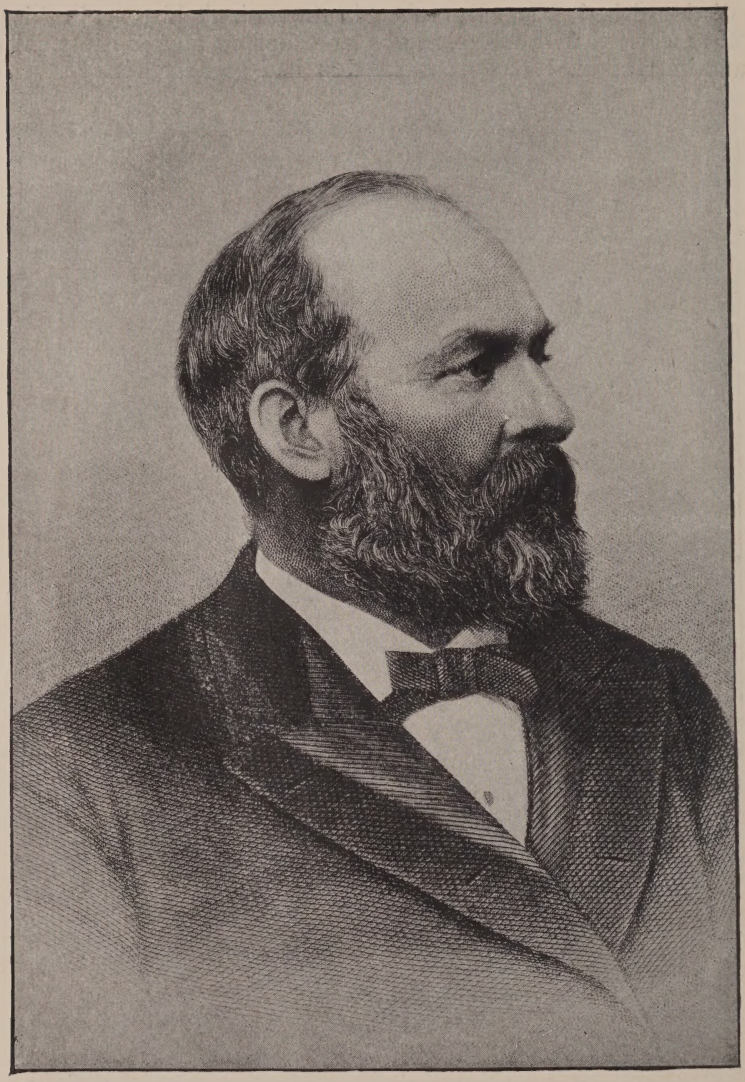
happily distinguished Van Buren's term of office, carried with it a stigma on the administration. The voting



U. S GRANT

masses of the country attributed the sufferings involved in the hard times to the party in power, and thus Van Buren failed of an election for a second term.

The campaign which closed with the election of General William Henry Harrison was one of the most exciting in the nation's history, in this particular eclipsing any presidential canvass that had preceded it. Even to this day there are those who remember the enthusiasm with which the shibboleth of the popular party, "Tippecanoe and Tlyer, too," stirred the national heart. This campaign witnessed the introduction of political processions as an adjunct to campaign enthusiasm; but the venerable hero of the battle of Tippe-



J. A. GARFIELD.

canoe was not permitted to long enjoy the presidential dignity to which he had been so triumphantly elevated. A cold, which he is said to have contracted on the day of his inauguration, made such rapid inroads upon a constitution naturally weakened by the infirmity of age and the burden of the exciting events in which the old warrior had participated, that his death took place in just one month after his formal induction into the exalted office. Thus, for the first time in its history, the nation was called upon to mourn the loss of its chief magistrate, and, this melancholy event occurring so shortly after his inauguration and after an election the result of which

caused such general rejoicing, was, indeed, meet occasion for the universal sorrow it evoked.

The accession of John Tyler to the presidency was not viewed with favor. It was the first time in the career of the Republic that a man chosen to the vice-presidency was advanced to the chief dignity by the death of a president. As a sop to catch the Southern vote, Tyler was all very well for the second place on the ticket; but he would never have been chosen as the occupant of the White House. He was not a popular favorite, nor did his administration tend to strengthen his hold upon the people. He estranged himself from the party which had elected him by vetoing measures for a national bank which were drawn in conformity with ideas expressed in his first annual message, and his subsequent action did not lessen the extent of the breach. In his term, however, was made and ratified the treaty with Great Britain fixing the northeastern boundary of this country. The most momentous event in his term of office was the annexation of Texas, a matter that provoked great political controversy and which was brought to a successful issue just three days before his retirement.

President James Knox Polk, on succeeding to the chief magistracy of the nation, found himself confronted with the international difficulty with Mexico brought about by the annexation of Texas, the boundary question being the source of contention between the two countries. The second year of his administration saw the beginning of hostilities and the opening of a war by which Mexico lost the territory now included in New Mexico, Arizona and California, and also accepted the Rio Grande, from its mouth to El Paso, as the southern boundary of Texas. This war, with its triumph of American arms, was the chief feature of Polk's administration, which is also noted for the adoption of the low tariff of 1846, the establishment of the independent treasury system, the creation of the department of the interior and the admission of Wisconsin into the Union. President Polk, in accordance with his promise when elected, was not a candidate for a second term, and did not long survive his retirement from office, dying three months thereafter. In many respects, his administration was a noteworthy one, and his cabinet included James Buchanan (who later became president), secretary of state; William L. Marcy, secretary of war, whose vigorous Americanism is often referred to; and George Bancroft, secretary of the navy, whose name as a historian was later to eclipse his political fame. As indicative of the strength of the sentiment against slavery at the time of Polk's election in 1844, it may be interesting to note that the total vote of the country for James G. Birney, the anti-slavery candidate, was but 62,300; Polk, the successful Democratic candidate, receiving 1,337,243, and Henry Clay, the Whig candidate, 1,299,062.

Laurel-crowned in the popular heart by his military prowess in Mexico, the Whig candidate, General Zachary Taylor, was the favorite for the honor of the presidency, but the campaign witnessed the marshalling of the anti-slavery forces in what was known as the Free Soil party, and, although the party candidates, ex-President Van Buren and Charles Francis Adams, did not obtain a single elector, the cause represented received a popular vote of about 290,000, as against the less than 63,000 cast for Birney four years earlier, and was indicative of the war that was to be waged in Congress over the matter of slavery extension during this administration and an earnest of the growing sentiment against the evil of bondage in a nation whose boast was freedom. Taylor was the second chief magistrate of the nation to die in office, surviving his inauguration but a year and four months. His brief term,

however, witnessed a desperate struggle in Congress between contending parties over the slavery question in connection with the organization of the new territories. Although the Whigs had elected president and vice-president, the Democrats had a plurality in Congress, while the few Free Soilers in that body had the balance of power; and the contention was at its height, when, after five days' illness, President Taylor died, and again the country was called upon to mourn for the second time in a decade the loss of its chief magistrate. In his administration the secession party in the South first gave evidence of any strength outside of South Carolina.

Thus President Millard Fillmore, on succeeding from the vice-presidency to the executive helm of the nation, found himself confronted with the war of parties over the slavery question as applied to the territories, and to California, which was seeking admission as a free state. The most important features of his administration were the conferring of statehood on California and the passage of the acts relative to New Mexico, Utah and Texas, the passage of the fugitive slave law and of the act dealing with the District of Columbia. During this administration also took place the filibustering expedition to Cuba under Lopez, the settlement of a dispute with Great Britian over the fisheries and the negotiation of a treaty with Japan by Commodore Perry. The end of Fillmore's term found the country much disturbed by internal party division. The compromising measures which had brought about the enaction of laws dealing with the new territories had but deferred the political storm that impended, and the divisions on the slavery question became more sharply defined.

Such was the state of the public temper when President Franklin Pierce entered upon his term of office. Events were hurrying toward the death-grapple of slavery, which was to take place a few years later. The slave-holding power was in the ascendant during Pierce's administration, and asserted itself when the matter of the organization as territories of Kansas and Nebraska came before Congress by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise act of 1820, opening to slavery territory from which it had previously been formally excluded. This action aroused the people of the free states to the highest pitch of indignation and added vastly to increase the strength of the anti-slavery party. The virulence of party spirit at this time is shown by the assault made in the United States Senate on Senator Sumner of Massachusetts by Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina, on account of a speech delivered by the former on the Kansas question, an assault that added fuel to the flames of sectionalism. In the closing years of this administration there came to the front that political abomination called the American party, but best known as the "Know Nothing party." The Republican party, in which were concentrated all the anti-slavery forces, also, at this time, gave the first evidence of a strength which was later to assert itself with such potency. The Whig party disappeared as a political force and lost its identity as a political factor.

The administration of President James Buchanan is remarkable only as the prelude to that by which it was succeeded. It witnessed the marshalling of the two great forces preparatory to the herculean struggle which was to follow, the one gathering strength and vigor, through the uplifting influence of its humane and generous aspiration; the other, conscious of its lessening power to control the national destiny and looking to separation as the only security for the institution to which it was wedded. The slavery controversy was the one absorbing matter in Congress, the ques-

tion of a constitution for Kansas adding to the intensity of partisan spirit, while the Dred Scott decision and John Brown's raid and execution were incidents calculated to hasten the crisis. Thus Buchanan's term drew to a close with the relations between North and South strained to the breaking point.

With the election of Abraham Lincoln, the pro-slavery party saw the evanishment of its power to longer dictate legislation in the slavery interest. The doom of slavery had been pronounced at the polls, but the adherents of the iniquitous system were too much blinded by passion and prejudice to read aright the writing on the wall. The idea of secession had obtained too deep a hold in the South to be amenable to any other logic than that of battle. Long before the inauguration of President Lincoln it became apparent that civil war was inevitable, for, in little more than a month after the close of the campaign in which he was elected, South Carolina adopted an ordinance of secession. Other Southern states followed, and, one month before Lincoln's inauguration, the states which had seceded up to that date held a Congress at Montgomery, Ala., framed a constitution for "The Confederate States of America," and organized a government, with Jefferson Davis at the head, and before President Lincoln was inaugurated, the South was permitted, without any action on the part of Buchanan to prevent the same, to seize and take possession of nearly all the forts, navy yards and arsenals in that section. As if this was not sufficiently indicative of the purpose of those who were in league for the dismemberment of the Union, in little more than a month after President Lincoln was installed in office, took place the bombardment of Fort Sumter and the consequent precipitation of the great struggle which was to continue for four years, cost the nation dearly in lives and treasure, but which was to result in the preservation of the integrity of the Union and the blotting out of slavery from its soil forever.

It is not proposed to deal here with the particulars of that momentous conflict. Its history has been written and its story is engraven upon the American heart. In Abraham Lincoln the country had the man for the hour, and the glory of his work will always halo his name. Upon him fell the duty of calling armies into the field, of arranging for their proper leadership and maintenance, of establishing a national credit equal to the colossal demands and directing the nation successfully toward the goal of a renewed and more glorious unity of states and to give to his country that second charter of American liberty, the Emancipation Proclamation, while in his administration the Federal Constitution was so amended as to declare that slavery shall not exist within the United States or any place subject to their control. Alas! just in the beginning of his second term and on the eve of the conclusion of the war, the noble, self-sacrificing Lincoln, the idol of his country, was struck down by an assassin. The promised land of restored peace and a re-united country was in sight, but he was not to enter into the enjoyment of an era he had been such a potent instrument in the hands of Providence in conferring.

Words can convey no adequate idea of the public frenzy over the assassination of President Lincoln and the attempt on the same night to take the life of Secretary of State Seward. The people of the country, at first dazed by the terrible calamity, became aroused to a degree of righteous horror and indignation indescribable. The tragedy, coming at a time when everything looked so hopeful for peace, added to the sense of enormity, while no one knew the extent of the conspiracy which had given such fearful evidence of its presence.

There is no need to dwell upon the conditions under which Vice President Andrew Johnson succeeded to the office of the martyred Lincoln, nor upon the vengeance meted out to those held to be responsible for the tragic visitation. In the clear, calm light of to-day the guilt of some of those who paid the extreme penalty of the law may be held as unproven; but that avails nothing; and their trial and conviction must be viewed in the light of the time and in the environment of an incensed and outraged people. To the administration fell the task of ferretting out and bringing to justice the perpetrators of the crime, and the performance of that task is a matter of history. A happier incident in the beginning of Johnson's administration was the virtual close of the war by the surrender at Appomattox. Johnson, was not a popular executive, and his last two years in office were years of warfare between himself and Congress over the matter of reconstruction, and the result was the trial for his impeachment on the charge of high misdemeanors in office in the removal of Secretary of War Stanton and appointment of General Lorenzo Thomas, and in trying to bring Congress into contempt and reproach. He was tried before the Senate, and was acquitted, the necessary two-thirds vote for conviction not being obtained, although a majority voted for his impeachment. Other noteworthy incidents of his administration were the passage of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments to the Constitution, the purchase of Alaska from Russia and the admission into the Union of Nebraska.

President Ulysses S. Grant succeeded to the chief magistracy with the prestige of his miltary achievements behind him. He was the popular idol of the North, while the South respected him for the magnanimity he displayed to the conquered Confederates at Appomattox. On his administration devolved the duty of enforcing the reconstruction policy designed for the South, and of strengthening the nation's foreign policy. The most notable accomplishment of his two terms was the settlement of the Alabama difficulty with Great Britain by the Geneva tribunal, and by the decision of which the latter country paid $15,500,000 for damage done to American commerce by the Alabama and other privateers fitted out in England during the civil war. Another measure consummated in this administration was the passage of the monetary act of 1873, by which the legal-tender quality was taken away from silver, the latter being "demonetized," as it has been said. This piece of financial legislation was the subject of much controversy during the campaign which closed with the election of Mr. McKinley three months ago. The closing years of Grant's second administration witnessed an unsuccessful attempt on the part of his party to override all past precedents and make him the party candidate for a third term, and it also saw the creation of the much-discussed Electoral Commission to determine the election of his successor, since the result of the people's choice at the polls left the matter in doubt. Whatever may be thought of the decision of this tribunal, it is safe to assume that a similar experience will never be tried again.

President Rutherford B. Hayes came into office with his influence more or less impaired by the circumstances attending his election, and his administration, while not especially noteworthy, gave practical evidence of the nation's recovery from the effects of the civil war. It was an era of comparative quiet for the nation, only marred by the sad visitation of yellow fever in some portions of the South. In a legislative sense, a reac-

tion had set in against the act of 1873, by which silver was demonetized, and the result was seen in this administration by the passage of the so-called Bland bill over the President's veto in behalf of the recoinage of silver, the government to coin not less than $2,000,000 nor more than $4,000,000 per month; while another act of Hayes' term was that providing for the resumption of specie payments.

Seldom in the history of the country had a new administration entered upon its career with more auspicious promise than that of President James A. Garfield, for in the elect of the people he was one who had achieved honors on the battlefield and in the halls of legislation; but once again the hand of an assassin was to leave its bloody imprint on the page of the nation's history, for in less than four months from the time of his inauguration President Garfield was shot down by a political fanatic, dying after two months of intense suffering. There is no need to dwell upon the shock which this terrible event gave to the heart of the nation. It is within the memory of the vast majority of readers, and each can recall the intensity of the feeling aroused by the deed and the national anxiety of those gloomy two months when the vitality of the dying President was making such a heroic fight for the mastery. The result is known.

The succession of Vice President Chester A. Arthur took place under conditions by no means promising. There was a general feeling of distrust and uncertainty, for he who had been elevated by the death of Garfield was known to represent a distinct section of the dominant political party. The manner in which he had conducted himself in the trying time when the life of his predecessor had in a large measure contributed to win for him a more generous opinion than that at first entertained, while his conduct of the chief magistracy later was such as to remove all misgivings and contribute to his personal honor. The most important legislative act of his administration was the passage of the Pendleton Civil Service act, the principles of which, though at first limited, have since been very much extended. Other incidents of his term of office were a slight revision of the tariff, the completion of the Washington Monument and the centennial celebration of the evacuation of Yorktown.

The election of Grover Cleveland witnessed the return of the Democratic party to power for the first time since the retirement of Buchanan, and the result at the time occasioned much speculation as to what would be the outcome. The conditions, however, had changed, and the idea that the honor of the country and the direction of its legislative energies depended upon one party, and that alone had become dissipated, a fact proven by President Cleveland's administration. It is only necessary, however, to deal in the briefest possible manner with the chief events of his first term, with that of his successor and with the second term of President Cleveland, now drawing to a close. One of the early offerings of the first administration of the Democratic executive was the act providing for the Presidential succession in the case of the death while in office of both President and Vice President, the succession falling to the members of the cabinet in the following order, any of these officials constitutionally disqualified to be passed over: Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War, Attorney General, Secretary of the Navy, Postmaster General, Secretary of the Interior. A new cabinet office, that of Secretary of Agriculture, was created in this administration. Other measures were the Electoral Count act, that establishing the Interstate Commerce Commission

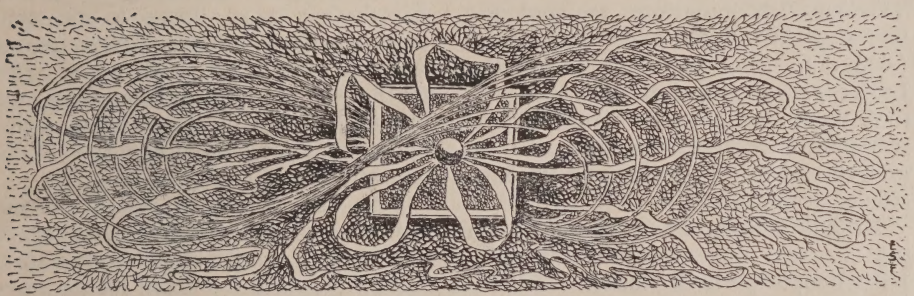
and the Chinese Exclusion act. A pleasing event was the completion and presentation on the part of the French government of the colossal statue of Liberty. The closing week of this administration witnessed the passage by the House of the Mills Tariff bill, in which the Senate refused to concur, and on the issue of the tariff the successive campaign was fought, the result showing that the sentiment of the country was not yet prepared for so sweeping a change.

President Benjamin Harrison's administration is distinguished for the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of President Washington at New York, for the opening of the territory of Oklahoma to settlement, the admission to statehood of North and South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Wyoming, the Pan-American Congress, the McKinley bill and the Sherman act modifying the provisions of the Bland Silver act, passed in Hayes' administration, which modification provided for the purchase by the government monthly of 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion. Other incidents were the bill to provide for the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by an international exposition, trouble with Chili and the Behring Sea treaty. The tariff, however, was the chief work to engage the attention of Congress, and the merits or demerits of the McKinley bill formed the chief bone of political contention at the next election. As the country would not sanction the Mills bill as running too much to one extreme, so it also discredited the McKinley measure as carried to an equally injurious length in the other, and the result was the return of the Democratic party to power.

The facts of the present administration of President Cleveland are so recent as to need but the briefest summary. The country was confronted in the first year of his term with a period of financial and industrial depression. On one side it was charged as due to a lack of confidence in the party in power; on the other it was held that the conditions were an inherited legacy as the result of unwise legislation during the previous administration. The financial trouble was attributed largely to the effect of the Sherman modification of the Bland act and the repeal of this was one of the earliest acts of President Cleveland's administration. The Hawaiian revolution and the course followed by the executive in relation to that matter occasioned heated political controversy. One of the chief incidents of the administration was the passage of the Wilson Tariff bill, which is at present in force; while a noteworthy event in his term was the great Columbian Exposition held at Chicago. The question of the coinage divided the parties, or, rather broke down the barriers of old party lines in the last campaign. It was a battle royal between those who clamored for the rehabilitation of silver and those who maintained that the only safe and feasible policy under existing conditions was that of the single gold standard, and the banner of the latter was borne to victory. Just as the administration of President Cleveland is drawing to a close there is a conflict between the dictates of humanity and the laws designed to preserve the comity of nations over the struggle at present taking place in Cuba, and the feelings of the people of this country are deeply stirred in behalf of the striving Cubans. From this spectacle of war in its most atrocious form it is pleasant to turn to another and more ennobling picture, that of the two great English-speaking nations leading the way toward the relegation of war as a barbarity of the past. The treaty between England and the United

States which has just been signed in behalf of the settlement of all differences between the two countries by arbitration is the crowning glory of Cleveland's Presidential career, and marks the beginning of a new and auspicious era.

Thus has been imperfectly sketched the record of past Presidential administrations. A new administration is on the eve of being formally invested with the duty and responsibility of the nation's guidance. To President McKinley falls the task of leading the nation onward in these closing years of the century, and into his hands the trust will be placed with the confidence so emphatically attested by the unequivocal testimony of the people at the polls.



UNTRUSTWORTHY.

FRANK H. SWEET.

Why cry the sea mews on the shore?
  Are not the heavens bright,
 And all the free and billowy sea
  A pleasure to the sight?

Is not the sky a dazzling blue,
  Above a laughing sea,
Do not the winds and waves caress
  Each other tenderly?

Ah, but a moan is on the bar,
  The breakers whisper low,
And on the softly curling waves
  White caps begin to show.

And it were well for fishermen,
    And those who seek the sea,
To trim their sails with careful eye,
  And venture warily.

IRELAND'S PAST AND FUTURE.

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, M. D.

President of the Irish National Federation of America, New York.

For the past six hundred years the Irish people have been treated by the English as an inferior, despised and conquered race. The two people have never had anything in common, nor have they ever understood each other. The English have not realized the fact that they have never conquered Ireland by breaking the spirit of the Irish people, and can never do so; they have simply held the country in subjection, a condition only to be maintained by brute force or by conciliatory measures.

No Englishman has ever yet shown that he was able to understand the Irish people or their needs. Whenever an attempt has been made to render tardy justice, it has failed from this cause. The result has been that the mass of the English people, in their ignorance, have reached the conclusion that nothing can be done to conciliate Ireland; that coercion is the only remedy and, worst of all, they have spread abroad to a large portion of the world the same conviction.

But the Irish people have been patient and long-suffering. The condition of affairs, which the writer has but briefly referred to, is one well known to the student of Irish history. It is one that has gone on repeating itself in Ireland for hundreds of years, always existing, as the Pitts and the Castlereaghs of successive generations, gained control of Irish affairs. The record of the Tory party, from its earliest existence in Ireland, has been an unbroken one of corruption, bribery and rapine; its infamous laws and plots being carried out by brute force, frequently associated with a degree of cruelty and violence that would have excited the envy of a Nero. This statement can be substantiated by the most casual glance at the laws which were enacted from early in Queen Elizabeth's reign down to the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Act. Under these laws some nine-tenths of the population were oppressed, owing to the discrimination made, and for the advantage of the favored few.

The writer has no intention nor wish to exaggerate the personal cruelties which were practiced by the English officers and troops in Ireland, and his sole object is to educate those who may be ignorant of the truth. The English people at large have certainly been kept in a state of profound ignorance of the Irish people and their sufferings, and this condition has existed from the beginning of British rule to the present day. It would seem as if it had ever been held an evidence of loyalty to the government on the part of the press, throughout Great Britain, to misrepresent the Irish people and their wrongs. The disreputable course of the London Times, in regard to the late Charles Stewart Parnell, and the developments exposed in the subsequent suit brought by him for libel, may be cited on the one hand, and the course of the editor, who dares not print the truth and nothing but the truth, through fear of the consequences, may be taken as the other extreme; consequently, through the national prejudice and hatred of the many, the views of those who dare give the truth have never been

reached by those who have most needed a knowledge of it. All go to show that true freedom of the press is a condition which has never existed in Great Britain, so far as the affairs of Ireland are concerned. The press and the writers of so-called history, written in the English interest, have thus kept the people at large in profound ignorance of Irish affairs, and there has been no means of enlightenment unless an individual has been within reach of tradition or could have access to the writings of those who lived beyond the power of the British government.

It is an exception to the rule to find an Englishman in authority, above the lowest walks of life, showing at home the brutal instincts which he has so commonly exhibited in Ireland and which he seems so well able to excite in those who become identified with him there. Yet it requires but little observation to realize that under a healthy or good influence human nature is very much the same the world over. Therefore it is but charitable to take exception more to the system which produces a feeling of hatred and contempt than to the people who might be different under more friendly influences. But it is only by presenting the truth, whenever the occasion arises, that the English people can be gradually educated to realize the true condition and by which public opinion may be created to insure the necessary changes. If the reader should be in ignorance and has an honest desire to be enlightened as to the truth, let the first volume of Dr. Maddin's "United Irishmen: Their Lives and Times. Dublin, 1858," be carefully read for the authorities cited, and the charge of exaggeration or want of truth will then never be made against any statement regarding the barbarous cruelties which have been practiced in Ireland.

The pitch-cap was an instrument of torture confined to English rule in Ireland and one in the use of which the British troops and their "loyal" friends seemed to find a never-ending source of amusement and recreation.

In Hay's "Insurrection of the County of Wexford," a most reliable authority, we find, in reference to the pitch-cap, the following: "Any person having his hair cut short, and therefore called a croppy (by which the soldiery designated a United Irishman), on being pointed out by some loyal neighbours, was immediately seized and brought into a guard-house, where caps, either of coarse linen or strong brown paper, besmeared inside with pitch, were always kept ready for service. The unfortunate victim had one of these well heated, compressed on his head, and when judged of a proper coolness, so that it could not be easily pulled off, the sufferer was turned out, amidst the horrid acclamations of the merciless torturers."

In the same work we find the author referring to the cruelties practiced on a prisoner of that over-loyal body of men known as "the North Cork Militia," "one of whom (the noted sergeant nick-named Tom the Devil) gave him a woful experience of his ingenuity and adroitness at devising torments. As a specimen of his savoir faire, he cut off the hair of his head very closely, put the sign of the cross from the front to the back and transversely from ear to ear closer still; and probably a pitched cap not being in readiness, gun-powder was mixed through the hair, which was then set on fire and the shocking process repeated until every atom of hair that remained could be easily pulled out by the roots; and still a burning candle was continually applied until the entire hair was completely singed away and the head left totally and miserably blistered."

The pitch-cap of itself was a fiendish device of torture, but it became more barbarous in the temptation to

set it on fire, which was then left to burn until death came to the relief of the sufferer, or until some humane person had an opportunity of extinguishing the fire before it was too late. Instances of the use of a pitch-cap, which was set on fire, were by no means infrequent. The writer recalls distinctly hearing, when a boy, the details of a death resulting from it, which occurred in the streets of Dublin and was witnessed by his grandmother, Mrs. Emmet. She stated that, a few weeks after her husband's arrest and imprisonment, she heard a commotion in the street and, on looking out between the slats of the closed shutter, she saw a young man by the name of Powell, a distant connection of her own family, drop dead in front of the house. She saw the pitch burning on his head and down the sides of his neck, setting fire to his clothing. She learned that Mr. Powell's offence consisted in wearing a breast-pin in the shape of a shamrock, which some drunken officer had ordered him, in an offensive manner, to remove. He had refused; some soldiers were called and, by the order of this officer, the pitch-cap was applied and ignited, and Mr. Powell, in consequence, died on his way to prison.

An extract will be quoted from Dr. Madden's work, which was taken by him from "Teeling's Narrative," an author who cannot be questioned, but to which the writer has not been able to have access. This authority will be sufficient in corroboration, and is of particular interest because the murder described by Teeling was committed in Dublin by some of the same British troops which were stationed in that city at the time of Mrs. Emmet's experience. "It was notorious that in the district where the (United) system had made the least progress the greater acts of outrage were perpetrated under the sanction of the government; and in those quarters where the inhabitants were remarkable for a peaceful demeanor, moral disposition and obedience to the laws, every principle of justice and humanity, was violated. Wexford, which was the scene of the greatest military atrocity, and consequently the boldest and most effectual in resistance, was, at this period, less identified with the organized system than any other county in Ireland. Of this fact the government was perfectly aware;* and it was only when the outraged feelings of human nature were no longer able to bear the torture of the scourge, the blaze of incendiarism and the base violation of female virtue, that Wexford rose as one man." "From the humble cot to the stately mansion, no property, no person was secure." After detailing the various atrocities committed in the way of flogging, half hangings, the pitch-cap practice, etc., he adds: "The torture practiced in those days of Ireland's misery has not

*No fair-minded person can doubt the probable truth of this statement, as to the action of the British government, when considered in connection with the alleged order of the younger Pitt, to the Irish secretary, to force the people, without delay, to an uprising, so that the attention of the English people might be diverted for a time from their own affairs in connection with Napoleon. And he recommended that Robert Emmet, then in Paris, would be a good person to approach for the purpose! Sufficient evidence has been presented to show that he was approached, misled, and betrayed into nominally heading a movement gotten up by the ools of the British government in Ireland, to keep the English people quiet, and that he was in fact condemned to death before he had committed an overt act, and of this fact Robert Emmet was undoubtedly aware at the time of his so-called trial. To those versed in Irish history, it would not be difficult to cite other instances where the circumstantial evidence would show that the Irish people had been at other times wilfully "stirred up," and the more extended the movement could be made, the greater would be the profits coming to "the friends of the government."

been equalled in the annals of the most barbarous nation, and the world has been astonished at the close of the eighteenth century with acts which the eyes view with horror and the heart sicken to record, not only on the most trivial, but most groundless occasions; it was inflicted, without mercy, on every age and on every condition. In the centre of the city of Dublin the heart-rending exhibition was presented of a human being rushing from the infernal depot of torture and death, his person besmeared with a burning preparation of terpentine and pitch, plunging, in his distraction, into the Liffy, and terminating at once his suffering and his life."

It may be held, with some truth, that the greater portion of these crimes and cruelties, practiced in Ireland since the beginning of the reign of William, were perpetrated by the so-called yeomanry of the country. But this fact cannot lessen in the slightest degree the blame and responsibility resting with the British government. It has maintained in the past its grasp on the country chiefly by fostering a feeling of religious intolerance, and has encouraged the Orangemen, under the guise of "Protestant ascendancy," to keep the country, for over two hundred years, in turmoil. This body of men, under the cloak of religion, has fattened on the land as so many parasites, possessing nothing in common with Ireland or the Irish people beyond the accident of their birth and the holding together of the plunder acquired by themselves and by their ancestors. Moreoer, the country has prospered only in proportion to the bar placed upon their management of its affairs. These "loyal subjects" have, from the beginning, always been most active in furnishing the aggravation for an uprising of the people, and have been quite as active in their efforts to suppress the subsequent "rebellion" under the patronage of the government and the command of British officers.

The Catholic portion, numbering in the past a little over two-thirds of the population of Ireland, has long been charged with turbulency and with presenting the only obstacle to the grateful acceptance of the paternal rule of England. And yet it is a singular circumstance that in every outbreak of the Irish people, since the days of Cromwell, the great majority of the leaders have been Protestants!

The Rev. Dr. William Steel Dickson, one of the leaders of the United Irishmen in 1798, and a Presbyterian clergyman from the North of Ireland, in a narrative of his confinement and exile, published in Dublin, 1812, he states, with regard to the nineteen other leaders confined with him in Fort George, Scotland: "Nor is it unworthy of notice, that the Catholics, Presbyterians and Protestants in our little colony were in an inverse ratio of the number of each denomination in Ireland at large. Perhaps the proportion may be stated as follows, though not correctly:

"Catholics, two-thirds of the people, prisoners, 4.

"Presbyterians, more than one-fifth of the people, prisoners, 6.

"Protestants, less than one-seventh of the people, prisoners, 10.!!!"

From this statement, a fact truly anomalous, two presumptions arise: First, as a majority of the prisoners were deemed pricipal authors and promoters of the Irish insurrection, and as only one-fifth of said prisoners were Catholics, the representation of that insurrection as a "Popish rebellion" cannot be confided in as the very truth; second, that the "Protestant ascendancy" in Ireland, however pre-eminent in splendid titles, lucrative offices and overwhelming power, has as little pre-eminence to boast of in loyalty as in numbers, when loyalty is left to provide for itself."

The condition of the Irish people was in many respects greatly improved by the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Act. This, however,

like all other measures ever advanced for the benefit of Ireland, only passed the British House of Lords and the House of Commons after the members were forced to realize the existence of a greater danger, should they refuse it. It is, therefore, not improbable that the House of Lords and the Commons may, in the near future, and without respect to party, be impressed with the existing danger of further delay in regard to granting Home Rule to Ireland.

By the act of "Emancipation" a Catholic was granted permission to practice openly his religion; he was allowed a restricted vote under certain circumstances; he could enter the learned professions without having to take "the oath of supremacy," and he could hold certain offices; that is, legally, he was entitled to the same rights which a small minority of the population had so long exercised. But in practice a discrimination was generally made, and is done to the present time, whenever it is possible to do so, in filling the jury box, the position of county magistrate and other offices where, in Ireland, justice has never been considered, nor the fitness of the occupant for the position, so long as he could be relied upon as a "friend of the government."

Until within a very recent date Catholics were only appointed when it was known beforehand that the candidate was indifferent to the practice of his religion, or, as happened occasionally in some Catholic district, a fair appointment had to be made in response to the demands of the people. However, there has been a great improvement in the past few years, and the grievance of discrimination, on account of religion, is one of the least to be borne.

The people of Ireland will never be contented until all have a voice in the appointment of their magistrates, judges and other local officers; until the jury system has been reformed; until the relation between the tenant and landlord has been, in equity, definitely settled, and the people be allowed to fix the rate and mode of collecting the taxes and to direct the development of the different resources of the country at large, for the general good. All of these measures must be settled by the Irish people themselves, as England's efforts for the welfare of the country have, through centuries past, signally failed. The failure may be attributed to the fact, or rest on the charge, that had England ever been willing to have governed the country in an honest spirit of fairness and justice, for the benefit of the whole people, Ireland would to-day be the most prosperous country in the world, and probably the most loyal portion of Great Britain. This statement cannot be truthfully denied, as the rulers in England have long since keenly recognized the fact that, whenever Ireland has ever had even partial management of her own affairs, a general prosperity has at once sprung up throughout the land.

Is not the fact well known to the student that after the American Revolution, England, in her weakness, was forced to grant a partial Home Rule to Ireland, and the unprecedented prosperity of the country became a marvel to the world? And this result was accomplished under the restriction by which only about one-eighth of the population, or only those who conformed to the Established Church, could participate in the management of Irish affairs! Moreover, is it not equally well known that this degree of prosperity alarmed the English government to such an extent that, as England regained her strength, she at once set about rescinding the concessions made? The troubles of 1798 were the result, and the culmination was the bringing about of the so-called "Union," with which the Irish people, as a whole, were not a party, and had nothing whatever to do. The British

government accomplished the fraud to enrich her own people and to gain the power necessary for crushing out the prosperity of the Irish race at any cost. With the slightest knowledge of the truth, does any one dare to deny the fact that the "Union" was at length effected by bribery and corruption and by resorting to every immoral means which has ever been hidden under the term "state craft"? And who were the contracting parties in the supposed interest of the Irish people? They constituted but a very small portion of "the governing class," who were at best but sojourners in the land, and of a class representing, as we have stated, not more than one-eighth of the population of Ireland. The people in Ireland who are now most opposed to the granting of Home Rule, which would, in a measure, make restitution for this disreputable transaction, are, with very few exceptions, descended from the individuals whose loyalty was stimulated by the money spent for bribery and by the titles bestowed for corruption.

The Irish people who have been driven into exile, and who are now scattered over the earth, have turned the tide of public opinion. At present the feeling of the world at large is opposed to England's misgovernment of Ireland in the past, to the detriment of the whole country, and she is certainly not increasing the numbers of her friends by the course of tardy justice now followed. Nations can no less safely ignore public opinion, so widespread, than individuals, and must, sooner or later, yield to the verdict of the community.

The Irish people, as a whole, have never had a voice in the management of their own interests, and consequently have never accepted English rule. On an average of nearly every ten years during the past four centuries, the Irish people have made a protest by some outbreak or disturbance. An unbroken line of hundreds of thousands of the best men of the country have each, in turn, either been driven into exile, fallen on the battle field, suffered imprisonment, until both body and mind have become shattered, or they have sacrificed their lives, after a due process of law, and all for the principle of self-government.

It is doubtless the innate wish of every honest Irish heart that at some time "the old country" may be a free and independent nation. But it is no longer a question of sentiment, but one of expediency with both the Irish people and the British government. The present generation can by no means bind future ones, and can only deal with the present. A separation from England under present circumstances, with a reduced population and lack of all resources, would prove a terrible, if not a fatal, ordeal for Ireland. The existence of any bond of union, as has been stated, between the two countries must depend upon either brute force or mutual interest. England will, in all probability, recognize in time that it must be one of mutual interest; therefore, it is inevitable that sooner or later she must grant Home Rule to the whole of Ireland, with a Parliament in Dublin. But the granting of this measure alone will not be sufficient, for England must afterwards aid financially with her credit, and, moreover, make an honest effort to keep the peace. It may require many years of just dealing, on her part, to overcome the chief discordant element existing among the Irish people, and which has emanated directly from British misrule in the past. The reader unacquainted with the true condition may not be prepared to accept the statement that it may be necessary for the British government to keep the peace only among those who constitute but a very small portion of the Irish population. With some appreciation of what, in justice, should be their own fate, the Orange-

men oppose the granting of Home Rule on the ground of fear of Protestant persecution from the Catholic majority.

For the past two hundred years, in the Catholic portion of Ireland, the question of religion has never been raised, and is a dead issue so far as this issue lay between individuals and in the selection for office. If any discrimination is excercised it is against those of their own faith. In such a community a Protestant of fair dealing, and who in any way identifies himself with the interests of his neighborhood, is always looked up to and trusted by the people with the management of their affairs. No better proof can be advanced than the existing proportion of Protestants to the Catholics among the Irish members of Parliament. It is unnecessary to dwell on the want of harmony and the condition existing to the contrary wherever the Orangemen are in the ascendency.

The obligation on the part of England to render some financial assistance, should Ireland be placed in charge of her own affairs, is made the greater by the recent researches which the British Parliament was forced to make in answer to the charge that Ireland had been over-taxed for years. The result of this investigation has proved, beyond question, that Ireland has been robbed by England, through unjust taxation, of over six hundred millions of dollars during the past fifty years. This fact may be quoted as a fair exponent of the indifference of British management in Irish interests; when it was no one's special business or interest, during the past half century, to realize the fact that the population of Ireland had been rapidly decreasing, since the years of famine and fever from which the Irish people had suffered as a natural and inevitable consequence of the same indifference and general uncharitable management.

It has been shown that the cost of local government in Ireland has been about five dollars per capita, while in England it has been a little less than three dollars! The London Times, with its usual "ink fish policy," would divert public attention and mislead those who might honestly wish to know the truth, with the assumption that the Irish have paid a larger tax because they drink more whiskey than the English people, who are greater beer drinkers. The truth is that for a long period the average consumption of spirits to the individuals has not been so great in Ireland as in either Scotland or England. Such is the fact, let the consequence be due to poverty or to any other cause. This is proved by the fact that at a recent date it was proposed in England to increase the tax in Ireland on whiskey, as the revenue from this source was not considered in proportion or large enough!

England will never return a penny of this sum so long as any pretext can be raised against doing so. But she can be forced, by public opinion, to make the nearest approach to restitution by granting Home Rule, and as Ireland is bankrupt, England must aid her with her credit by endorsing the financial obligations which she must necessarily incur on establishing local government.

England must by these means make atonement for the past. If she does not heed the opportunity now presented her, at some future day, during complications which may arise at any time in Europe, she will find an enemy at her back. Stranger things have happened in the past than the overthrow of the British Empire would be, and Ireland may yet be the Nemesis in England's future.

From an American-born the expression of the writer's views regarding England and her relation with Ireland, may appear to the reader inappropriate. But the writer deems it most fitting that this expression

should be made, being, as it is, a reflected light from the lives of Thomas Addis Emmet and Robert Emmet. Impressions must necessarily have been transmitted from his kinsmen in the atmosphere of tradition which has surrounded the writer from his birth, and, in the study of their old letters and papers, material enough has been furnished to form decided views.

Robert Emmet is always cited as the exponent of "Physical Force." Until within a few years, an appeal to physical force was the only recourse and a desperate and disastrous one it has proved! Under all the existing circumstances, it is believed that if Robert Emmet and Thomas Addis Emmet were alive to-day they would advocate a resort to constitutional measures as the only rational course for the redress of Ireland's wrongs. And above all they certainly would maintain the necessity of unity on the part of the Irish people themselves, as the only means to be relied upon for forcing the British government to satisfy their demands for justice.

Davis, Ireland's national poet, has sung:

"Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite
And form in Heaven's sight
One Arch of Peace."

Home Rule will doubtless be granted, but if delayed too long the Irish race will have become exterminated, or scattered over the earth, never to return, and Ireland will remain but in name, with the loss of her own people, traditions, literature and language. The time has arrived for final action, and it is yet not too late to obtain all that is needed if the Irish people will unite in one common interest; and this action will compel the British government to act promptly, which it has never done for Ireland but under pressure.

The wishes or welfare of any one individual, or even of every man having the slightest pretence to leadership, should not, if adverse, have the weight of a feather in the balance; all should be forced aside, if necessary, as being of the most trivial importance to the success of the cause. During the past differences which have existed, there have been faults on all sides, and all have been derelict in duty to some degree, by losing sight of the common object. But, in truth, these issues have long been dead, so far as any good could be accomplished, and to keep them alive longer is incompatible with the present duty of the Irish people. The man who, as a leader, will now attempt to revive these issues of the past is laboring for his own ends, and is no longer trustworthy. There remains but one course to follow, and this every honest man must take if he is sincere in the wish to advance Ireland's interest. He must heartily endorse the action of the Race Convention, recently held in Dublin, and realize that the rule of the majority must govern; unless this principle be accepted no success can be gained in any political movement.

The future of Ireland must, therefore, rest chiefly with the Irish people, who are still at home, and by whose influence this object can be shaped for good only through unity and a singleness of purpose among themselves. If the blind discord continues, as in the past, Ireland's fate must inevitably be as pictured in the following pathetic lines, which, it is supposed, were written by Dr. William Brennan, who lived in Dublin in the days of the United Irishmen. It is said that they first appeared in print on the morning of the official announcement that "the Union" had been accomplished by a vote of the so-called Irish Parliament:

"O Ireland! my country, the hour
Of thy pride and thy splendor hath passed;
And the chain which was spurned in thy moment of power,
Hangs heavy around thee at last.
There are marks in the fate of each clime;
There are turns in the fortune of men;
But the changes of realms and the changes of time
Shall never restore thee again.

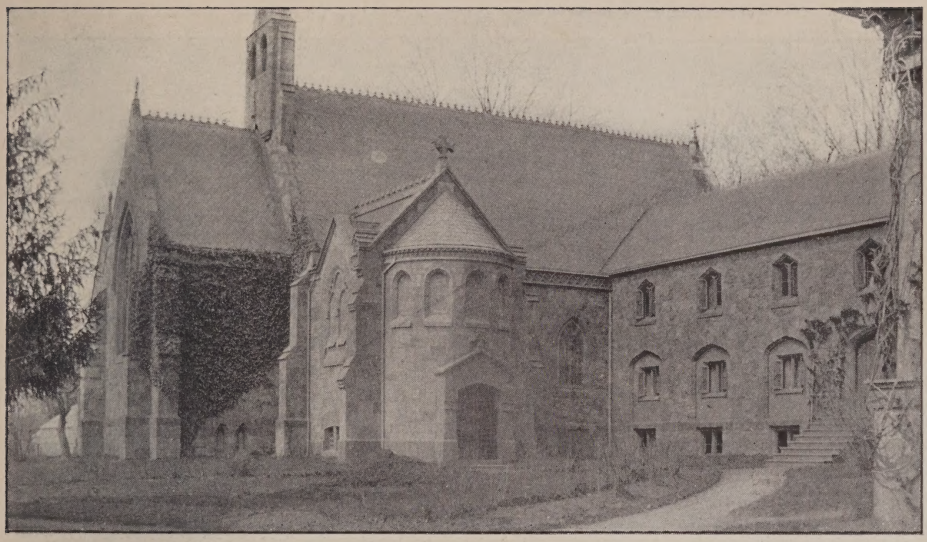
Thou art chained to the foot of thy foe
By links that the world cannot sever;
With thy tyrants thro' storms and through calms thou shall go;
And thy sentence is—Bondage forever!
Thou art doomed for the thankless to toil;
Thou art left for the proud to disdain;
And the blood of thy sons, and the wealth of thy soil,
Shall be lavished and wasted in vain.

"Thy riches with taunts shall be taken;
Thy valor with coldness repaid,
And of millions who see thee thus sunk and forsaken,
Not one shall stand forth in thy aid.
Among nations thy place is left void;
Thou art last in the list of the free;
Even plague-stricken lands, or by earthquake destroyed,
May arise—but no hope is for thee!"

LOVE'S RETURN.

CLIFFORD WESTMORE LAKE.

From heaven to earth there flashed a ray of Love;
It touched a heart that scarcely kept above
The dread, avenging Flame,—
Transformed, repentent, the responsive soul
Sped back with Love and waited at the goal
Whence first the Herald came.
Ah, God, the yawning chasm between—from Thee how far!
Yet quicker was the flight
From lurid glare of sin's abyss to purest Light
Than comes through parting clouds the gleam of lonely star.



Chapel at Eden Hall, Showing Entrance to Drexel Crypt.

THE SACRED HEART ORDER.

AN EDUCATIONAL FACTOR OF NORTH AMERICA.

Virginia Tatmall Peacock.

On the first Wednesday in September upwards of twenty thousand American girls turn their faces towards the various convent schools of the Sacred Heart Order throughout the continent.

Eighty years ago, when the first school of the Order in America was opened on the banks of the St. Charles, Missouri, it counted three pupils; and so long did that diminutive number constitute its sole care and support that its discontinuance was seriously considered by the officers of the Order in France.

Madam Philipine Duchesne, writing at that time to her Superior at Paris, said: "Of course, we shall be disappointed in this country if we look for fortune, honor and enjoyment." Yet, to-day, from every part of this broad land that she has made her own by a life and labor of love, thousands of women rise and call her blessed.

From the hand of an American woman, however, the Order was destined to receive the impetus of its marvelous growth. With an almost

Madam Hardy, Founder of American Branch of Sacred Heart Order.

VIEWS OF MANHATTANVILLE ACADEMY.

MARY SHERIDAN, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE LATE GEN. PHILIP SHERIDAN. STUDENT OF EDEN HALL.

masculine force of mind, Madam Mary Aloysia Hardy combined an exquisite sweetness of character, clever foresight and that wonderful adaptability that is part of the inheritance of all daughters of the soil.

KENWOOD ACADEMY.

VIRGINIA RINCON, NIECE OF GOV. GALLARDO.
Graduate of the Sacred Heart, City of Mexico.

LILIAN EDSON (NOW MRS. T. C. BALDWIN).
Graduate of Manhattanville.

An anecdote is told in the Order of a correspondence that once passed between Madam Hardy and an able lawyer in a Western city with reference to a piece of property in litigation. Great was his amazement when he learned that his correspondent was not only a woman, but a woman whose life pre-supposed a lack of worldly wisdom. He had never doubted that

AGNES REPPLIER.
Author of Essays in Miniature, Books and Men, a Book of Famous Verse, etc., Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the individual so versed in law points was a man and a lawyer, and an uncommonly clever one at that.

The purchase of the Lorillard estate at Manhattanville in 1847 is a fair sample of Madam Hardy's business sagacity. The property consists of fifty-seven acres, for which she paid $100 per acre. Its value to-day is little less than $100,000 per acre.

During a period of twenty-five years—years of stupendous energy and untiring labor—Madam Hardy

founded twenty schools, each consisting of an academy for young ladies and a parish school for poor children.

This provision for the poor that we have always with us is ever a primary consideration with the Sacred Heart Order. Some of its largest school buildings and much ardous labor are devoted to this class of society.

The Taylor Street Parish School in Chicago numbers one thousand pupils. In Seventeenth Street, New York, five hundred more are provided for; in the City of Mexico six hundred, while a proportionate number enjoy its beneficence wherever it raises its standard.

The good done in all these schools,

MRS. JOHN VINTON DAHLGREN,
Daughter of Joseph Drexel, and Student of both Eden Hall and Manhattanville.

especially in Mexico, among a people immersed in densest ignorance, is incalculable. The ennobling influence drawn from daily contact with cultured minds and lofty purposes cannot be reckoned by either a gold or silver standard.

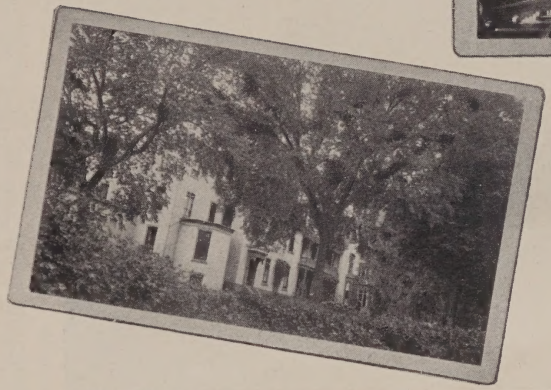
EMILY ALDEN, LINEAL DESCENDANT OF JOHN AND PRISCILLA.
Graduate of Manhattanville.

Much interest centres in all the Sacred Heart houses in Mexico, owing to the strange relations existing there between church and state. The country is still in the violent stage of religious reform. It has gone from one extreme to another, and in seeking to liberate, it has well nigh strangled that freedom of belief which is the prerogative of all enlightened nations. By ordering religious bodies out of the country, confiscating their property and prohibiting all public manifestations of a religious nature the government of Jaurez sought to strike at the root of what he considered to be a growing menace to the progress and future greatness of his beloved country. Whether or not he over-stepped the bounds of toleration, it lies not in the province of this article to argue.

While the invitation of 1883 to the Order of the Sacred Heart to open schools there was semi-official, coming through the wives of men connected with the government, the schools are, nevertheless, from time to time, subjected to official inspection.

Among the aristocracy it has become the fashion to go to the "Sagrado Corazon." The only religious Order in Mexico, it reaches the extremes of both classes, and stands in the light of a universal blessing. Two daughters of President Diaz, Amada and Luz, were recently graduated from Tlaxpane, the school in the City of Mexico; also two daughters of General Mejia, who so ably represented his country in the Pan-American Congress.

LOUISA RAIGOSA,
Graduate of the Sacred Heart, City of Mexico.



WING, SIDE VIEW.

REAR VIEW.

CHAPEL.

ELMHURST.

ARBOR.

STUDY HALL.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

The Order was peculiarly fortunate in its selection of the woman to handle the difficult problem involved in these foundations. The duty was assigned to Madam Mary Morgan of New Orleans, a woman of imposing presence, rare mental culture and great personal magnetism.

In 1897 two of the most widely known houses of the Order in the United States, Eden Hall and Manhattanville, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their foundation. The former, situated in the suburbs of Philadelphia, is a veritable Eden, owing much of its more recent embellishment to the munificence of the late Francis Drexel, who, with his wife and daughter, Mrs. Walter George Smith, is buried beneath the Lady Chapel opening from the chapel proper.

MARGARET HOLLAND.

Graduate of Manhattanville. Niece of the Late Dr. Holland, Editor of Scribner's.

"TRUANTS'" ARBOR. ELMHURST.

"Eden" has had the honor of graduating many women of national interest. The name of the brilliant essayist, Agnes Repplier, like that of Abou Ben Adhem, leads all the rest. The daughters of Frederick Coudert, Matthew S. Quay, of the late Daniel

Dougherty and of General Philip Sheridan also claim "Eden" as Alma Mater.

While the grandeur of the new Manhattanville cannot fail to awaken a sense of gratification and pride in all of its former students who will assemble to take part in the jubilee celebration, sentiment will evoke many a regret for the once familiar walls that are no more. In the summer of 1888 fire destroyed the school building with its various wings and its chapel. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of property, including a magnificent library, was in one disastrous night burned to the ground. That the school might resume its courses in the fall, however, it was tendered the use of the Rabbi Institute, then just completed, and of the princely estate of Oswald Ottendorfer, the latter of which it accepted. The work of rebuilding was begun without delay, and in the new Manhattanville are incorporated the benefactions of many generous friends and former pupils. Eugene Kelly, Count Loubat, the daughters of Michael Bouvier of Philadelphia, and of both Francis and Joseph Drexel, aided largely in the completion and adornment of one of the handsomest school buildings in this country.

ANN WORTHINGTON, GRANDDAUGHTER OF GOV. THOS. WORTHINGTON, OHIO.

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART, SAULT AU RÉCOLLET.

The faultless taste which marks its entire construction and finish, the unflagging zeal with which its completion was achieved—in a word, the new Manhattanville is the master stroke in the life of a woman who has every title

SACRED HEART CONVENT, ST. LOUIS.

to the distinction of greatness, Rev. Mother Jones, a daughter of one of New York's eminent chancellors, and herself a pillar of the Order of the Sacred Heart.

Among Manhattanville's earliest pupils were two great-nieces of George Washington, Martha and Lily Washington. Some of its later graduates are Mary Gwendoline Caldwell, ard, the distinguished novelist, and Ida and Gabrielle, daughters of Horace Greeley. Louise Imogen Guiney, the gifted young poet, and the daughters of the late John Boyle O'Reilly add to the renown of their Alma Mater, Elmhurst, the Sacred Heart Academy in Providence, R. I.

Born with the century, the Sacred Heart Order is among educational in-

MRS. FREDERICK H. BENEDICT, DAUGHTER OF FREDERICK COUDERT. GRADUATE OF EDEN HALL.

who, as the contributor of three hundred thousand dollars, became the foundress of the Catholic University at Washington; her sister Lena, now the widow of Baron Hedwitz; the Misses Alice and Jane Riggs of Washington, prominent in the social life of the Capital, but better known and loved for their many philanthropic deeds; Jeanette Bennett, daughter of James Gordon; Blanch Willis How-

stitutions one of the strongest forces of our day. Founded in France by Sophia Madeline Barat, a woman of profound and brilliant education, and eminently fitted by temperament and mental training for the life work to which she surrendered herself, it is one of the greatest achievements ever undertaken by a woman. Inspired by longings for ideal beauty and moral grandeur, and animated by a self-sac-

rificial spirit, Madam Barat, while yet in her teens, had resolved to give up her life to the contemplation of the sublime beauties of God. It was suggested to her that a rule of life that comprehended a diffusion of knowledge, as well as the perpetual adoration of God, would be more in accord with the growing needs of that world in which charity begins and ends.

IDA L. GREELEY, DAUGHTER OF HORACE GREELEY.

The magnificent dimensions of the Mother House of to-day in Rue de Varennes, Paris, are in strange contrast with the humble quarters of the foundation house at Amiens, where, in October, 1801, the Sacred Heart opened its first school. It grew and thrived, however, beneath the shade of a solitary hazel tree, the Order meanwhile receiving acquisitions from among the most gifted and brilliant women of the day. The Countess de Grammont, who had been one of Marie Antoinette's ladies of honor, with her two daughters, Antoinette and Eugenie, were of the number, as

CHILDREN OF IDA GREELEY, DAUGHTER OF HORACE GREELEY, STUDENTS AT KENWOOD.

was also Philipine Duchesne, a woman of rare culture and marked individuality, whose name is indelibly stamped upon one of the greatest triumps of the Society. Born with the missionary spirit, endowed with the indomitable energy and persistence requisite to bring any stupendous undertaking to a successful issue, she concentrated her zealous mind upon America. With longing eyes turned toward the Western world, she sailed from France March 21, 1818. Her companions in this grave and hazardous undertaking were Madam Eugenie Aude, who though but twenty-four years old when she left France, had already been distinguished in the social life of Piedmont and Tuscany; Madam Octavie Berthold, a daughter of one of Voltaire's secretaries; Catherine Lamarre and Marguerite Manteau. The last two named belonged to that great body of the Order, small then, however, distinguished as "Sisters," whose lives are in imitation of the obscure and humble existence of the Divine Master at Nazareth, and on

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

whom devolve the manual labor of the various houses to which they are assigned.

Such was the strangely assorted little band who sowed the seeds whence has sprung so vast a harvest.

Begotten in a period of direst strife and bloodshed, the Order of the Sacred Heart, with its pacific objects, the perfection of its members and the salvation of souls, to-day spreads over the Old World and the New, covering the entire face of North America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with five houses in Canada, two in Havana and four in Mexico.

The accomplishment of its latter benevolent purpose, the salvation of souls, is sought through the education of young girls, the gratuitous instruction of the poor, and the giving of "retreats"—days devoted to prayer and meditation—for women, principally former students, whose position in the world so engrosses time and thought as to make these "retreats" days of blessed rest, as well as spiritual recuperation.

The relation between teacher and pupil is such as is scarcely attainable

UNDER-GRADUATE GROUP, ELMHURST. "BLIZZARD" YEAR.
Students Represent Atlantic and Pacific Coasts, U. S., British Provinces, and Cuba.

SACRED HEART CONVENT, CITY OF MEXICO. GARDEN AND COURTYARD.

"SNAP SHOT," ELMHURST.

in any other class of schools. A woman whose life is in compliance with a divine call naturally inspires a sentiment of profound reverence. Upon this foundation is established a confidence and friendship whose influence, always wholesome and uplifting, frequently lasts through life.

The typical convent girl as she comes fresh from this training brings with her, necessarily, though, perhaps, unconsciously, an element of the spiritual atmosphere in which she has lived and moved and had her being Wholesome diet, early hours and long beauty sleep—in a word, the even tenor of her days—has begotten that health that blooms in her cheeks, sparkles in her eyes, and vibrates in her elastic step. She is, moreover, rich in that beauty which is the portion of the daughters of the King; she is sweet and simple, reverent and docile, overflowing with sentiment and mirth, in moral development a woman, in worldly wisdom a child.

BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND.

Rev. William Dollard.

Conclusion.

They are full of simplicity; brimming over with suppressed, harmless humor, or pathetic tenderness. There is nothing turgid, or bombastic about them; no cynicism, no sarcasm, hypocrisy, none of those complex arts for which we are indebted to a "higher civilization." They "dwell in reality," as Carlyle says, which gives them truth and permanence. Why are they not better known? For many reasons, any one of which explains the fact sufficiently. Among others, it is a striking illustration of Johnson's dictum:

Slow rises worth, by poverty oppressed.

Coming down to the present century, to what we may consider the third period of Irish Ballad Poetry, we are first struck with the fact, that while it retains most of the characteristics of the earlier periods, there is introduced a new element which gives it a distinct place and coloring of its own. This is more readily noticeable in the patriotic pieces. What might be called a new race of singers had arisen, with a new development of the National Idea. The Irish people could no longer be considered Celtic, purely. Colonization and conquest had mingled the Norman, the Saxon, the Cymry and the Irish Celt, until we find the elements all fused in the Irishman of to-day. Thomas Davis, who is called one of the three stars in the Orion Belt of Irish poetry, himself of Welsh extraction, insists on this being acknowledged. "The Irish idea of Nationality," he says, "must contain and represent the races of Ireland. It must not be Celtic, it must not be Saxon; it must be Irish. The Brehon Law, the maxims of Westminster, the cloudy and lightning genius of the Gael, the placid strength of the Saxon, the marshalling insight of the Norman; a literature which shall exhibit in combination, the passions and idioms of all, and which shall equally express our mind in its romantic, its religious, its forensic and practical qualities; these are the components of a true Irish national literature."

And the result of this fusion is seen at once in our Ballad Poetry. The note of plaintiveness, of hopelessness, of dark melancholy is gone, and the songs, especially of patriotism, have a swing and a stride that is amazing by contrast, and denote a new resolve, determination, and hope. Ireland is no longer Andromeda, waiting chained, for Perseus, no longer the tortured maiden, worshipped and wept over in secret. In a new born sense of freedom, arising from a better condition of things, from what was at best but a glimpse of the holy light that shone on the bayonets of her Volunteers, and still stayed to cheer her by its memory, her lovers arose to sing and soar into a boldness, a joyousness, an exaltation, that is infectious. The sense of intolerable wrong, of vile personal slavery, is gone, and the singers are men, men with tongues of Prophets, and the voices of Psalmists:

Hurrah! hurrah! It can't be far, when
from the Scindh to Shannon,
Shall gleam a line of freemen's flags, begirt
with freemen's cannon.
The coming Day of Freedom, the flashing
flags of Freedom!
The victor glaive
The mottos brave
May we be there to read 'em.
That glorious noon,
God send it soon,
Hurrah! for human Freedom.

Yet, strange to say, the names of those singers are seldom heard outside of Ireland. In fact, the English-speaking world acknowledges but one Irish poet, Thomas Moore, and takes him as its interpreter and guide in this matter. Now, Moore, as the exponent of true Irish thought and feeling in verse, would be about the last choice of intelligent Irishmen. By far the smallest portion of his work is Irish in either quality. His "Melodies" are wedded to immortal music, the music created by the grand old Bards, the echoes of "haunting fairy song." His versification is inimitable, is almost perfect, to be sure, but read one of those melodies, and see how much of its charm and strength it derives from the music. An unsparing critic with whom I heartily agree, as repudiating Moore's being considered Irish in fancy or feeling, lashed him after this fashion in an Irish paper not long ago:

"His rococo songs, with their artificial flummery of sentiment, shallow and frivolous in feeling, cold and artificial in fancy, without sincerity, and with the single grace of mechanical melody, must not be taken as representative of the deep feeling, the warm enthusiasm, and what is the prevailing emotion of the Celtic race, in spite of an easily kindled merriment, a passionate, rather than a profound, melancholy. . . . The passion of love in the Irish race is not the frivolous sentiment of the drawing-room; and when it gets drunk it is not upon "wine" for the sake of stimulating a trifling wit; but upon whiskey to drown its sorrows in uproarious mirth; while the expression of its grief is a wild cry of lamentation, and not the dry-eyed construction of elegaic measures."

This is pretty harsh treatment for the "poet of all circles and the idol of his own," but it is the absolute truth. Dr. Maginn many years ago made roaring fun of Moore's message to his mistress in almost the same words. The message begins:

"When in death I shall calm recline,
O, bear my heart to my mistress dear,
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue while it lingered here," etc.

The critics who conferred fame upon him and who take him as their standard of Irish expression, overlooked the fact that he appears to be better appreciated outside of Ireland than among the mass of his countrymen—

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung
(Can it be true, you lucky man,)
By Persians in the Persian tongue
Along the streets of Isphahan."

But his songs were never sung on the mountain sides, in the valleys and glens, beside the hearths of his native land; and they never will. They are no measure of the heart-beats, the throbbings and pulsings of a high-strung, excitable and vividly imaginative people. Those who want to study Irish character, as revealed in its ballads and songs, will leave Moore in his "banquet hall deserted," and cultivate the acquaintance of such writers as Ferguson, Davis, Mangan, De Vere, D. F. McCarthy, Lover, Banim, Gerald Griffin, Speranza, Sullivan, etc. The list is a long one.

What is called the Young Ireland poetry, with all its unavoidable defects, must be considered as presenting the best Irish ballad poetry of this century. It is the production, mostly, of a knot of ardent young men, fresh from college, full of patriotic fire, enthusiasm, fervor, youthful vigor and true poetic spirit. They adopted the well-worn saying attributed to Fletcher of Saltoun: "Give me the making of a people's ballads, and let who will make their laws." Their object was to promote literary taste, which just then was a luxury the Irish

were beginning to indulge in for the first time in many generations; and also to stir up a national opinion that would effect a repeal of the obnoxious Union. From the nature of the work, being written almost to order, and for a political purpose, it could hardly escape being crude and imperfect. But despite that, it has a vitality and glow that cover all defects, and rank some of its pieces foremost among their kind in the English language. Davis' "Fontenoy" is a sample. Those who are inclined to belittle the efforts of the Young Irelanders say their songs were not popular. This may have been partly true then, because the schoolmaster had only just got abroad, and it was yet within the memory of living men when education was penal; when—

"Crouched beneath the sheltering hedge, or stretched on mountain fern,
The teacher and his pupil met, feloniously to learn."

And, moreover, the so-called National system of education, lately instituted, was deliberately attempting to strangle every patriotic sentiment in the rising generation. The class-books for advanced readers were compiled, for the most part, of selections from English writers. If, by any chance, a native author found admittance, every patriotic sentiment was carefully manipulated—or altogether omitted, spoiling the spirit of the piece of course, and effectually (as they fondly hoped) preventing any embryo Irishman from imbibing what might turn out an unwholesome love for his native land or her literature. It was a cowardly proceeding. It was short-sighted. It was ridiculous. In looking back and recalling how we boys were affected by books supplied us by those Irish (!) National School Commissioners I am laughably reminded of a chapter in Samuel Lover's "Rory O'More," which he calls "Taking the Popery out of a Tombstone."

Denis Kearney died a pious and devoted Catholic, and a slab was erected in the churchyard by the road-side to mark his resting place; or, as Rory said "when he died he ordered a tombstone to be put over him." Denny's son, however, in the course of time, became attorney in his native village, and on his progressive way joined the Established Church. After that he considered the staring legend on the stone a constant reproach and disgrace. "Pray for the repose of the soul of Denis Kearney," etc. He was ashamed of it. "It stood in evidence against his father's common sense," he said. So he sent for Rory, who was handy at many things, and directed him to change the inscription so as to take all the Popery out of it. Next Sunday the attorney, going to afternoon service, looked into the graveyard to see how his commission had been executed, and this is what he read:—

DON'T
Pray for the repose of
Denis Kearney, etc.

Rory declared he had knocked more Popery out of that inscription with four letters than the parson could do in a month of Sundays.

The effort of the National School Commissioners was just as ludicrous, and in the end the effect was similar. And this is borne out all the more by the fact that the ballads and songs of the Young Irelanders to-day are in every household in the country, and have no small share in sustaining that national spirit which has characterized the great moral fight for Home Rule now watched with such interest all over the world.

It must not be thought, however, that the songs of the Young Irelanders are all political and patriotic. You will find every theme discussed there, from patron Saint to national root—Saint Patrick or the potato. And why

not apotheosise the potato, indeed. Like "Caller Herrin," alas,

Ye may ca' them vulgar farin'
Wives an' mithers maist despairin'
Ca' them lives o' men.

And, further, with that strange versatility of genius, you will find beautiful flowers of poetic thought, culled from many a far-off garden of the world's literature, enriched in the process by that warmth and radiance so peculiarly Celtic.

Among the many strange and contradictory elements gathered around the standard of the Young Irelanders, James Clarence Mangan is certainly the most striking and the strangest. While the others wrote all, or nearly all, according to order, or for a purpose, he wrote as the birds sing, from the pure promptings of his spirit. He was not a politician in the sense that the other members of that impetuous brotherhood were. Indeed, he was no politician at all. His shy, dreamy, sensitive temperament forbade his participating in the clash and din of political strife (if there was no other reason). He shrank from their garish day, and crooned away his songs in solitude and silence. Though an ardent and devoted lover of ancient Irish literature, he loved no less to wander in the bewildering mazes of Oriental and German anthology. Some of his best pieces profess to be translations from the Arabic, but the student will ransack in vain for the originals. "The Arabic never yet flowed from the reed poised in the cunning fingers of the scribe, never ran from right to left, in the fantastic curves and strokes and dots of Eastern script, to which he was indebted. He needed not to slumber on the divan of Hafiz or to breathe the perfume from the upturned roses of the gardens of Saadi, to break the seal of silence or take the stammering from his lyric lips. The liberties of Shiraz and Bagdad and of Istamboul were his without crossing the seven seas or treading a mile of desert. The shy, blue-cloaked student touched all things with the talisman of his wondrous imagination, and the turbid Liffey, creeping between its civic bridges, became in his eyes, the Tigris, reflecting on its shining bosom the thousand lights of the Cailiph's windows; or the Nile, above whose yellow flood, starred with lotos blossoms, the lordly iris winged its way; or Rocknabad, mirroring the cypress groves of Mosella, and echoing along its silvery ripples the gahzels of Hafiz."

I see rich Bagdad once again,
With its turrets of Moorish mould,
And the Cailiph's twice five hundred men,
Whose binnishes flamed with gold.
I call up many a gorgeous show,
Which the Pall of Oblivion hides.
All passed like snow; long, long ago,
With the time of the Barmecides.

And to his congenial spirit nature spoke in her own old wondrous way. Her valleys smiled upon him; her hills bent down their hoary heads and whispered to him. The zephyr piped and breathed a melody with which he was ravished, and his troubled soul was steeped to the lips in river floods that swept to the sea, or lulled to rest by the babble of sylvan brooks that flashed and glanced through their bosky dells forever. I know no more exquisite passage of its kind than that wherein John Mitchell pays homage to Mangan's genius and love of nature. It is to be found in the Jail Journal, another product of Irish genius, all unknown to fame. God knows why. Mitchell is sitting beside the Shannon, amongst the hills of Van Dieman's Land, a convicted felon, and these are his thoughts:

"All my life long I have delighted in rivers, rivulets, rills, fierce torrents tearing their rocky beds, gliding dimpled brooks, kissing a daisied marge. The tinkle or murmur or deep-resounding roll or raving roar of running water, is, of all sounds my ear ever hears now, the most

homely. Nothing else in this land looks or sounds like home. The birds have a foreign tongue, the very trees, whispering to the wind, whisper in accents unknown to me, for your gum trees are all hard and horny, polished as the laurel; besides, the leaves have neither upper nor under side, but are set with their planes vertical, wherefore they can never, never, let breeze pipe or zypher breathe as it will, never can they whisper, quiver, sigh or sing as do the beeches and sycamores of old Rostrevor. Yes, all sights and sounds of nature are alien and outlandish here, suggestive of the Tropic of Capricorn and the Antarctic Circle, save only the sparkle and the music of the streams. Well I know the voice of this eloquent river. It talks to me and to the woods and rocks in the same tongue and dialect wherein the Roe discoursed to me, a child; in its crystaline gush my heart and brain are bathed, and I hear in its plaintive chime all the blended voices of history, and of prophecy and of poesy from the beginning. Not cooler or fresher was the Thracian Hebrus; not purer were Habana and Pharpar; not more ancient or venerable Father Nilus. Before the quiet flow of the Egyptian river was yet disturbed by the jabber of the priests of Meroe; before the dynasty was yet bred that quaffed the sacred wave of Choaspes—the drink of none but kings—ere its lordly namesake river in Erin of the Streams reflected yet upon its bosom a Pillar Tower or heard the chimes from its Seven Churches, this river was rushing through its lonely glen to the Southern Sea, was singing its majestic song to these primeval woods. . . . I delight in poets who delight in rivers, and for this do I love that sweet singer through whose inner ear and brain the gush of his native Aufidus forever streamed and flashed. How some perennial brook of crystal glimmered forever through his day dreams. How he yearned to marry his own immortality with the eternal murmuring of that bright Elandusian fount. Wisely, too, and well, did Clarence Mangan discourse with rivers and attune his notes to their wondrous music."

Such is the character of what is called the "Young Ireland" poetry, and with it we might conclude this imperfect study of Irish song writers and the glimpses they give of the capabilities of our race in that direction. There is just one more consideration, however, indispensable to the rounding out of our subject. The true student will not be satisfied with the enjoyment, the picking and choosing "gems" from any such collection. He will make a study of the character, the sources, from which they come, the nature of the ground where they are discovered. Now a considerable portion of Irish poetry deals, as is only natural, with what has been the sorest trial of the people within this century, and which to-day claims the first consideration in the great Home Rule struggle—namely, the Land Question. Henry Grattan, as we have seen, said that the genius of our people is affection; and Cardinal Manning a few years ago declared in a letter to the press that he believed them to be the most patient and forgiving people in this world. Now, while there is no doubt that their ballads and songs reveal a nature singularly attractive and lovable, they convince us also that with all its softness it has, under strong provocation, a possible delirium of passion that is awful.

Tall is his form, his heart is warm,
  His spirit light as any fairy.
His wrath is fearful as the storm
  That sweeps the hills of Tipperary.

Lead him to fight for native land;
  His is no courage cold and wary.
The troops live not on earth could stand
  The headlong charge of Tipperary.

But meet him in his cabin rude,
  Or dancing with his dark-haired Mary,
You'd swear they knew no other mood
  Than mirth and love in Tipperary.

Talking of Tipperary reminds me of a chapter in the late A. M. Sullivan's "New Ireland," altogether apropos. It is called The Crimson Stain. Here's a summary:

"Cut" Quinlan, as he was nicknamed, and his brother were evicted. A family named Hennessy, neighbors of the brothers, were suspected of being at the bottom of the trouble. "Cut" swore he would pursue every man of the family to death. He shot two in Ireland, and his brother shot a third in America. There wasn't evidence enough to convict "Cut," who soon became the terror of the county —the declared enemy of every evicting landlord and bailiff. Popular feeling finally made the place too hot for him, and he left. Nothing was known about him for a long time, until a letter came, stating that he had taken the queen's shilling, and was in India. Years flew by. Sobraon, Alival and Chillianwalla, had stirred the heart of England, and the victorious troops returned home to receive a nation's welcome. With them came "Cut." He had fought through the Sutlej campaign, had distinguished himself as most daring and courageous, and, strange to say, as one of the best conducted men in the regiment. He got his discharge, came back to Tipperary and was soon as bad as ever. He was finally caught almost red-handed in a murderous assault, and tried at the Clonmel assizes. He wrote to Chatham, where his regiment was stationed, beseeching his captain to speak for him in court. The captain came, and this is the character he gave "Cut" before the judges, as reported in the papers: "He was my own servant, my lords, most of the time, and a truer soldier never lived. I owe my life to his fidelity and heroism. On the day of Sabraon, when shot and shell flew like hail, I fell in the midst of a heap of our brave fellows torn by the enemy's fire. When no man of ordinary courage would face that storm of death, this faithful fellow rushed in careless of his life, found me where I lay, and bore me in his arms from the field. Thank God I am here to-day to save his life. My lords, he would be incapable of the crime laid to his charge." But the jury knew "Cut" better than his captain did, and transported him for life. Now, here is surely one of the strangest combinations ever manifested. This man lived the ordinary, uneventful, undisturbed life of a simple peasant, until his eviction. After that he always "sees red." This is the dark side of the Irish character, and it shows us how that character is seamed and scarred and chasmed by centuries of passionate storm, of fierce conflict. This phase has naturally attracted the maker of songs and ballads also, for singers are philosophers as well as poets, and will view their subjects from every point. The curious thing is, they have had no small share of odium to bear for attempting what has been called a justification of those "Agrarian crimes." They may sympathize openly with Italian conspirators or Russian Nihilists, but with their own wronged and outraged countrymen, not at all. That any Irishman or woman worthy the name ever did "justify" those crimes needs no contradiction. Although I have heard of a parish priest who denounced one of his flock from the altar for shooting at a landlord—and missing him. An apocryphal story, I "guess." For illustration here, I refer your readers to the composition of a gifted poetess, contributor to the Nation newspaper. The selection is entitled "Sentenced to Death," and may be found in most collections of Irish Ballads. It is altogether too long to quote. We will take this excerpt as a so-called justification of murder:—

I was young, and but few years was married to one with a voice like a bird.
When she sang the old songs of my country every feeling 'ithin me was stirred.

Oh! I see her this minute before me, with
a foot wouldn't bend a thraneen.
Her laughin' lips lifted to kiss me, my
darlin', my bright-eyed Eileen.
'Twas often with pride that I watched her,
her soft arms foldin' our boy;
An' 'twas he brought the smile to her red
lips and wakened the song of her joy.

. . . . . .

Well, he threatened, he coaxed, he evicted,
for we tried to cling to the place
That was ours, aye, far more than 'twas
his, sir, I towld him so, up to his face.
But the little I had melted from me in
makin' a fight for my own,
An' a beggar with three helpless children,
out in the wide world I was thrown,
An' Eily would soon have another—an-
other that never drew breath.
The neighbors were good to us always, but
what could they do against death?
For my wife and her infant before me lay
dead, an' by him they were kilt.
As sure as I'm kneeling afore you, to own
to my share of the guilt,
I laughed all consolin' to scorn; I didn't
care much what I said,
With Eileen a corpse in the barn, with a
bundle of straw for a bed;
But the blood in my veins boiled to mad-
ness; do they think that a man is a log?
I tracked him once more—'twas the last
time—an' shot him that night like a
dog.

. . . . . .

. . . At last, sir, I'll say it: I'm sorry I
took the law into my own,
That I stole out that night in the darkness
while maddened with grief an' despair.
An' dhruv the black sowl from his body
'ithout givin' him time for a prayer.

In all Irish poetry it is urged that there is nothing great and grand. We have no Homer, no Shakespeare, no Dante, no Goethe, no Virgil. That is quite true, but it is no reproach. Taking all things into consideration, the wonder is we have any singer worthy the name. And we may be well content without the "bul-bul," as long as every spray of our woods is vocal with "birds of the gentle beak." We have not a Burns either, and we are sorry for it; the more so because it may be our own fault. In his choice of Border dialect, Burns made success certain. Had he adopted the stiff and formal English the strength and simplicity of his songs were lost. All his efforts in that medium were the flattest failures. And if some of our Irish poets had only chosen the vernacular, the natural vehicle of the peoples' feelings, there could be no reasonable doubt of many a stirring success. But they did not. The "brogue" was banned. It was caricatured all over the world; it was laughed at and derided. I hope I am not passing a harsh judgment when I say they had not the moral courage to rise superior to an unreasonable and illogical literary anathema. Of late years, however, there is a perceptible change; the beauty and possibilities of the "brogue" are being discovered. We have seen Tennyson weave himself a modest crown out of its simple leaves. I often wondered how he caught its spirit and charm:—

Oh, Molly Magee, wid the red o' the rose,
an' the white o' the May,
An' your hair black as the night, an' your
eyes bright as the day;
Achorra! your laste little whisper was
sweet as the lilt of a bird;
Acushla! you set my heart batin' to music
wid every word;
An' sorra the queen wid her sceptre in
such an elegant hand,
An' the fall o' your foot in the dance was
light as the snow on the land,
Sure, the sun came out of a cloud when-
ever you walked on the street,
An' Shemus O'Shea was your shadda, an'
laid himself under your feet,
An' I loved you myself, my darlin', wid a
heart an' a half; but he
'Ud have shot his own sowl dead for a kiss
o' you, Molly Magee.

So much for the Ballad Poetry of Ireland. I have always loved it, for its simplicity, its harmless wit, its pathos, its patience, it deep affection, its hurricanes of human passion, and its absolute freedom from that leprous taint which clings to some of the best portions of English literature.

THE SENORITA AMERICANA.

MARY F. NIXON.

It was just there it happened, Senor. I, Jose Goya, saw it all with these, my two eyes. Por Dios! it was a sight. Tell you of it, Senor Americano?

It was the month of March and near the feast of Santo Josef. The northwest wind was sweeping down from the Sierra, and a flurry of snow was on the ground. All the world was hurried, for in our valley there is much to do at this season of the year, and, too, it was the time for the wedding of Engracia—daughter of my sister Carlota, whose husand has the inn at Escorcia.

I, Senor, was serving my term then, and was just home from San Domingo, so I had a leave of absence for a month. By San Malo! it was good to be at home again after four years fighting and broiling! I was at Escorcia with Carlota and her man—Miguel—a good fellow and one who knew good wine and spared not a flask of Xeres or even two if the sun was warm. Is there anything better than a flask of Xeres, when the sun beats hot upon the fields, and one lights a cigarito and lies beneath a cypress tree to dream?

I was to stay with Miguel for a month, and then go back to the barracks again, to live by law and perhaps to go again to some wretched island, to die with spotted fever or a garapata bite. But—what matter? 'Tis all life, Senor, and a man must not fret and whine like women. When' tis done—why, Dios! a soldier's death is quick—and there's the Capellan to close his eyes and say an Ave for his soul.

The land about Escorcia was a plain, with fields of grain and flowers, but to the north there came a ragged mountain with many a precipice and torrent, and back of this the Sierra Morena reared its craggy head and seemed to shut off Heaven itself.

Half way up the Monte Abanto was a ruined auberge or hamlet, where shepherds had once lived, and there the Americanos staid. He was a painter, and of all the men who do strange things these artists are the strangest.

He was a merry chap, with a smile here and another there, a peseta for the children, a gay word to the women, but a fine fellow, too, and with no eyes for women save to paint. San Juan! to paint a woman! I could choke with laughing to see the Senor Americano talk to Benarez' Benita. Smile and talk and tell her how rich was the color of her lip, like a ripe cereza, and then to paint her on a little board!

It was the same way with the Americana. She, too, would paint, and the two of them would tramp about in heavy shoes and short clothes all day long, over the mountains—where the paths were well nigh impassable, just to daub some rock or patch of sky down on a paper. They were like—very like the places, I must say, but why did they not stay at home and paint? There must be rocks and sky in America.

Yes, painters are queer folk, but everybody liked these foresteri, and all felt grieved to hear the Senor was ill. Just at the wedding time it came, the fiebre, and many were too ill to come, though the wedding feast lasted a day. Engracia was a fair maid and Henrique Valdez, whom she married, was a fine boy, and one to help Miguel well at the posaderia. At the wedding it was there came the news that the Senor painter was ill.

"Thou should'st go to help the Americano, Carlota," said I to my sister.

"Santa Barbara! Juan, think'st thou I have a daughter married every day? Manana—Manana!" cried she, and then I forgot it all, for the Xeres flowed like water in the fountains of the Generaliffe long ago before it got to be a show place with water turned on and off at the lire a sight! Cielo! but times are changed in Spain!

Well, Senor, I make my tale too long and tell you nothing. I slept long and heavily, for the Xeres got into my head, and I lay upon the grass like lead. But others lay longer still, for when I raised my stupid head and looked about, though it was early dawn, not one man in all the village was awake. I stumbled to the brook and dashed the water in my face, and as I raised my eyes toward the mountian, I saw—crawling down the rough road—a something, I could not tell what. I looked again. Could it be a cart? It came nearer and nearer, and I ran to meet it, wonderingly, so strange was the sight.

Men are brave beasts, Senor, and we Castilians think ourselves quite the bravest in all Spain, but by the sword of Santo Ignacio, a woman is the bravest thing on earth. The women have two kinds of courage. They can bear and suffer and endure, day in, day out, things that a man would stagger under in a day. And then again they will do some great, brave deed, all in a minute, and scarcely seem to think it aught because 'tis for one they love. What was it I saw come down the mountain, Senor? A cart, a rough two-wheeled cart, the miller used to bring stone down from the cliff, when he had built the new stone mill. Harnessed to the cart with ropes and bits of twine—a cow—lean, hungry-looking and weary, and beside it—with her hands upon the rope—her feet cut and bleeding, her face white and drawn, a look of abject misery in her beautiful gray eyes — walked the Americana. She coaxed, she pulled, the cow along, urging it with voice and whip. I sprang forward and we spoke quickly.

"What make you?"

"Senor!" She clasped her beautiful, slender hands. "Ah, Senor, you will help me. He is ill, dying with the fever. I could find no one—my maid was gone to the wedding. I dared not leave him alone to die without me. I must have a doctor. I found the cart, and harnessed the cow. He, el Senor, lies on a mattress within the cart. Where can I find the doctor? Ah, help me to get to him!" She looked at me imploringly. I stepped to the side of the cart and peered within. There he lay, the painter, his face drawn and livid. I well knew the fever, and that his span of life was short unless aid came. "I will help you," I said, briefly. "Come with me, but quietly, lest we wake the men, and they will not let you have the horse!" Softly we stole to the stables. There was one horse, swift and sure-footed, and a light cart. I harnessed quickly, lifted the Senor's unconscious form from the old cart, placed him on his mattress in the new one, covered him warmly, then turned to her. "I tell you all," I said. "He has but four short hours to live unless he get the cooling drink the Senor doctor gives. The road is hard, and long to Angecera, where the doctor lives. You may reach him in time, but pause for nothing. I would go with you, but I make too great a weight. Will you go? It is the only chance?" She hesitated not a moment. "I go," she cried, springing to the front of the cart and grasping the reins.

"God guard you," was all I said. She flashed upon me a look of passionate gratitude. "I cannot thank you, Senor," she murmured, then she spoke quickly to the horse, he sprang forward, and in an instant they were out of sight.

I watched the disappearing shape and turned to go within the inn, and

loosed the poor old cow and turned her out to graze, when suddenly it came to me I could not let that fair young stranger go alone and all unaided in her fearful fight with death. I had no horse and could not follow her, but I remembered a cross path over the mountains, a narrow trail winding over crags and cliffs to the vega below, where Angecera lies. I cut across and meet her half way. Perhaps she would need help. I hastily wrapped food and a wine flask in a talega, slung it on my back, and was off.

It was a long, steep climb. The morning air was cold and keen and cut my face like a knife. Have you ever felt it, Senor, that sharp wind from the north, which makes our Sierra Mosena so like the Pole? Then, when the Arctic breeze meets the hot wind from the desert down below, one feels both at once. Extremes are always bad, Senor. It is only the middle place between joy and pain which gives content. I know, Senor, for I have had my heaven and hell right here on earth.

Well, I clambered on, and after two long hours I reached el Pico, from where I saw the valley. A little more and I would have reached the broad path, and just then the sun came out and made the rough-hewn mountains seem like the king's palace, so brightly did it shine. I hurried to the road, and waited. The sun rose higher and higher, and it was hot; so hot the black flecks seemed to dance before my tired eyes, and the dust rose in little clouds along the road. The yellow hriaria beside the way seemed like bits of golden sunlight, and the ground lay powdered with the blossoms. Just before me the road turned sharply up a hill, round a huge fir tree and went as sharply down upon the other side. Behind me lay a shallow ford. The mountains rose dark and frowning to one side the narrow road and on the other the precipice meet down, down thousands of feet. A nasty place to drive, Senor, even for a man strong of heart; for a delicate woman, well, you shall hear.

I heard a sound at last—wheels grating on the rocky road. On she came, faster and faster. At last I saw her. She was leaning forward in the cart, speaking to the horse. Her hat was at the back of her neck, her long, dark hair floated about her face, her cheeks were crimson, her lips tightly compressed. Senor, it was the most beautiful thing I ever saw, the most wonderful! She passed the ford, then stopped her horse an instant to rest, the water dripping from its flanks.

"I can never drive round that turn; never," I heard her murmur to herself. "God help me." It was a prayer, Senor; a real prayer, and if el buon Dios ever hears he listens to such women as she. I started to help her, for I could see by the way her little hands twitched the reins that she was nearly spent. But my sudden movement—fool that I was—startled the horse, and he jumped to one side. Cielo! I thought the cart had tumbled over the cliff, but she swung her weight over to the right side and whipped the horse sharply. He sprang forward up the hill, round the turn, his feet almost crumbling the gravel at the edge of the path. I saw her face go white as death and her eyes close as she reached the spot, but her grasp of reins and whip never wavered, and in an instant she was safe on the other side. Then the worst was over, Senor. The rest was a plain roadway, and she drove rapidly down to Angecera, I following by cross cuts, so that I reached there as soon as she.

She came down the street, the horse going well, though tired and lame. With a jerk she pulled up before the Senor doctor's house.

In a moment he was by her side. "Quick, the fever; he has it," she cried, pointing to the quite unconscious form in the cart. The doctor

bent over it, drew a flask from his pocket and forced a few drops of a colorless liquid between the white lips.

"Be tranquil, poor Chica," he said, gently, to the anxious girl. "I think it is not too late, and he will live."

She looked at him, dazed, for a moment, and then without a word fell at his feet. He motioned to me, and I raised her in my arms and carried her to the house, as he bore in the Senor. Diablo! I have known women, but, since Lindaroya the fair, I swear there was never one like her, the Americana. So brave, so strong, and oh! so fair a man must shut his eyes and dare not look at her. I never forget that instant that I held her in my arms. Senor, she was a woman one would die for with a smile upon one's face.

Well, she had the fever and she well nigh died, she was so small and slight; and he, too, lay for weeks between this world and that other Padre Paulo tells us of. The day came when both were well, and they sent for me to say "Good-bye." They went back to America, and I was loath to have them go, but they had had enough of Spain and its mountains and its fever.

I never can forget her, la Chica, and, somehow, Senor, the memory of her beauty and her grace and her splendid courage spoils all other women for me.

No, Senor, I never saw her again. His wife? Por Dios, no; she was his sister, the little Senorita Americana. Are all the sisters like that in your land, Senor? It's a strange world. Adios, Senor; adios.

THE SNOW.

FLORENCE BAIN SEYMOUR.

I.

Softly, swiftly, it is falling,
  Tapping on the window-pane,
Like the echo of loved voices
  We will never hear again.

II.

Silently, as phantom legions
  Of the ghosts of long ago,
Waking memories of by-gones,
  Fall the fluttering flakes of snow.

III.

Lying in its calm, still beauty,
  Brings it pangs of bitter cost,
With the thought of cold, dead faces
  We have sometime loved and lost.

IV.

As it comes in soft-winged whiteness,
  With its retrospect of years,
We who wait in life's dim twilight
  See it through a mist of tears.

THE CUBAN OUTLOOK.

CARLOS DE LA ISLA.

Nearly two years have elapsed since the lone star flag of the Cuban Republic began again to wave over the Queen of the Antilles. Since that time, numbers have gone to death, some by the bullet or machete, upon the field of battle, others shot down in cold blood by the ruthless hand of Spain, while many more have been swept off by pestilence, that inseparable companion of war. The once thriving and beautiful island of Cuba is today a desert. Its blackened and smoking ruins, its wasted fields, its famished sons and daughters, who, like so many spectres, stalk over the land, bear testimony to the horrors that war has wrought, while many of its children wander in the land of the stranger, preferring exile to death or the horrors of Morro Castle and the dungeons of Centa. It was, indeed, a tremendous responsibility that the leaders of the revolution took upon themselves, when they summoned the grim spectre of war, to hover over the land.

Cuba was, indeed, unhappy, but its misery has been aggravated a hundredfold by the rebellion. Yet, despite suffering and the desolation that broods over their fair island home, there are, I think, few native Cubans who do not sympathize with the revolution. They feel the chains of well-nigh a century of oppression, and the recollection that they have been but slaves of the mother country fills their hearts with a hatred of the Spaniard greater even than their sorrow for their bleeding country. The cries of their murdered countrymen, treacherously slain, are ringing loudly in their ears, and every Cuban carries in his heart a Book of Blood.

If you ask of the men now in arms against the oppression from beyond the seas, what caused them to arise against their masters, they will answer with an oft-repeated statement. They will tell you that a system of unbearable taxation has drained the life-blood of the country; that an intolerable burden of debt weighs upon them; that Cuba has been used as a means to enrich a swarm of hungry Spaniards, to whom all the fat offices were given, while natives were discriminated against; that they have had to support an unnecessary army and navy; that the administration of justice was a farce, if it was not tyranny, and that they have been ruled with an iron rod by men bearing the title of Captain-Generals, and wielding absolute authority. They will add that, time and again, they have raised their voice in protest or supplication, but that their cries have been left unheeded. If you ask them whether all this was not remedied by the Treaty of Zanjon, at the close of the Ten Years' war, they will answer that it was remedied on paper, but not in reality. It is true, the slaves were emancipated, the constitution of Spain of 1876 was proclaimed in Cuba in 1881, with the ample liberties conceded to all Spanish subjects, and Cuba was granted representation in Cortes. "Is it, therefore, reasonable to speak of the 'despotism of the mother country,' or of the 'irritating condition of the Island of Cuba'?" Thus queries the writer of a pamphlet scattered broadcast by the Spanish minister, and entitled "Spanish Rule in Cuba."

All this looks very well on paper, the Cubans will tell you, but sift it, and you will discover that the condition of Cuba, torn and bleeding as it was

from the long Ten Years' war, was in no wise bettered. The Captain-General was henceforth to be known as Governor-General, but the decree of Ferdinand VII., conferring upon him absolute authority, was not revoked. He remained solely responsible to the Ministry at home, whose representative he was. It is true, he had a council, but it was only advisory, and he remained free to follow or reject its advice. The constitution was extended to Cuba, yet the colonial provinces still remained subject to special laws. The commercial monopoly of Spain continued in vigor. Cubans are taxed every year to the amount of from twenty to thirty million dollars, of which only a small sum is expended for internal improvements; nor have they a voice in the imposition of these taxes. Cuba is represented in Cortes, but the electoral laws are so framed that the great majority of its representatives are native-born Spaniards. Cubans are deprived of freedom of locomotion, personal security, freedom of opinion and the right of public meetings, in spite of the constitution. They have absolutely no right to elect those who govern them, and Spaniards still have the monopoly of the most important offices in the land.

But, you will insist, was not Spain preparing to grant reforms to Cuba at the moment the present rebellion broke out? The new reforms, the Cuban will reply, were no more than a farce; the Governor-General's power remained the same, the electoral law was not altered, the bureaucracy remained in full sway, and the burden of taxation still continued to weigh upon the island.

The leading spirits of Cuban independence, seeing that they had little to hope for from the mother country, again resorted to arms. The events of this dire war are still fresh in our memory. The uprising in the province of Santiago de Cuba, the advent of Maceo, Crombet, Gomez, and other veteran leaders, the appointment of Martinez Campos as Governor-General, the death of Marti, the organization of the provisional government, the invasion of the western provinces, the recall of Campos and his succession by Weyler, and, finally, the death of Antonio Maceo, are so many important events that have marked the progress of the present struggle. Again and again we hear the statement that the Cuban army is nothing but a conglomerate of bandits, assassins, adventurers and negroes. But sympathizers point to the fact that, although numbers of negroes are engaged in the war, the vast majority of the leaders are white men, and that only whites are members of the government. The Cuban people, we are told, are, with few exceptions, body and soul with the insurgents. Does not this explain the fact of the massacre of so many non-combatants by Spanish officers like General Melquizo? The Spaniard, in his individual capacity, is an accomplished and amiable gentleman; but, when fighting for a principle, is apt to become cruel; and there can be no doubt that numbers of atrocities have been perpetrated on Cubans who were suspected of sympathizing with the rebellion. The reputation of Weyler himself is far from being savory in this respect. A Spanish friend, speaking of him, said recently to the writer: "Nothing can be proved against him in the present campaign." Is this not an admission that grave doubt exists, and that something could be proved again him in a former campaign? And yet this man, with a reputation for cruelty, is sent by Canovas del Castillo to replace the humane Martinez Campos. There is more than enough reason to believe that another Book of Blood might easily be compiled with the names of those slaughtered in the present war. This alone, in the name of humanity, should suffice to elicit intervention on the part of the United States. Yet the

administration has remained blind, in spite of the many voices of protest that have been raised.

Many Catholics defend Spain on the ground that it is a Catholic country. But does this fact of its being Catholic excuse the atrocities that it leaves unpunished? Yea, there is more than one blemish on the history of Spanish colonization, and the Catholicity of Spain only brings out these blemishes in stronger relief. Cuba, too, is a Catholic country, and, no doubt, its Catholicity would be much better today if its church had not been a slave of the state. We are told that Free Masonry is at the bottom of the movement, but where is the proof? Before the war of 1868 the lodges may have had much to do with the rebellion; but a Cuban gentleman, a good Catholic, and one well versed in the affairs of his country, assured the writer not long ago that such is not the case in the present movement, and we have reason to believe him. That there are Free Masons among the revolutionists may be true; but there are also Free Masons, no doubt, in the Spanish Cortes, and yet no one dreams of calling the Spanish Cortes Masonic. The leading spirit of the present movement, in fact, the man who brought about the rebellion, was the late Jose Marti. Let those Spanish and American publications who are constantly crying Free Masonry prove that Marti was an emissary of the lodges, and they have, to a certain extent, gained their cause. At all events, the great mass of the Cuban people who are demanding their freedom are not Free Masons.

There now remains the question, What will the outcome of this war be? One of two things, certainly: Either Spain will gain, or she will lose. If she succeeds in quelling the rebellion, she will have in Cuba, as her domain, only a devastated island, with a heap of smoldering ruins. It will take a long time for the island to recover its prosperity, if this ever occurs. Spain, in her short-sighted policy, will probably continue to exploit the island for her own benefit, and the result will be future rebellions, with renewed misery. The only hope for the prosperity of Cuba is a radical change in the policy of Spain, which there is no reason to hope for, or the complete freedom of the island. Don Carlos, whose adherents are numerous in the Basque Provinces, and perhaps Catalonia, may, to obtain the support of Cuba, promise her autonomy should he make another attempt at war. But Don Carlos is only a man; he cannot change a nation; and Cuba is too rich a field for Spaniards to exploit that we should expect to see them relinquish it.

On the other hand, Spain may lose, and this means either annexation to the United States or the absolute independence of the island. If Cuba is annexed to this country, either by conquest, as in the case of war with Spain, or by the free wishes of its inhabitants, the result will probably be the same. American money and American enterprise will take complete control of the island; the English language will gradually gain the ascendancy over the Spanish, and the characteristic features of the Spanish island will, by degrees, vanish before American civilization. As far as polish of manners and the many amenities of social life are concerned, I am afraid that Cuba will be the loser.

Let us now suppose that Cuba gains its independence, with or without the aid of a foreign power, what results are to be feared or hoped for? It has been stated that the Latin race is not adapted for a republic. And, verily, the examples under our eyes are not encouraging. For a time, between the abdication of King Amedeo and the advent to the throne of Alfonso XII., Spain itself tried the republican system and failed. There could be no republic without republicans, as Caste-

lar, I think it was, remarked. Castelar himself was at the head of the short-lived republic. There seems to be something in the Spanish character that calls for a monarchy. From the days when Pelayo went forth from his mountain fastnesses in the Asturias to reconstruct the kingdom, until now, Spaniards have been wont to look up to a leader. In America the Latin republics have not been a brilliant success. The history of all, or nearly all of them, with the exception, perhaps, of Costa Rica, has been marked by internal dissensions and civil wars. The republican form of government has too often degenerated into military despotism. In making these reflections we should, however, not lose sight of our own history. Had we not our Civil War, with its concomitant horrors, before we were a century old?

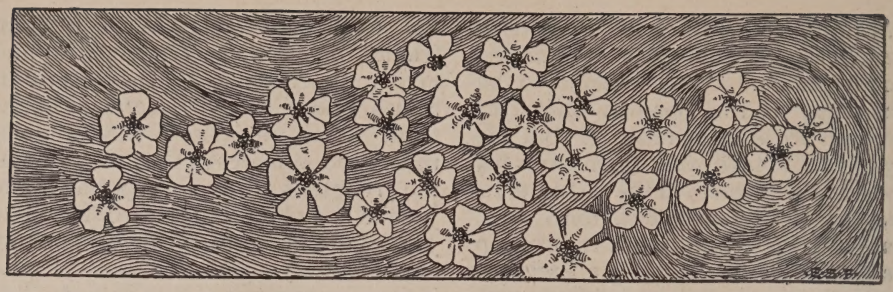
Cuba, with its fiery inhabitants, is certainly exposed to a similar danger. Yet this is in its favor, that the most educated classes have enjoyed a foreign education, and that many of them have been brought into close contact with our institutions. They have been better able to study our system of government than their more distant neighbors. Were the Cuban Republic to accept an American protectorate insofar as to allow the United States the power of arbitration and intervention in internal disputes; were it to place its constitution under an American guarantee, thus precluding the possibility of a dictatorship, there is no reason why it should not prosper.

And how will religion fare? Undoubtedly Protestants, who are now clamoring loudly for Cuban freedom, and proclaiming from the housetops their sympathy with the insurgents, will make superhuman efforts to proselytize the island. Their success, however, will not be great. The danger of infidelity is far greater. Irreligion has made rapid progress in Cuba since the beginning of this century. In the event of the establishment of a Cuban Republic there is certainly danger of friction between the ecclesiastical and civil authorities, as we have seen in South and Central American countries. If an infidel or a Masonic element predominates in the government, the religious orders, especially the Jesuits, may look out for trouble. The Jesuits are hated by all the opponents of Catholicity, and in Cuba they come in for a large share of that hatred. Yet it is false to impute to the Jesuits any share in the political troubles of Cuba. That the Spanish Jesuits feel with their mother-country is quite natural; but the statement that the Society exercises its influence one way or the other is, as far as I know, without the slightest foundation.

If the founders and the government of the Cuban Republic are wise, they will let the Church alone. In an atmosphere of freedom it will thrive and flourish. Those Spanish ecclesiastics who wish to return home should be at liberty to do so. Those who wish to take up their abode in the island should lay aside all prejudices and enter into the spirit of the Republic.

The dread of a second Hayti, or negro republic, is out of the question, for all the brains and intellectual preponderance are on the side of the whites.

Mr. Fidel G. Pierra, in a pamphlet on Cuba, writes thus: "Her natural advantages are so great and evident that so soon as the forbidding and paralyzing power of Spain shall have disappeared from the island the capital and enterprise which heretofore has kept aloof, being sure of its reward, will flow into the country in order to develop and transform all the elements of latent wealth, which for centuries have remained untouched and useless, and Cuba, under the beneficent influence of capital and human industry, untrammeled and free, will become an emporium of wealth and one of the most inviting and happiest abodes of man on this globe."



SENATOR HOAR AND THE CELT.

Irishmen have rarely ever received a finer tribute than that which fell from the lips of Hon. George F. Hoar, the venerable United States Senator from Massachusetts.

Speaking at the banquet to Dr. Conaty in Worcester, Senator Hoar delivered himself of the following noble sentiments:

"The single event most important to Massachusetts, after the revolution ended until the rebellion broke out, was the Irish immigration which began about 1840. We had good reason to bid them welcome. The relation of Ireland to Massachusetts and to American liberty has been quite close from the beginning. In 1676, when Massachusetts was suffering from the terrible effects of King Philip's war, the generous people of Ireland sent over a contribution for our relief.

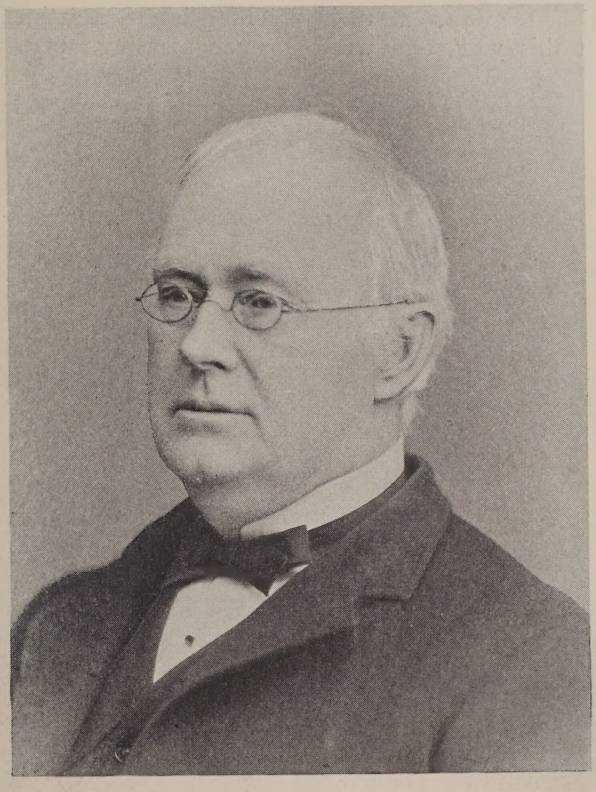
"They played no unimportant part in the revolutionary service. One of the most striking and noble figures in that military history is the brave Irishman, Montgomery. The greatest military event in our war of independence, until the surrender at Yorktown, was the expulsion of the British army from Boston. The foot of a foreign invader has not touched the soil of Massachusetts from that day to this.

"When Washington's army entered Boston, after his relieving Putnam on the 17th of March, 1776, with drums beating and colors flying, and Sir William Howe with his army and his troops went out, an event which Burke said "was more like the departure of a people than the retreat of an army," the watchword of the day was St. Patrick. The good St. Patrick came into Boston with General Washington. And he came to abide.

"The catalog of the brave soldiers that the Irish race has furnished to America is too long for repetition here. Beside Montgomery, there is Andrew Jackson, the great hero of the war of 1812, and Phil Sheridan, the hero of the war of the rebellion, of whom General Grant once said to me with his own lips, 'General Sheridan is supposed by some persons to be capable only of a single brilliant and dashing exploit. There never was a greater mistake; he is able to conduct a campaign over an extent of territory as large as any nation in the world can cover with its troops.'

"Now, it was natural, it was inevitable, that these men should cling to the faith of their fathers. Whatever else may be said for the Catholic Church by friend or foe, it must be confessed that she has stood for the equality of all souls in the sight of their maker. Her great poet, Dante, puts the noble and the tyrant into the

lowest places in his Inferno. The Catholic Church in England, the country from which our ancestors came, was always on the side of the people against the king or noble. She encountered Tudor and Plantagenet with as stern a 'Thus saith the Lord' as ever was uttered by Hebrew or Puritan lips.



SENATOR HOAR.

"There are many of your clergymen among the dead and among the living who have a tender place in the hearts of the people of Massachusetts. She still cherishes the memory of Bishop Cheverus, the first Catholic bishop of Boston, missionary to the Indians, encounterer of savage and of pestilence, the American Fenelon, afterward archbishop of Bordeaux and cardinal. She does not forget Bishop Fenwick, my father's friend, whose honored dust sleeps upon yonder hill, under the shade of the college which he founded.

"I deem it an honor that you have assigned me a part on this occasion. I am, as you know, a Puritan among Puritans, a dissenter among dissenters, a heretic among heretics. After the way that ye call heresy so worship I the God of my fathers. But I am glad to bring my tribute of honor and respect to Fr. Conaty."

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

WILLIAM HOPKINS.

The Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College entertained many distinguished guests at their annual banquet this year, and were specially honored by the presence of Archbishop Martinelli, the Apostolic Delegate to the United States.

His Excellency was a striking figure at the banquet board. Robed in the brilliant colors of his office, his vivacious presence added much lustre to the magnificent scene around him.

Monsignor Martinelli carries the same pleasing personality which served to make his predecessor, Cardinal Satolli, so popular. The present ablegate has this advantage, however: He speaks English fluently. At the Boston College banquet he delivered an eloquent address, compli-

ARCHBISHOP MARTINELLI, APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO THE UNITED STATES.

menting the young men upon their splendid achievements and the noble purposes of their organization.

"It is a good thing," he said, "to see the clergy and laity working thus harmoniously together. It is well for the Church, and it rejoices the heart of our own Most Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII. You, my young friends, are 'the children of light,' and I appeal to you to always allow your light —the light of Faith—to illuminate the world!"

The Apostolic Delegate's words were received with the most cordial enthusiasm, and three rousing cheers thundered through the hall in honor of the reverend orator.

RIGHT REV. JAMES E. QUIGLEY, BISHOP OF BUFFALO.

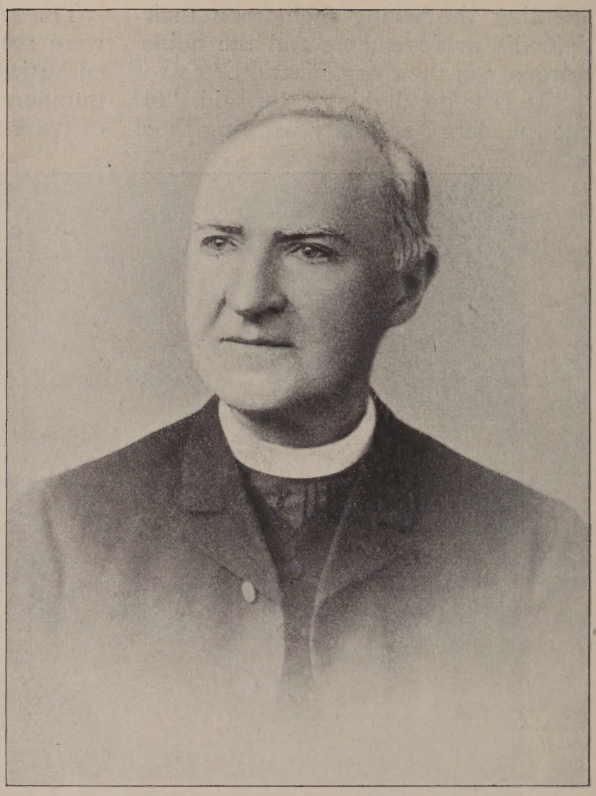
Archbishop Martinelli, while in Boston, was the guest of Rev. T. Brosnahan, S. J., president of Boston College.

Dr. Quigley, the new Bishop of Buffalo, is the choice of the people,

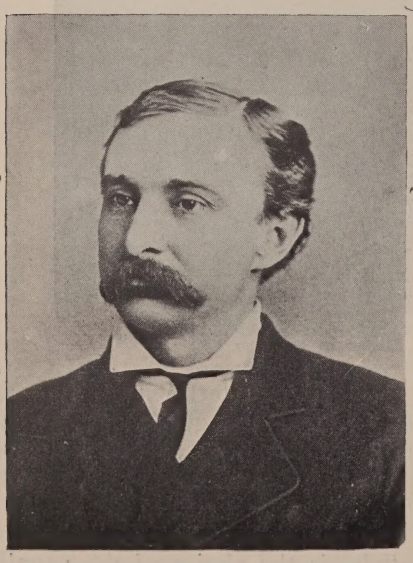
as well as the hierarchy. He has grown up among them, and is identified with all their interests. In this sense especially, Pope Leo's selection of a successor to Bishop Ryan is a most happy one.

The Catholics of Boston were honored in a particular and official manner by the selection of the Very Rev. Dr. Hogan to offer prayer at the inauguration ceremonies this year at City Hall. The venerable prelate stood, a striking figure, in the midst of the busy scene and among the respectful group of City Fathers who gathered around him.

Abbe Hogan, the head of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, is a lovable character, and not only holds the esteem of priests and people, but also that of his ecclesiastical superior, Archbishop Williams, with whom he is on terms of most intimate friendship. Every student at the seminary also feels a fostering father's care in that bestowed by the venerable Abbe.



VERY REV. JOHN B. HOGAN, ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY, BRIGHTON.



JOSEPH DUTTON, THE LEPERS' FRIEND.

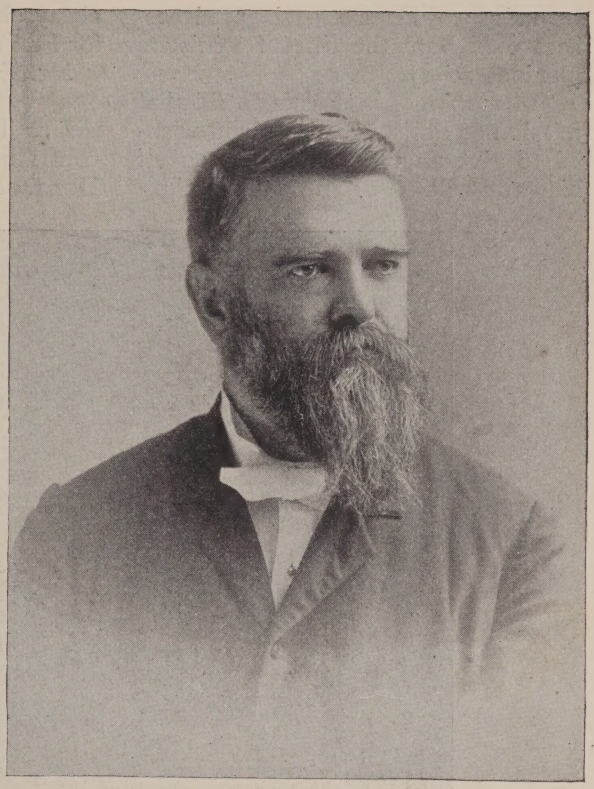
The work laid down by that Christian martyr, Fr. Damien, is being very nobly augmented by Joseph Dutton, who at this moment is sacrificing his life to deeds of heroic fervor in behalf of the stricken leper.

In the year 1888 Brother Dutton came to Molokai, that scene of modern martyrdom, and for nearly a decade of years has devoted himself to the care of the afflicted. The sad news comes to us that this noble apostle of Damien has contracted the disease, but, perhaps, what we shrink

from in dread, may be to him the glad herald of earthly release.

Stephen Mallory White of California, a Catholic member of the United States Senate, will find congenial companionship with Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, "a Puritan among Puritans," as he styles himself. Senator White's broad-minded character is already well known, and Senator Hoar proves his liberal spirit by a very interesting address which Donahoe's prints, in part, this month.

Senator White is what is known in California as a "native son." San Francisco is his natal town and 1853 the year. He was brought up on a fruit ranch, and was educated at St. Ignatius College in San Francisco, and Santa Clara College, in the valley of that name. In 1874 he was admitted to the bar, and in the same year he went to Los Angeles to reside.



SENATOR STEPHEN M. WHITE, CALIFORNIA.

In 1893 he was made United States Senator.

The changing administration at Washington will bring back to this country a charming personality—Ambassador Eustis. The career of this distinguished diplomatist at Paris has added new lustre to an honorable name.

Le Figaro of Paris in speaking of Mr. Eustis says: "It is well known that Mr. James B. Eustis is the first diplomat of the United States who has been raised to the dignity of am-

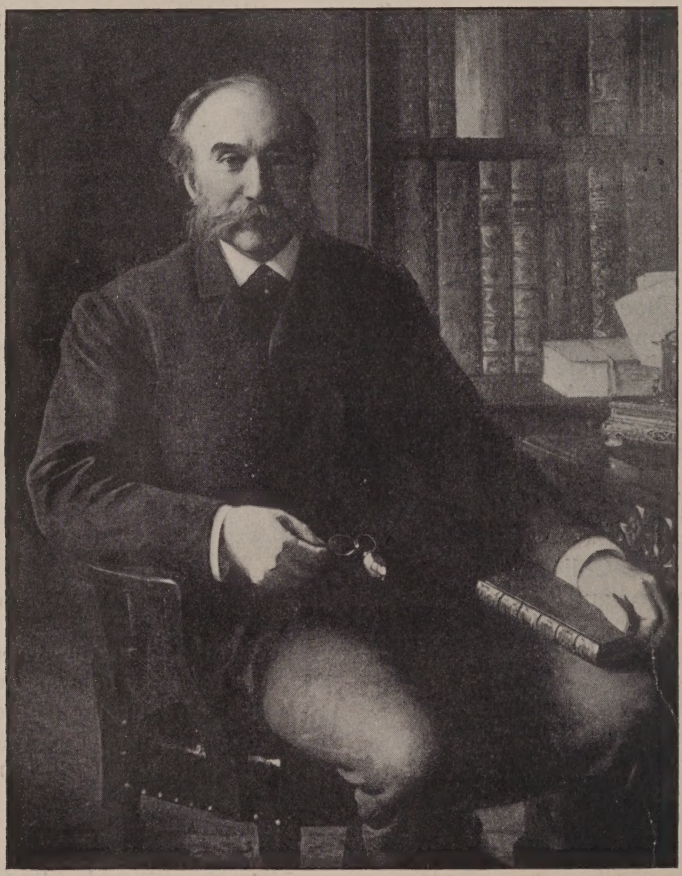
AMBASSADOR JAMES B. EUSTIS.

bassador to France. His predecessors only bore the title of ministers plenipotentiary.

"In naming Mr. Eustis to fill that mission at Paris, Mr. Cleveland wished to give an unquestioned proof of his good-will. For, in truth, the Ambassador unites all the elements desired to make him 'persona grata' among us. He belongs, by birth, to Louisiana, a land where almost the entire population is French and which bears a French name, having had formerly Louis XIV. for illustrious godfather. Upon the maternal side he received French blood into his veins, and to his racial affinities have always been joined warm sentiments for France."

Mr. Eustis is an ardent Catholic.

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, who contributes an interesting paper to Donahoe's this month, was born at

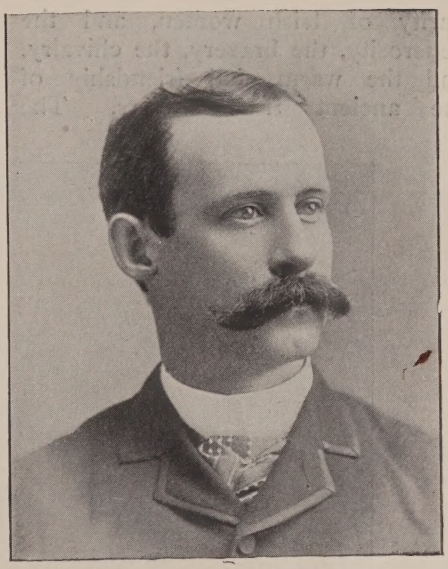


Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet.

the University of Virginia, May 29, 1828, took a partial course there, and was graduated in medicine at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1850. He began practice in New York city in 1852, and in 1862 became surgeon-in-chief to the Women's Hospital, of which he had been assistant surgeon since 1855. He retained this office till 1872, and since

then has been visiting surgeon. Dr. Emmet is a member of various medical associations. He has contributed largely to the literature of medicine, has important papers in medical journals numbering nearly forty. He is the author of a number of important works in book form. Dr. Emmet is a grand-nephew of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot, and has earned the esteem of Irishmen by his labors in behalf of the Irish party and Home Rule.

P. J. O'Connor of Savannah, Ga., national president of the A. O. H., has had the proud distinction of presenting, on behalf of his order, the A. O. H. endowment for the establishment of a Celtic Chair at the Catholic University, Washington. The sum of



P. J. O'Connor, National President of the A. O. H.

Miss Mary Conway, Founder of the First Girls' College in South America.

$50,000 was the patriotic offering of the A. O. H., given in perpetuation of their beloved language. The revival of the Gaelic tongue on this continent is contemporaneous with the unusual interest manifested in the study of Irish abroad, as instanced in the good-natured rivalry for the Celtic Chair at Maynooth.

Well, after all, it is a noble language!

Dr. Shahan eloquently exclaimed at the A. O. H. convention when the endowment of the Celtic Chair at Washington was under consideration:

"It was the tongue of the bard as he painted in burning thoughts and picturesque verse the ancient glories and the long, splendid line of Irish heroes; the sweetness and tenderness and unsullied

purity of Irish women, and the generosity, the bravery, the chivalry, and the warm, full friendship of the ancient Irish leaders. The hunted priest from the rude altar of turf or stone breathed its holy consoling accents upon the broken hearts of the aged, and the widowed, and the fatherless, and it was the saving ark by which the Catholic religion was maintained in Ireland; for there was a day when the hated sound of the Sassenach's tongue would have turned the Irish even against that beloved faith for which they have let go all those treasures of earth that other nations apostatized to save."

Miss Eliza Allen Starr.

Miss Mary Conway, whose pleasing portrait is presented this month, is a lady of rare educational ability. She has devoted herself to high-class in-

tellectual work in South America, and she has the proud distinction of having established the first Catholic Girls' College in that country.

Miss Conway is a graduate of Sacred Heart Academy, Rochester.

She is a sister of Miss Katherine E. Conway, the poet.

Miss Eliza Allen Starr, whose kindly face graces the pages of "People in Print" this month, is a poet of much tenderness.

Of her "Songs of a Lifetime" a distinguished critic says: "There are not a few among them which ought to have, and will yet have, as wide a popularity as the poems of Father Faber or Adelaide Proctor."

The following fine lines have been compared to Herrick's choicest verse:

THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

October's loveliest flower, so wondrous blue,
Whose eyelids, softly fringed, still hold the dew
Of frosty autumn nights;
Yet smiles anew
When morn the hill-top lights.

Thou mindest me, by thy celestial dye,
Of our most Virgin Lady's heavenly eye;
So meekly hid
Beneath its fringed lid;
With pity wet
For man, with ills beset.

For love of her I lay thee on her shrine;
Make my sweet duty to her, flow'ret mine;
And beg that eye, for Jesus' sake to turn
On all who sigh and mourn,
In frosty vales and drear:
O Lady dear, accept and hear!

Mary Elizabeth Blake is a woman of marvelous activity. "I am very fond of travel, of walking, of languages and of children—this is head and front of my dissection of character," she writes; and, meanwhile, a delighted public has eagerly sought and read the following successful books: "Rambling Talks," "Poems," "Verses Along the Way," "The Merry Months," "Youth in Twelve Centuries, "On the Wing," "A Summer Holiday in Europe" and "With Mrs. Sullivan," Mexico. She now has ready for publication another volume of poems and a book of children's verses. Mrs. Blake had charge of the Catholic Union Reading Circle for six years.

The white habit of the Dominicans continues to glorify the pulpit of Notre Dame, Paris. Pere Ollivier has just been chosen to preach the Lenten sermons at the famous French cathedral.

The Catholic reading public have been called upon, since the last issue of Donahoe's, to mourn the death of Mrs. Dorsey, the well known Maryland litterateur, whom Pope Leo himself distinguished.

The banquet of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College was characterized by its sturdy Americanism—the addresses of Dr. Conaty and Mr. M. J. Dwyer being devoted mainly to the expression of patriotic sentiments.

F. Marion Crawford, the Catholic novelist, has turned dramatist. He says, good-naturedly, that the only difference between the novel and the drama is the fact that the play has a little slang thrown in.

Premier Laurier has won his appeal to Rome. He begged the Pope to suspend judgment on the Laurier-Greenway Manitoba school settlement, until General Fitzpatrick's plea in its favor could be heard. The Catholic hierarchy have received in response the following cablegram: "Suspende omnia" (suspend everything).

Dr. A. Conan Doyle, the famous English novelist, suggests that Anglo-Saxon be changed to Anglo-Celtic, in view of the vast amount of brains and energy which the Irish people have given to British progress.

EACH ROSE HAD A THORN.

ROSCOE A. WARREN.

When she opened the box and saw the roses he had sent her, despite herself, she was pleased. He had said once that she looked like a bride-rose herself; and, though she had frowned when he had said it, she felt glad that he thought so. Yet, while pinning them on her dress that evening, she was half annoyed. Her interests seemed not to lie in his direction, and she knew he had long desired to form a large part of them.

When she saw him she was half repentant. He was asking much, but did he not offer all in return? He rejoiced when he met her to see that she wore his flowers; and, taking heart of hope, whispered: "You wear my bride-roses in December. Will you not wear them for me again in June?" Before she could answer, they were interrupted, and he could find no chance to renew the subject that evening.

"What exquisite taste Mr. Lawrence has," said her intimate friend, a day or two later. "The roses he sent me Christmas harmonized so nicely with my new rose-jar. He was admiring it the week before, and the flowers he chose were lovely."

So he had sent flowers to her, also, and roses! Then came vague recollections of mischievous gossip. Was it all true? Perhaps he had once cared for her friend; perhaps he still felt a lingering fondness. He might, at least, have chosen other blossoms. Probably his words on Christmas night were purely impulsive. He had not repeated them. She was sure now he never would. When she met him again something in her manner checked him when he would have spoken.

So the weeks passed, and February drifted in, with its day of days for lovers.

St. Valentine must have smiled when she paused for an instant at a florist's window, where bloomed roses like those she had thrown away before they faded. Here it was he found her. Who says such encounters are due to chance?

"Have you heard the latest bit of news?" he asked, quietly. "My cousin is engaged to Miss Homer. It is just announced. Indeed," he added, "I feel a particular interest in the affair myself. The first flowers he ever gave her he persuaded me to choose and send last Christmas, when he was suddenly called away from town."

"I thought they were your gift!" she faltered.

"Oh, no," he made answer; "my flowers were for you—bridal roses."

"And hers?"

"Bridesmaids. I hoped they would be most fitting. And now, let me ask once more, Will you wear white ones for me next June?"

The carrier hastening by, laden with Valentine offerings, was not too weary to be sympathetic. He looked at the couple standing by the florist's window, and smiled broadly. "Susie and I aren't the 'only ones,'" he said, just for the pleasure of saying her name. And then he deftly shifted his pack, lest harm might befall a wonderful silver heart, embossed with roses and pierced by an arrow that quivered in the word "Jim."

FIRST FRUITS.

JOHN F. DALY.

PART I.

The setting sun was sinking in a sea of golden splendor behind the Judean hills, and from the chimneys of the many homes of Nazareth long lines of smoke lazily ascended, as the good wives of the village prepared the evening meal.

Some workmen emerged from the door of a building in course of erection, and with merry laugh and cheery word of farewell, separated, and wended their various ways homeward; one of the number, a young man of perhaps twenty-five years, turned into the road leading down the hill to the hamlet below.

Dressed like his fellow-workmen in serviceable homespun, and carrying the implements of his trade, a square, a compass and a carpenter's jack-plane, it would seem natural that he should not attract more than passing notice.

There was, however, despite all this, something about the young carpenter which instantly arrested the attention of the passerby, a nobility of bearing and a kingliness of mien, which compelled a respectful and even reverential salutation, and the subtle attraction was so powerful and irresistible that, after passing, men would turn, as if spellbound, and follow him with their gaze.

Before the door of a little thatched cottage, half way down the hill, stood a Jewish woman, surrounded by a group of romping children. As our wayfarer approached, they left off their noisy gambols and gathered closely around him.

Smilingly he received their glad greeting, stroking their curls and calling each by name, but, through it all, there was an expression on his countenance of expectancy. His eyes flashed an inquiry to the mother; some one was evidently missing. There was discord, as of a false, jarring note in some exquisite melody.

The mother directed her anxious gaze to the open door, but presently the sound of hurrying feet was heard. A beautiful boy rushed forth, and, crying out in joyous tones, "Rabboni, Judah comes," sprang into the arms of the young carpenter.

It had been for some time the daily custom of these two to meet thus, the little lad afterwards accompanying his friend home. So they set out together, the child clinging to the young man, while in his other chubby fist he carried the square and compass. The air was filled with his artless, childish prattle, and his liquid blue eyes were raised to the face of his companion, a face glorified by a smile of divinest sympathy.

At the foot of the hill a woman of gentle mien left the doorstep of another cottage and advanced to meet them. As she stooped to caress the child, the sunbeams glinted upon her hair like molten gold. There was a world of tenderness and sweetness in her greeting, which seemed to impress the boy. A moment he lingered, then shyly scampered off towards home.

Mother and son gazed after his retreating form, their smiles answering back the adieux which his little waving hand sent to them from far up the road. Turning then to enter the house, the young man softly murmured, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Night now came on apace; the

shadows settled down over all, the song of the birds was hushed and only the sound of a noisy little brook rushing along its pebbly bed disturbed the deep peace which reigned around the humble home where dwelt Jesus the carpenter of Nazareth, and Mary, his mother.

PART II.

The Roman Coliseum, that scene of many a sanguinary gladiatorial contest or slaughter of innocent martyr, is filled with a seething, bustling mass of humanity. The multitude, packed tier above tier in the circle surrounding the arena, resembles an angry, storm-swept sea, a motley crew, indeed, every variety of passion depicted upon their faces; some with a wolfish glitter in their eyes, as though scenting afar the odor of blood, they waited but the approach of their prey to pounce upon and devour it; others, smiling and expectant, call out greetings to friends whom they recognize in the crowd, well pleased with the spectacle soon to be displayed for their delectation.

At one end of the amphitheatre, seated upon a raised dais, over which is suspended a canopy of royal purple and cloth of gold, is the emperor, surrounded by his court.

Silent and moody the tyrant sits, his head bowed upon his breast, his face disfigured by a scowl of malevolent hate.

A trumpeter wakes the echoes with the shrill notes of his bugle, and instantly the great throng turns its gaze upon a little gate at one end of the arena, whence emerges a band of armed soldiery, leading a captive. They advance to the centre of the ring, where they leave their prisoner standing alone; then, hastily retracing their steps, they close and bar the gate.

No sooner have they disappeared than through another entrance opposite, which has been opened as if by magic, there appears the massive head and tawny mane of a great African lion.

Stealthily the beast surveys the scene before him, perceiving, as the result of his cautious scrutiny, the lone, defenseless figure.

Age has dimmed the eye and silvered the hair of the man, but in his carriage there is no evidence of weakness. Standing erect and motionless, he resembles a piece of beautiful statuary.

Surrounded by an atmosphere of supernatural exaltation, he is unconscious of the scene environing him; all sordid things of earth have no power to hold him; his spirit dwells in another sphere; he is living over again the happy days of the distant past; there is a picture graven on his memory which floods his soul with joy, and inspires him to deeds of valor and sacrifice beyond mere human strength.

A long, sunlit road stretches away before him, dotted here and there with shadow of tree or shrub, the air is musical with the twitterings of birds, the indescribable charm of a hazy summer afternoon over all, and coming to meet him where he stands a happy-hearted boy, a well-known, beloved figure, in toil-stained garb, burdened with the tools used in his daily labor.

In that face what strength and encouragement! What comfort in that smile! What an arm to lean on! And, now that they have clasped hands, what an easy task that road, however long! How carefully his friend will bear him up and guard him against the stones and pitfalls in the way.

A moment more and the journey will be done, all danger passed. Already he can see the little cottage with the gentle mother waiting by the doorstep. "Ah! Lord, what is this tumult which is borne in upon him? What means this sea of angry faces feasting hungrily upon his misery? What the great, fierce figure of the beast crouch-

ing before him in readiness for its final spring!

"Dear Friend, who but a moment ago held his hand, has he been dreaming, and Thou wilt not be near to sustain him?"

"Ah, no! it was a phantasy. Thou hast come again, but how changed! A king's royal robe Thou wearest instead of workman's garb, and in Thy hands no tools, but jeweled crown."

The tumult of the mob is hushed. With tense nerves and bated breath they wait the final scene. The martyr has sunk upon his knees, and with outstretched hands and upraised eyes he smiles.

The lion seems to measure the space between himself and his victim. He leaps into the air; a cloud of dust rises as man and beast go down together, and, in clarion tones, which reach the ears of all persent, a glad cry rings out, the cry of the little lad of long ago:

"Rabboni, Judah comes!"

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A mother's love! Who knows its sacred power?
Since God himself to it doth seem to bow.
What marvel Satan should before it cower,
And vice assume pure virtue's radiant brow.
But, 'tis omniscient; e'en though passions lower
And guile would seek to ruin its loved one now;
It knows nor year, nor day, nor stated hour—
For love would love no moment lost allow.
A mother's love is naught but mother's life,
Though lips be mute, her heart breathes constant prayer
That Heaven guard her darling from all strife.
Her fondest longing is their ills to bear,
And though ingratitude would sheath its knife
Deep in her heart, her love would clasp it there.

READING CIRCLES IN PARISH WORK.

Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey.

One stormy Sunday evening in mid-winter the foyer of a large theatre was crowded with an eager throng. Looking from a passing electric car, I asked myself what attraction can have brought forth so many people on such a bleak night. The answer came to my eyes in the advertisement that Bob Ingersoll was on that evening to deliver a lecture in abuse of God and His Church. I was on my way to attend a meeting of workers interested in the Reading Circle movement, and I was never until that moment so deeply impressed with the excellent aim and the Christian enterprise of the new and partially unapproved work for truth undertaken by the Reading Circles wherever established. Lies had been uttered in the past; lies will be uttered along the course of vanishing years, and the answer should be on the lips of the many, and not of the few, in refutation of untruth. The lie that is told with laughter or sarcasm can win its plaudits from the unthinking and from those willing to be deceived. But even to those a special hand should be extended to help them turn the leaves of truth and to point to them the gleanings of a right knowledge.

The Reading Circles have entered upon a work which may more or less vary in different places, but in the main its universal object will be the same. This object is the diffusion of knowledge, the unveiling of the darkness, the investigation of truth by individual labor, the chasing not of phantoms, but the holding on to realities. Truth in literature, truth in history, truth in religion, truth in every avenue whereon the human mind can journey —this is the aim of the Reading Circles.

And because the diffusion of truth is one of the chief destinies of religion, and because religion should welcome every aid toward the realization of its objects, in every parish where willing workers are found in building up and developing a Reading Circle, this society should receive a cordial welcome and hearty God-speed in its labors. Enemies too many will be found by religion, supporters and co-workers too few. Against her enemies religion should direct her darts, for her friends she should have the smile and the word of encouragement.

No one can deny that vast good or vast evil is accomplished by the reading of newspapers and of books. No one will deny that reading is becoming more and more universal. We have no censorship of the press beyond a dulled and apathetic public opinion. From time to time some excessively flagitious delinquent meets a merited chastisement in the verdict of public condemnation, only to reap a golden harvest from such general advertisement. And yet, censorship or no censorship, there is the unerring and unchanging eternal standard of right and of wrong for mind and for heart, the reverence for truth and the clinging to good that necessitate the contemning of falsehood and the turning from evil.

Every man interested in the care of souls knows with what diligence the young are to be tended, how the safeguards against evil and evil associations are to be erected and maintained, and how, despite every best effort, evil will assert itself in many a young life. Every such worker, too, knows the potent influence of their readings upon the young minds and hearts, knows that few forces assert

themselves so strongly and so insinuatingly and so steadfastly. While at school how many valuable hours are devoted to reading entirely outside the region of the child's studies, and the habit here formed of devoting time and thought to matters more or less frivolous is likely to follow the child into the years of manhood or of womanhood. And here the Reading Circle comes to the rescue. It looks seriously upon the question of life, it recognizes the value of good reading, the silliness and waste of careless or of idle reading, and the degradation of bad reading. It seeks to interest the young men and the young women of a community in the consideration and the development of their own minds. It enters readily into the domains of the past, communing with the master minds whose influence endures amid the wrack of ages, and it discerns among the writers of the present day the men and women who aim for the advancement of their fellow beings.

The Reading Circle brings a spirit of enthusiasm with its researches that lightens and vivifies the labor. The members who understand the object of their association are alive to the excellent occasion afforded for their mind's improvement and their heart's training. They recognize as well a salutary influence to be exercised over all the community. For it is as true in this as in every good work that it must bear fruit for the general advancement.

Anyone who is willing to make himself familiar with the annual programme of a flourishing and enterprising Reading Circle will find its work, while, in a measure, distinct from the ordinary routine work of a parish, ever in full accord and in perfect sympathy with the same. The Reading Circle Review in any of its excellent numbers will manifest to the inquirer the general character of the work outlined and carried on in the circles. I say the general character, because local needs and resources bring about modifications of the general plan.

Religion itself forms the basis of every work in a Catholic Reading Circle. God is recognized as the first and the last, the beginning and the end, and it is believed that the first seeking should be for the kingdom of God and His justice. And then are added on all the pursuits of literature, history and science.

With St. Thomas Aquinas the truth is recognized that "the smallest knowledge of the things of God is of more worth than the greatest knowledge of all other things." While with the same great scholar the worth of every study, of every portion of learning, is estimated greatly, if only all be referred to Him who is Himself the Truth, uncreated, infinite, eternal. St. Paul, whose marvelous writings, whose deep theology has been the despair of proud minds, confessed that he knew only Christ, and Him crucified. So, did he esteem all his other knowledge, all his scholarly attainments, as only secondary to the belief in the Lord and Giver of life. And every Catholic Reading Circle follows such leadership as St. Paul and St. Thomas Aquinas, and so values religious teaching beyond all other teaching, and so tests all knowledge by its conformity or non-conformity to divine teachings. And must not a band of zealous, earnest workers so disposed be a living power in their parish, a sustenance to religion and a manifestation of Christianity in its higher working, in its supreme guidance?

Say what we will, we know that religion has in a certain fashion to win its way through apathy and dislike and opposition, and even hatred. To a great extent also the charge has been cast abroad of the Catholic religion promoting ignorance and loving intellectual darkness. We who are

Catholics know how unfounded is the charge, but we can strongly contradict such wild statements by a work founded upon religious ideas and opening to all engaged in it the prospect and the field of universal knowledge. And if a Catholic is more or less influenced by such a cruel falsehood against his Church, the Reading Circle invites him to the avenues of history that he may walk upon these highways and see standing on all sides of him in his travels the edifices of knowledge preserved by that Church, by that Church alone. Where barbarians destroy the Church saves. Where Mohammedans burn books the Church, through her silent, her patient, her calumniated monks, preserves and copies the precious manuscripts of history. And she whom he has been told to look upon as the enemy he finds by his own personal investigation to be the only real friend of learning through many a scene of savagery, of cruelty, of despotism and of immorality. And he finds through the ages the predecessors of Leo XIII., like this our noble Pontiff, the guardians of literature and of art, the promotors of literary men and artists.

And because the research has been his own, or in union with the young minds to which his body is akin, the impression made on the member of a Reading Circle is strong and lasting. This calumny refuted, he lends a more willing ear than before to the exhortations and commands of his Church, in whom he realizes the solicitude and love of a mother. And so the Reading Circle prepares its members to become the most earnest, the most devoted of parishioners. With their love for the Church grows their love and respect for every parochial work. Witnesses of the sacrifices of their Church through all the centuries, they are ashamed to hesitate in the little sacrifices demanded of them for parish advancement.

And although the lesson of co-operation and of hearty response is not being ever impressed upon them, the effect is none the less sure, because unconscious. The love for the Church grows with the knowledge acquired of her worth, and frequently is proportioned to the very hatred that inspired the calumnies against her. Every study, then, that manifests her righteous position in the human struggle develops in the honest inquirer the spirit of her Catholicity, and this spirit, rightly fostered, is eminently adapted to the life and vigor required of parishioners.

The members of a Reading Circle should be drawn from the varied walks of life. Those who are teachers in schools most naturally enter into this movement, but to the workers in store and shop it is no less a boon, and through them all the general benfits are procured to the parish. The teachers, owing to their occupation and pursuits, are the more readily adapted to certain works, such as is involved in the reading necessary to essay writing, and that writing itself. The others, to whom is wanting time or opportunity, engage in the ordinary work of the circle, and profit by the labor of the writers. But all find their minds more open to truth, their intellects made keen, their grace of knowledge more sure, and their hearts the better awakened to holy influences. And such give a new impulse to the work of Catholic education, as well where there are Catholic schools as where there are not. And such persons elevate the tone of the community wherein they live. They do not lose interest in general Church affairs, nor sodalities, nor other societies; rather, they gain in devotion to every object, from the stronger and surer methods of understanding to which the Reading Circle trains them.

Reading Circles are as yet in their dawning. They have arisen with beautiful splendor, and they promise a

brilliancy and radiance of light as they mount higher. In the aggregate, perhaps, their spirit and influence have been best shown in the Catholic Summer Schools. The leaders in these most excellent enterprises have so frequently and eloquently expressed their appreciation of the Reading Circles that it is sufficient here to call attention to the acknowledged fact that the success of the Summer Schools in the past is greatly due to the Reading Circles of the different sections, while the hope of the future is most powerfully centred in their steadfast co-operation. And with the same zeal, the same enthusiasm, the same interest that they have entered into the Summer School movement do they enter into every movement that involves the glory of God and His Church.

Too many of our young people are unconscious of the powers within them. These latent forces need only the opportunity that the kinetic energy of a healthful, divinely endowed people may manifest itself in activity. To participate in the intellectual movements of the day is the ambition of many a young mind. It should be the ambition of all. And when that participation accompanies true spiritual discipline there is no danger that pride will rule to lead young minds into unhappy vagaries and deplorable pitfalls. Religion will safeguard as well as rectify the mind and make secure the progress of the young and vigorous intellect along the byways of research into the grand highway of truth.

PERFECT TRUST.

HENRY ED. NOTHOMB.

Although the mountain path is steep, and night is long and drear,
Above the clouds, in beauty grand, the stars are shining clear;
Below the surface of the sea, by tempests undismayed
The ocean's tenants feel no storms, but gambol unafraid.
What though the clouds are hanging low, and troubles sore oppress?
There is a balm for all our pain, each wrong has its redress.

Then why should erring mortals fall disheartened by the way
That winds above the hill-crests dark to mountain heights of day?
Although across life's rugged path a veil of mist is drawn,
And mountain tops in triumph rise, enpurpled with the dawn;
The morn of Peace will dawn at last, and angels pure will smile
Upon the patient journeyers who struggled on a-while.

PATSY — BOY.

MARY MARKWELL.

CHAPTER I.

The Colonel—as my friend O'Brien was familiarly known from Toronto to Vancouver—was saying with decision: "You've got to come out to my place, Bradley, I want you to see Silverthaw. Why, man, you can stand at the door of my shack and look north, south and west, as far as eye can reach, and it is mine, all mine! I want you to come," he repeated, persuasively, "because I would like to have your advice on a matter which is beginning to bother me a bit; besides this, I am sure you will be interested, as the round-up has just been completed, and you will see my possessions, my flocks and herds. Ah!" said the Colonel, heaving a deep sigh, "Silverthaw is a beautiful bit of prairie land, but it's not The Place!"

"Oh, by the way, O'Brien," said I, suddenly remembering, "how did the lawsuit over the Kerry estates turn out?"

"Pending a settlement still," he answered, flipping a coin to a passing newsboy crying his wares, and my friend, O'Brien, became a total eclipse behind the pages of the Daily Sun, then at the zenith of its power in the newspaper horizon of the West.

O'Brien and myself had met in 1876, two years before the time of which I write, on the voyage out from the Old World to the New; we were both Irishmen, both bent on trying our fortunes in the Canadian west. O'Brien's reasons for leaving Ireland were as follows: His family—an old and honored one—had very nearly died out, the estates at Ballybroken, known as The Place (owing to a series of lawsuits begun by one generation, carried on by another, and taken up by a third), was fast dwindling to decay, a claim being made, and fought out, by this last living descendant, whose asserted rights were challenged by a counter claimant, a peasant namesake, who, rightly or wrongly, was the present tenant or holder of The Place. While the courts were considering, with great deliberation, the rival claims, the land was neglected and decreasing steadily in value, but the holder of the property was poor, and would soon "starve himself out," as the opposing counsel once said. Thus it was that Colonel O'Brien, without ever having met or known his rival kinsman, left to the courts the costly question and came out to Canada—as he smilingly said in telling me the story—"while waiting for 'dead men's shoes' he might fit himself with a much easier pair" of his own making.

We were fellow-passengers on the "Falcon," and the discovery that we were fellow-countrymen, I suppose, caused our hearts to warm towards each other with that unconditional surrender characteristic of true sons of Ireland. We parted at Montreal, wishing each other godspeed; he to look about him for suitable investment of his means, I to go West, where I "took to the road"—not with derringer and masks, as the term might imply—but with clothing samples for a well-known firm of Montreal. Our separate pursuits and the distance between us made correspondence uncertain and difficult; after a time O'Brien's letters ceased altogether, and my own busy life left me little time for other than commercial matters. Our house, through Mr. Orsonby's sharp eye (Mr. Orsonby was manager), saw the possibilities of the great West. We opened agencies at vari-

ous points along the then projected railway line across the vast and far-reaching prairies. I had for two years completely lost sight of O'Brien, and it was with pleased surprise I met him face to face in the rotunda of the ——— Hotel, as I have already related. Recognition was mutual and instantaneous. He was looking well, the picture of prosperity, I thought, but there was a hint of dissipation in the eye. He had settled down in the Alberta district, where he held large ranching interests, and, having some idea of going into a newspaper venture, he had come into Winnipeg to secure a man to undertake the management of his ranch. At a dinner given in my honor, he related to me, in a humorous way, his experiences, and I saw, by the guests he had gathered around him, that the pace he was going at was a pretty high and fast one. Among the guests was a man named Boscomb. To Boscomb I took an immediate and unconquerable dislike, and I saw with alarm that this man's ascendency over O'Brien was most complete and doubtfully good.

I liked my friend O'Brien, liked his careless, happy-go-lucky way, and I ventured to say to him that my opinion of his acquaintance, Boscomb, was a bad one. O'Brien threw back his head and laughed. "He's a bit vain of his looks," he said, good-humoredly, turning the subject. "I'm taking some shares in his paper, you see, and——" he stopped speaking, placed one finger upon the open page of the paper before him and exclaimed, "I've got him at last!" O'Brien dropped the paper to pick up and relight his cigar, and then he looked at me with a satisfied smile, as he repeated: "I've got him!" Extending, at the same time, the paper and designating a certain point in the "want" column, he added: "Read that."

I looked at the place indicated, and saw there a single line. It ran: "Wanted — Work. Patsy-Boy, Sun office." That was all; simply "wanted work."

"It has got the right ring about it, I admit," I said, but surely you haven't forgotten that 'worthy young man' who deceived you on the advanced passage money?" and I laughed to see the color rise and heighten on his brow. The day previous a sweet-voiced youth was engaged by my friend, and, at his earnest request, advanced his passage money, left to secure his baggage and "say good-bye" to "his mother." To the disgust of the Colonel, he never reappeared, and the warm-hearted employer declared his intention to be more cautious.

"This, as you say," said the Colonel, rising, and ignoring all reference to his "worthy young man," "has the right ring about it. Come with me, we will go at once and interview Patsy-Boy."

Patsy-Boy was there in person. The moment we entered the office I knew the man, for man he was, although the form was almost boyish, so slight was his frame, slight and stunted in growth; the face was strangely aged looking, but truth and honest purpose shone through the careworn expression. He was leaning forward, his arms crossed upon a stout stick, and at his feet lay a small bundle. I watched his eager face, which was turned to a lank and clerical-looking gentleman, interrogating in turn, the clerk, standing behind the narrow counter, and again the Irish boy-man; the chief determination it would seem on the part of the clerical interlocutor to be understood that what he chiefly "requiahed" was "most positively a High Chawchman!"

"I say, Patsy-Boy," shouted the office clerk, bending over the counter to make himself heard, for the roar of machinery, above, below, behind and beyond, was almost deafening, evidence that the evening Sun was rising from the form horizon, "this gentleman wants a high churchman. What church do you belong to?"

"Shure, 'tis the thrue church I be belongin' to," answered Patsy-Boy, simply, fixing two big, blue, anxious eyes upon the face of the clergyman, while a half-defined fear in the sigh that followed made the lip tremble, as he added, brightly: "I kin worruk, yer honor!"

"Oh, that's all right," said the attendant, briskly, placing a penholder airily over one ear, nodding with a resigned pathos to the clerical gentleman, who had shaken his head knowingly as he proceeded to put on a glove. As he turned away, with grave deliberation, he said: "You won't do at all——next!" and, waving an arm eloquently in the direction of the doorway, the youth behind the counter removed the pen to the other ear, and gave a further order to the waiting crowd to "move up there!"

"I want a man," said the Colonel, elbowing his way to the front; and, turning to Patsy-Boy, he placed a hand upon one broad shoulder and asked: "Can you manage horses, my man?"

Patsy-Boy's assuring answer was: "Faix I niver thried, yer honor, but I'll go bail I kin if a sthrong arrum an' a willin' hand be anny good in the worruld at all, at all."

It was with a broad smile the Irishman shouldered his bundle,—"all I've got in the worruld, yer honor," in response to the Colonel's "You'll do," —and trudged along in the wake of his new-found master.

Patsy-Boy proved himself a trustworthy and painstaking servant. His straightforward, honest, truthful ways won his employer's confidence from the first, and his willingness to do whatever was at hand, and to do it well, made him an invaluable help to O'Brien, whose peculiarities had led those who understod him the best to express the opinion "he needs looking after." Patsy-Boy soon found out that his master was "fond of the craythers," as he confided to me one evening shortly after our advent at Silverthaw. "Shure, yez'll spake t' the masther, sor, fer 'tis not fer the loikes av' me 't be deludherin' him wid thrubbles —an' plaze warrn him, yer honor, that thim min over beyant is atein' their heads off, an' not airnin' the salt in their petaties!"

This was intimated plainly to the owner of Silverthaw, who continued hopelessly inebriate, and only dimly understood the facts.

Patsy-Boy would, upon receiving his maudlin instructions, wrinkle his brow in a bewildered way, and, with a look of profound commiseration and grief bestowed upon his master, he would say to himself: "Och, shure it's many's the toime poor Father O'Nale prached in the little chapel at Ballybroken, "Sthrong dhrink is a mocker," an' faix so it is, an' no misthake!"

It was the last evening of my stay at Silverthaw. We were discussing an idea of O'Brien's, whereby the water from the Bow River could be brought up to the corral, and, with the plans laid out upon the grass, where we were seated—Patsy-Boy near by, engaged in repairing a broken harness—we discussed the probable cost.

"Beggin' yer par-r-don, sor," said Patsy-Boy, dragging his work a step nearer, "but don't ye think it 'ud be a dale aisier—inexpensive, I mane—t' move the bastes t' the wather, than go t' the expense av' dhraggin' the wather t' thim? Shure, I moind at home onct, me ancesthors made a grate sluice entoirely, thinkin' t' dhraw the wather from Lake Killaglow to The Place, sor, an' it was all well an' good fer a toime, but the lake wint——"

"What Place?" interrupted the Colonel, abruptly. I saw his face suddenly alter in expression. Catching the unusual sharpness of the tone, Patsy-Boy had dropped the bit of leather and was gazing up at his master, without answering.

"What Place are you talking about?" repeated the Colonel, who had risen and was looking, or more properly, glaring, at his servant.

To be continued.

RESTRICTED IMMIGRATION.

EDWARD O'DONNELL,

Secretary Boston Central Labor Union.

"Thou shalt not!"

Since the early settlement of America this brazen legend has met the longing eyes of the exile.

Oh, yes; there were two exceptions, two memorable occasions upon which the inhospitable mandate did not greet the strangers—during the periods of the revolution and the civil war. The strong-armed immigrant received a hundred thousand welcomes, when his life-blood was needed to cement this republican structure, and to uphold its standard—the stars and stripes—by treason imperilled. The spirit of exclusion stole on board the "Mayflower," with those who fled from the lash of persecution; and, in time, they, the victims of intolerance, became the most intolerant.

Not only did they object to the intrusion of those who came after them, but in their selfishness and fanaticism they drove into the fastnesses of this great land those who were in possession before them. The Blue Laws of New England states today bear testimony to the blinded zeal and petty tyranny of those fanatics who demanded freedom for themselves.

Chance and nature placed at their disposal boundless opportunity for a new, a greater and a broader civilization, but greed and narrow-mindedness interposed their barriers. With a few noble exceptions, this spirit predominates today among those who boast of being Americans, and, strange as it may seem, the contagion is rapidly spreading to a class of immigrants, who, within our own time, fled the privation and industrial oppression of the Old World to find relief and an asylum here.

"Thou shalt not!" is suspended upon two pegs. Religious and national hatred, and a sentimental interpretation of industrial economics. With the former I have no concern; growing intelligence and time must bring fuller knowledge and appreciation. About the latter, a great deal may be said.

When we contrast the condition of the labor market prior to 1846, when no legal barriers were raised against the great tide of immigration, with that of today, the inquiry is forced upon us: "Is immigration the sole cause of industrial depression?"

Wages were at a very low ebb, the hours of labor were long, social environment was no better than now and a cruel servitude tainted the atmosphere of mill and workshop. Yet the only cry of discontent from the so-called native mechanic was against the immigrant, who, it was claimed then, as today, was dangerous to the industries of the land, and a menace to the workers, because he sometimes accepted a lower wage. The American toiler could not perceive in the forces against which he was up in arms elements of his own future industrial enfranchisement. He could not understand that those people were a little better informed than he was upon the causes responsible for his economic enthralment.

Progress, owing to the mental inactivity of the American worker, was at a standstill, yet he was unable to conceive that, not in immigration, but in conditions for which his contentment was partially responsible, the chief grievance was centered. The immigrant, reared in a state of servility un-

known to the American since the revolution, brought with him a spirit of independence and resistance not yet developed even in free America, and the first movement undertaken by him was a vigorous protest against the wages accepted by the natives with scarcely a murmur.

Exclusion, regarded as the great panacea, prevailed here and there, but craft organization, for the increasing of wages, and protest against unhealthy, artificial conditions, was founded by the new-comers.

The spirit of uneasiness and revolt engendered by similar environment in the Old World, under the modicum of freedom enjoyed here, soon reached its level, and the craft associations springing into existence made themselves felt in demands for improved conditions. The "native" workmen became shocked at the impertinence of the despised ones, and very often refused, as they do today, to co-operate for the general good, and measures tending to their betterment had to be forced upon them, just as is done to a considerable extent for the good of workers of the present.

It is preposterous to assume that the trend of human ambition is not for better and more livable conditions. No one hugs poverty through love of poverty; the general desire is for better food, better clothes, better homes, a more congenial environment; hence it is illogical to argue that exiles from the old land do not come here under such inspiration. That they do not always succeed must not be attributed to their lack of desire or willingness to secure, by effort, that which we, moved by similar ambition, obtained, despite adverses. We are all the victims of circumstances. With the boundless, yet chained opportunities of this mighty expanse of land, there is no excuse for this demand of restriction, no apology for poverty; the evil lies in another direction.

Enterprise is at a standstill, the accomplishments of scientific progress are mortgaged by the few, and trust and combine seize the wider opportunities to add to their already dangerous accumulations of wealth. They have no desire to more generally distribute the blessings of prosperity which fall into their hands.

With the mediums of transportation and communication in the hands of a limited number, the fruits and efforts of the producers art not enjoyed by the many. The displacement of free markets by legalized stock gambling, which not only robs the toiler, but the purchaser, is one potent cause of industrial suffering.

Why is it bacon, corn and many other articles of necessary consumption, for lack of which thousands perish in our cities, are used for fuel in many parts of this great land, where coal and wood are plentiful?

Go ask the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Mackays, who control transit; their wealth gives answer. In restricted conditions, and not in restricted immigration, the evil finds nutrition; and so long as the contributions of science toward the amelioration of the toilers are mortgaged and turned aside from the natural channel—the general welfare—will those very conditions exist.

If the wage slave was certain of permanent residence in any one land, in any one territory, in any one state, and was assured of a competent livelihood, there might be room for apology in protest against intrusion. But, since exile and transition stare every workman in the face, false indeed is the reasoning that would block ingress and egress by insurmountable barriers. Perhaps the most absurd allegation in favor of further restriction is that of overproduction.

Is there really a single student of political or industrial economics who seriously regards overproduction even as a fact, let alone as an aggravated result of over-population? When mil-

lions of people are insufficiently clothed, where is the overproduction? When millions of homes are confined to a few sparsely furnished rooms, where is the overproduction? When millions are lingering along in a state of semi-starvation, where is the overproduction?

Away with such a far-fetched, unsustainable, unwarranted argument. It emanates from the very sources responsible for the conditions that turn free immigration temporarily aside from its predestined beneficence.

America today stands gloriously before the world as a mighty monument, builded upon the energy, brain and muscle of alien elements, while the rags, and misery, and crime, and discontent which loiter around the outskirts of our industries are the direct results of an unhealthy greed that is rapidly undermining civilization.

The dignity of labor, the tendency toward shorter working hours and better wages for the toilers of our land, owe little or nothing to the American, so-called, but, unless the personnel of the large armies of organized labor throughout the length and breadth of this great country is misleading, progress owes most to immigration—a fact the most rabid restrictionist dare not seek to refute.

The recent convention of the American Federation of Labor, held at Cincinnati,—a mighty earnest of better times and unrestricted prosperity,—bore incontrovertible testimony to the fact that immigration is neither blemish nor hindrance to our industrial and social welfare.

There were just about four delegates who could claim Americanship beyond their fathers. Those are the people who are combating the encroachments of unscrupulous capital, laboring unceasingly in the interest of the half-clad, half-fed millions, who are being forced into the sweating dens of our great cities, not because of immigration, but because of restricted opportunity.

"Who are the scabs, chiefly, in all of our strikes?" asked a Boston delegate to the American Federation convention.

"Americans!" was the quick response of all the Western delegates.

In labor difficulties, the backbone to the situation is at all times the despised immigrant. He is always to be found in the vanguard of sacrifice. Brain, heart and arm are at the service of the cause. If he were as indifferent in action as the so-called American is breezy in his vaporings, there would, indeed, be little left for native or stranger to fight over.

America holds nothing sacred that has not been baptized in the best blood of the immigrant, and, if the republic were threatened to-morrow the immigrant would rise to defend it, leaving safer situations to the descendants of the "Mayflower," so numerous on the rostrum, so few in the breach.

If the well-intentioned gentlemen among the ranks of the opulent, now so generously interested in erecting barriers against the stranger, would only devote a third of the same force in having removed some of the barriers now holding enterprise in check, their sincerity would command more confidence and attention.

The dangerous feature of this annual cry for restriction lies in the fact that the very people against whom the cruel edict is a perpetual menace are being prejudiced in its favor by the promulgation of a sentimental literature.

The misleading cry of "self-preservation," flung broadcast by a reviving knownothingism, unreasoningly finds abiding place in their minds to such a degree that they are already calling for restriction not only between nations, but states, and cities and towns; and, unless the restriction craze is stamped out, before it reaches further absurd, extravagant proportions, a system of espionage will control the every-day movements of the people.

Will it need a revolution to impress upon the mongers of the fallacious doctrine of further restriction the peril they are inviting, the chaos to which they are drifting?

The disastrous results of immigration among the miners is another of the choice arguments in favor of restriction, but the flippancy with which even this objection is put forth bears evidence of wilful or feigned ignorance. What says John McBride, for years the tried and trusted president of the United Miners of this country, and at one time president of the American Federation of Labor?

"The evil does not lie in immigration, but in unnatural conditions." In connection with this proposition, at the late convention of the A. F. of L., he made a telling and masterly speech against the cry of further restriction. Will anyone say that John McBride, born amid the privations of an American miner's hut, does not know what he is talking about?

I will certainly take the testimony of the man whose early bread was powdered with the dust of the coal shaft, rather than biased declarations of the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge. John McBride shows a clearer and more logical grasp of the great problem of immigration than does even Mr. Lodge, whose reasonings are founded purely upon theory.

It would be wrong to claim that a gentleman like Mr. Lodge was wilfully misleading in his premises, but I trust he will forgive me for saying that he must have studied political economy upside down, and at such a remote period that he is unconsciously misleading himself.

Mr. Lodge calls for an educational test. Would it not be well to go into the wilds of his own New England States,—New Hampshire, Maine and Vermont, for instance,—where native ignorance vastly prevails, where more injury is done in one month by cheap, competitive labor of ignorant, so-called Americans, than is effected in one year's experience of unlimited immigration.

He does not need to soil his shirt bosom with the dust of the coal mine; let him accompany me through the farm homes of New England, where the wives and daughters and farm helpers are making garments for less remuneration than is paid the most wretched sweater in the slums of New York.

Here are some of the conditions referred to by the president of the Miners' Union. Those people work every hour of the day and late into the night for sums that would make even a sweater blush.

Before accepting or encouraging the doctrines of restriction leagues, first ascertain by whom they are made up, and you will find the finger of know-nothingism sticking out. You will find them made up of a class who have never been actuated by a sentiment of sympathy for the toiling masses. Capitalists, lawyers, place-seekers and officeholders are the men who comprise such reform (?) leagues.

Through the glasses of twenty-eight years' experience in the labor movement, I perceive at the root of all this awakening zeal an insidious spirit of hostility toward the growth of international labor co-operation, a potent influence in the destiny of the toilers of the world, whose interests are common and identical. Before the labor movement can array itself on the side of men who have no other solution for industrial depression and oppression than restrictive legislation, it must away with dissimulation, and tell the wage serfs of the earth that an international fraternity is impossible, that the card of craft membership is meaningless.

Is the labor movement of America, erected upon so much struggle, sacrifice and experience, prepared to accept the latter alternative?

I think not.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

Now that agitation is ripe to exclude immigrants who cannot stand an "educational test," would it not be well for rabid advocates of education abroad to satisfy themselves relative to the mental attainments of those born to the wonderful advantages of fair America?

Why not apply the "educational test" to the native born children of this land of educational opportunities? Visit the reform schools, the truants' schools, the prisons, various houses of detention and correction, the homes for abandoned and destitute children, and an appalling aggregate of ignorance will confront you. If many of these unfortunates should be possessed of a desire to "move on" it would be difficult indeed for them to pass an examination involving a knowledge of the primer, to say nothing of such intellectual achievements as adding figures over ten, or writing a name legibly.

Illiteracy is rampant among the very classes who most need the elevating influence of educative forces. In large cities school attendance is supposed to be secured by the compulsory clause with its pains and penalties for negligent parents, and a further provision for "corralling" in truant schools wayward children who reject alike parental restraint and state authority. The equipment of these schools and the professional training of the teachers employed are matters that might be looked into.

Judging by their proficiency or deficiency those rebels against intellectual development have accomplished their purpose, and can no more stand an educational test than can the Slav or Polish immigrant.

They are children of the soil, born with the eagle overhead, the stars and stripes waving over their cradle, and the shibboleth "Education" sounding through the land, but the force of home environment dominates their destiny and moulds them into vagrant ways. Before the state, so watchful of the strangers at her gates, has time to attend to her offspring, character is undermined and the little child, so docile, so susceptible to moral guidance, has developed into the wayward boy or girl, no longer pleading to be led, but laughing to scorn the authority that would snatch him or her from the street and order imprisonment in a class-room.

Again, go out from the cities (you need not go beyond the sound of the railway whistle), and you meet ignorance, due not to unwillingness on the part of the illiterate, but to the parsimony and culpable negligence of those who should guard their interests. In sections "the little red school house," like the heads of the patriots (?) who made it their war-cry, is too often empty. The shutters sag, the glass is gone, the door has many chinks, and grass grows or snow drifts in the aisles.

This desolation is due to many causes. The "schoolmarm" may have married, or flitted to another "deestrict" where she could "hire out" to better advantage; the trustees or "selec'men" may have differed about whose daughter should have the school, or they may aspire to engage a licensed teacher, and her "wages" may be the bone of contention upon which the fathers of the hamlet try their teeth. Normal school graduates, especially holders of first-class certificates, are apt to be "sassy" and exacting in their demands. Hence the dearth of qualified teachers outside the towns. Talent asserts itself everywhere but turns naturally to the city for fuller development.

Be the causes what they may, the amount of native ignorance in this intellectually endowed Union is colossal. The need is urgent to improve the standard of common school education, and to guard the waifs and strays, and the children of negligent parents, that it will be impossible to deprive them of their educational rights.

Until this is done jibing at the ignorance of immigrants, or lamenting their deficiencies, reminds one of the immortal Mrs. Jelleby whose energy was devoted to the propagation of a mission abroad, while her home darlings imperilled life and limb tumbling downstairs and into area windows.

* * *

The press is having its own way about the Cuban trouble. It is a great thing to be an editorial general in these days. The man at the desk can give his readers a bird's eye view of the battlefield and all the details of outlying situations. At his call (through the tube at his elbow) "Our special correspondent" hurries from some inky den near by, and the plan of action is rapidly sketched. Treachery is suggested, cruelty openly charged, atrocities dwelt upon, and general premises advanced relative to the action of other powers.

That is about all there is to many "authentic reports from Cuba." So little is known about the real situation that level

heads are slow in formulating opinions and prudent speech still slower in expression.

The current of sympathy naturally flows towards the oppressed, and Cuba's desire for freedom appeals strongly to a nation of freemen.

Respect for the international law, and an uncertainty of feeling relative to Cuba's attitude, have so far prevented any manifestation of partisanship, but if half the accounts of cruelties practiced be true this neutrality may not much longer be maintained without leaving this country open to grave charges of heartlessness, and callous indifference.

The very fact that this republic owes its unity to that tremendous struggle, the civil war, makes the nation wary of interference between Cuba and Spain. What of that earlier period of strife when the colonies wrested themselves free from the control of the mother-country?

Those old world countries are greedy parents. They have levied upon their children, taxed them to excess, by their exigent demands, goaded them into rebellion, and forced them to take up arms in self-defense. Arms against a natural protector!

How much better if the family law of love could govern nations. Guidance and protection through the years of infancy and early youth, freedom with the strength and wisdom of maturity, and ever the loyal response to the claims of love and duty.

Cupidity is the hall-mark of monarchies. Spain has much to lose in freeing Cuba; great natural resources, mines, forests and fertile soil prepared to yield a wealth of treasure; a geographical location of much importance, and a people endowed with a vitality making of them valuable allies. What wonder that the mother country seeks to retain her grasp.

* * *

The Literary Digest has been translating Spanish press comments on the Cuban question. We print some of the "pretty things" being said about American interference.

The Dia, Madrid, says:

"The United States acts in a manner which, if it was at all common, would make peaceful relations among the nations of the earth impossible. The Americans interfere in matters which do not concern them, and foster rebellion in the most unwarranted fashion. Their threats of war go for nothing, they are far too cowardly to come to actual blows. The United States acts like a thief, willing to steal, if thieving was not so dangerous. Spain will never give up to the thief."

The Espana Moderna, Madrid, in summing up the wrongs suffered by Spain at the hands of the United States, says:

"Monarchy or republic, Spain has always been treated equally unjustly by the Americans. When the Spanish Republic introduced reforms in Cuba, America interfered. We were preparing for a rule much superior to the institutions of the United States. For while liberty and equality are nominal only in America, we removed the social barrier which, in the United States, divides the liberated slave from his erstwhile master. We hoped to introduce purity in politics. But the nation whose notorious corruption has infected the entire American continent has never ceased to send its filibustering expeditions to Cuba, making it impossible for us to proceed with our reforms.

"This nation, which proudly claims to be called Christian, continues to foment with fiendish delight one of the most destructive of civil wars the world has known. That such a blindly cruel people should have developed under the banner of freedom is enough to dash to the ground the hopes of democracy."

In the Liberal Senor Pidal, Speaker of the Spanish Commons, likens the United States to a colossus with feet of clay, and adds:

"The Americans are rich, and they will think twice ere they attack the poor hidalgos, whose only heirloom now is their sword. We must not boast, but be quiet and firm, leaving the result of the struggle to Providence. Those who cried lightly 'A Berlin,' afterward passed through the horror of the Commune. Spain is not invincible, but neither is she to be despised as an enemy, as history proves. A small but desperate army may well overcome large forces."

* * *

"A Round Table of Representative American Catholic Novelists" has leaped to success. Its merits would ultimately have accomplished this happy result, but an unforseen circumstance undoubtedly lent impetus. The sneers of the hostile are mighty—in rallying friends. It is safe to say that that editorial in the Evening Post helped the sales more than did all the commendations in the Catholic press.

"Clannishness" is a strong character force, the fact that it is often dormant in no way lessening its strength. The call is all that is needed to waken it into aggressive life.

To have served as a support to a cause it meant to belittle is enough to make the Post fall prone upon the earth in abasement, to be stepped over by the hundreds of Catholics intent on the purchase of the book it advertised so widely.

Will some other journal inclined to be funny or scornful hasten the publication of a third edition?

* * *

After all the "good old times" of which we hear so much had their drawbacks.

Thought had its limits as regards expression, and action was decidedly restricted. The "impulsive" individual must often have experienced inconvenience, and kleptomaniacs rarely offended more than once.

Here are a few thoughts on the subject contributed by an exchange:

"Even so recently as four years after the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, said Sir Benjamin Baker in his Presidential address to the civil engineers, certain Dorsetshire laborers ventured to form a trade union, and were sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for their pains. A couple of centuries ago the magistrates fixed the rate of wages at quarter sessions according to the price of food and clothing, the average being about one shilling per day for carpenters and masons, eight pence for laborers and four pence for women, with a deduction of one penny per day during winter months. The hours of labor for all classes were from 5 A. M. to 8 P. M., with two hours and a half off for meals and rest. The penalty for an employer departing from these regulations in many places was ten days' imprisonment and five pounds fine, and for a workingman twenty-one days' imprisonment. No man in search of work could beg without a license, the statutory penalty for the first offense being whipping at a cart's tail 'till the body be bloody by reason of such whipping,' while the second offense meant the loss of an ear and two days' scourging, and the third one hanging."

* * *

It is not always well to yield to the mighty, if we may call mighty the infidel government that drove the Sisters of Charity out of the hospitals of France. Their act has recoiled, the many difficulties engendered by the change making compulsory some measure of reform. The present position is thus summarized in the Catholic News:

"France has long ago regretted the change that placed lay-nurses in the hospitals where before the gentle, noble and self-sacrificing Sisters of Charity looked after the sick. The nuns were ejected to satisfy the infidels who were in control of the government, but so frequent have been the scandals in the hospitals since that it is regarded as certain that the only way to effect a reform is to place the Sisters in charge again. The latest of the many scandals occurred at the Lariboisiere Hospital, where a matron has been discovered to have pilfered 100,000 francs worth of bonds and jewelry and 40,000 francs in hard cash from deceased patients during her twelve months of authority. One paper says that such a stupendous fraud, coming as it does on the top of an endless series of tales of neglect, cruelty and incompetence on the part of the lay nurses, will, it is to be hoped, rouse the authorities to a thorough inquiry. The same authority declares that today it is notorious that the lay-nurses frequently appropriate for their own use the wine and spirits supplied for their patients. France's concession to the spirit of irreligion has led her into other mistakes that she is sorry for now."

* * *

With more force than elegance an indignant journal discourses on the baseness of ingratitude, and has this to say of a case cited in proof:

"Mr. Jourdan is a member of the French Parliament. For years he has waged war against belief in God; against the Church, against the prelates, priests and nuns, all of whom he declared he would send to the guillotine if he could. During all this time his daughter has been, and now is being, educated by the nuns of The Assumption at Neuilly, and educated and supported for nothing, as he said he was too poor to pay for her board and tuition. The good nuns never told this.

* *

In the North American Review Rev. Dr. William Bayard Hale deplores the tendency towards the novel in church entertainments.

He has kept a record of entertainments given by religious societies in the United States from June 1, 1895, to June 1, 1896, and this record, which of course is but fragmentary, includes more than five hundred such occasions. "It is with a sense of amazement, tinged with admiration," he says, sarcastically, "that a student discovers with what increasing ardor the institution, founded not to be ministered unto but to minister, is giving itself to the duty of providing fun at a minimum cost; with what unexampled philanthropy it is placing within reach of the humblest and poorest of Christian people the Female Minstrel, the Dog-Show, the Dance of the Wood-Nymphs, the Brownie Drill, and kindred joys."

Verily, our differing brethren have no lack of variety, either in creed or recreation.

"That's all your priests learn you," is a childish taunt that has stung many a youthful Catholic heart. In our school experience few of us have escaped having this reproach flung at us, and not even the pleasure of correcting the offender's English removed the soreness of the sting. It was only in the stronghold of the Catholic home that the hurt was healed, and the father's or mother's advice to show by our lives the teaching of our priests incited a resolve to be worthy of the great gift of Catholic faith.

The following excerpt from Dr. Conaty's last lesson to his people on the occasion of his farewell address should be memorized in every Catholic home in the land:

"Be good Catholics, staunch, every-day Catholics; Catholics everywhere, always showing to the world the blessings of the faith of Christ, which is the source of all true life. Be not satisfied with a little Catholicity, be not veneered Catholics, but Catholics to the core. Be Catholics of the altar, Catholics of the sacraments, Catholics because of the faith you have received. Stand by the principle of temperance and sobriety, which I have been proud to teach you by word and example. Be men and women worthy of the love of the Sacred Heart."

* * *

Why is it that Catholic publications have such a struggle for existence? Even the most prosperous are hampered and restricted by lack of means. Catholics as a body seem ready and willing to support any and every cause except that of the Catholic press. Take up the Catholic exchanges and in how many of them do you find an appeal not only for wider encouragement, but to the honesty of delinquent subscribers, exhorting them to pay their just due.

People who are scrupulously honest in other respects have no scruple in letting a subscription run as many years as the confiding character of the publication will permit.

An editorial brother, long-suffering we doubt not, thus expresses his opinion on this point:

"If they have not the amount of the arrears, they should pay what they can, and if they cannot pay just now they should write and state their reasons and make arrangements for payment. To send back a draft without paying anything at all on it, and without giving any reason, looks as if such persons did not intend to pay, and if so, such persons should be known to the community. To take a paper for two or three years and then refuse to pay for it, is stealing, and we honestly believe it would be well for the community to know such people, and we have a great mind to publish their names, and we very probably will."

He has our hearty sympathy. Even such a publication as Donahoe's, with a subscription list of which the management is justly proud, has its plaint to make anent thoughtless subscribers, whose remissness in a measure prevents the addition of new features and the purchase of further attractions.

If this should come to the notice of such subscribers it is our earnest hope that they will read carefully, apply the moral, and remit to our counting room, where even tardy receipts are very acceptable.

* * *

A different phase of this question of the maintenance of a Catholic press is tersely presented by another Catholic exchange:

"It is time that Catholic Americans look upon this thing in serious consideration. For very shame sake, they ought to support their own. Since the whole world does honor in some sense—either in fear of the result or in honest acknowledgment of truth and consistency—to the faith of Catholics, Catholics should do honor themselves to all that pertains to the upholding, encouragement and adorning of that faith. They should face the non-Catholic world of friends and countrymen with their opinion in favor of Catholic learning and its expression. It is in the power of the Catholic public to make their magazines all and more than the Catholic publications now are. Much of the best work in these last is done by Catholics in Catholic spirit, but not with distinctive Catholic expression. Give them a public one with them at heart, and their work for it will not lose an atom of worth, a spark of fire. Already Catholic periodicals are at the head of the list for solid matter, since the deep thinker, the honest lover of his kind, is always willing to widen the boundaries of the kingdom of knowledge, even at his own expense. But the graces and elegancies of fiction, poetry and art come high—must be well paid for. Catholic editors would only too gladly pay for them if they could. Put it in their power. Subscribe for Catholic magazines at least equally with the others. Ask for them at news stands and library desks. Lend them, talk of them. Be honest and strong and open as Catholic readers as well as Catholic church-goers. Do your duty—only your duty, even—and if Catholic editors do not now give you what you want—(and nine-tenths of you do not know whether they do or not since you never read to see)—you will have it in your power to force them to please you in the future."

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Suggestions from Our Prize Contestants.

The value of cheery, encouraging words is beyond computing. They have a potent effect for good, and help over the rough bits of our daily way.

An optimist may once in a while do harm, but who ever knew a pessimist do any good? Now and again we hear from a pessimist, a dreary creature, and occasionally the severe critic marks us for his victim; but, thank fortune, the harm he does us is more than compensated by the commendation of cheery friends and the frank criticisms of those who speak or write with kindly purpose. It pleases us much to acknowledge our indebtedness, and no effort shall be spared to make the magazine all that its benefactors desire to have it.

It is very gratifying to know that interest in Donahoe's is so widespread. In our Children's Department this month we publish letters from little prize winners, thousands of miles from one another, and in our Women's Department it is our pleasant duty to return thanks for the interest attested by hundreds of responses to our request for suggestions on the merits and needs of Donahoe's.

What helpful letters these are!

Our friend who asks for information on the Cuban question will find the beginning of the trouble summed up by Rev. Charles Warren Currier in Donahoe's, April, 1896, and its late phases are presented in the present issue in the article specially prepared by the Cuban writer, Carlos de la Isla.

"Papers on politics, labor, capital, in short, on all the important issues of the day, make pleasant and profitable reading for the head of the family," writes a friend from Belvidere, Ill. "Our youngest member, a little miss of three years, takes most interest in the pictures. She has learned to know many faces from them."

From Memphis, Tenn., comes a cheery picture of home, and the centre-table, that old-fashioned family favorite, heaped with books and papers, among which Donahoe's has its place. The writer in her pretty way tells us why—"for the society of sweet thoughts and pure aims." This is indeed a meed of praise worth winning.

"The cuts are beautiful, so clear, so distinct, and of such beautiful subjects that it is a delight to turn the leaves," says another reader. This feature of Donahoe's meets with universal approval.

A Roxbury correspondent asks us: "Would it be possible to have a series of papers on Ireland's contributions to the learning of the world, or on such other topic as would prove that culture does not necessarily come from every place in the world except the 'little green isle.' Has it not been fully proven that that true courtesy, bred of kindliness of heart, is a characteristic of the Irish? We know the papers on Irish subjects will be specially pleasing to this writer."

The new department, "People in Print," has already made many friends for Donahoe's. It has in view the making known everywhere of Catholic workers in various lines of public effort.

We feel that too much cannot be done to extend Catholic interests and to impress upon the people in general that in our Church can be found men and women fitted for any position demanding qualifications of brain, heart and soul.

Our people, especially our women, are naturally retiring, and the question arises if this hiding one's light may not be carried to excess, thereby injuring the Catholic cause. How often do we hear the charge made that Catholic women do not engage in charitable work as extensively as do their Protestant sisters. The trouble is that only half the truth is known. Our women shrink from publicity, and by so doing weaken their cause, depriving others of the example of good works.

The value of example is worth considering. We are much pleased that our article on "A Trip Along the Irish Rhine," gave so much pleasure to our Pittsburgh reader, whose father recognized in the pictures "his home, the convent, the school he attended, the cathedral and the store where his brother worked."

Some time ago we had a very pleasant letter from a girl reader whose mother recognized the scene in "Twin Opals" as the setting of her girlhood in far-off Kilkenny. From Albany comes the cheering assurance that our efforts are being appreciated and the valuable suggestions put forward by this subscriber will receive our best attention.

As an earnest of the fact that every part of Donahoe's is read, we have

a letter from a college student, a bright lad who ventures into the Women's Department just to tell us that our policy is agreeable to him. But, bless the boy; he has his little fling against the "new woman." He would bar her out. Now, isn't this a trifle unkind? Why not let her come in and become a real old-fashioned woman, with high ideals, and reverential appreciation of all things good and true? Our boy will learn that little tricks of manner and mannishness of dress are often only surface faults, covering the real beauty of heart and soul. It is a beautiful revelation when before the exigencies of life, the frivolous mask is put aside and the real woman looks forth strong enough and brave enough to grapple with the most difficult of life's problems. The world is full of just such women.

"There is no reason why sweet, tender, love stories in which honor, piety and religion take part should not be written for our young folks. Would that Mrs. Dorsey's place, so lately emptied, could be filled," writes a Washington reader whose letter is replete with suggestions, and who kindly enclosed the interesting enigmas printed in our Children's Department.

Mrs. Dorsey's death is indeed an irreparable loss to Catholic literature. But we must not be selfish in our regret. We know only the work she accomplished, the pleasure she afforded. He, who declared her life-work done alone knew how so spiritual a nature must have craved its reward.

The various departments are commented upon at length by our friends, and numerous ideas are suggested for the general improvement.

"The Catholic Question Box" is a universal favorite and one of our readers suggests extending its space by taking several pages from the advertising forms, for this feature and the Book Reviews. Personally, we should like to do it very much indeed—but—there is the business manager, and the advertising forms are his Eldorado, wherein no member of the editorial staff may stake a claim. On the contrary, we are at times forced to retire from our own boundary line and yield our coveted territory to the advertiser. Please remember this fact whenever your favorite departments have been cut down.

Rebel? Of course we do, but those business people are so prosaic. Much as we despise money, we weaken before the terse question, "How are you going to run it without the business department?" We have no words to meet such a situation. It simply appals us, and we are silent, "Just like a woman."

Thoughts.

Somebody says: "Ink won't smile," and it's very true. Be careful what you write, for your friend will receive the letter when it's cold and what you have said will sound entirely different from what you allowed to slip off your pen, perhaps thoughtlessly. Above all, never permit yourself to write a letter when angry.

The anger will cool and you'll wish the letter back when too late, but the mischief will have been done, and your friend hurt far more than you could imagine by the ink which "won't smile."

Saint Teresa of Jesus, when traveling, carried with her a tiny image of the Holy Child and a journey was no distraction to her. She conversed freely with those about her, always finding some lesson from the common incidents of the day, and carried with her such a smiling, gracious countenance that the rough mule drivers could not swear in her presence. If we carry the Holy Child in our hearts will not we be more like her on the journey of life?

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes—so far as he may be kept from sin and hedged about from evil by the earnestness of your prayers for him.

"Prayer is the bridge over temptations, the death of sadness, and the token of furture glory."—Saint John Climacus.

Saint Augustine says: "There is no true friendship save that which God creates between souls which adhere to Him." In forming a friendship, do you stop to ask, "Does this come from God; is it pleasing to Him, and will it draw me nearer to Him?" M. F. N.

Four Sisters.

A correspondent sends this account of a family in the village where she has spent seven years:

"The four 'Francis girls,' as we call them, were left early to shift for themselves alone. Their farm had to be sold, and they came to this little manufacturing town, and rented the lower part of a house just on the outskirts of Z——. Cynthy was a victim of asthma, but she was a brave, bright creature, and the soul of the household. She worked with a dressmaker and

in good times earned $6.00 a week. Hattie waited on the customers in a candy shop, and earned $4.00 or $5.00 a week. Annie worked in a straw shop, and when the season was dull, she worked in families by the day. The youngest sister stayed at home and kept house for the other three. By her thrift and care, the hardly-gained money of the bread-winners went a long way, and the home was peaceful and happy; in spite of Cynthy's frequent "spells of asthma."

These girls sawed and split their own wood, and worked hard to make the two ends meet. They are respected and loved by all the people in our village, and they lead a pleasant life together. Many a time when I lived near them, I heard on summer evenings their happy voices ring out in the night air." EMMA FORBES CARY.

A Novel Proposal.

An English lady, Mrs. Alice Hayes, thinks that she has found a solution to our domestic problem by discovering "the boy housemaid." This remedy will not appeal to the judgment of most housekeepers, but it should not be wholly condemned. There are women who cannot "get along" (to use an inelegant expression) with women, and are never irritated by the masculine way of looking at matters, squarely and without sentiment. In China and Japan men servants are more often employed than women servants, and they give satisfaction. The Oriental "boy" is usually a grown man, and the boy housemaid proposed by Mrs. Hayes would be a lad. Still I am inclined to believe that he would suit some housekeepers better than a female attendant, perhaps, because they understand boys better than girls, possibly because the boy housemaid would not ask to be understood.

Women Gardeners.

Women of Germany have found a new occupation in which to employ their skilful fingers and artistic tastes. It is gardening. In a suburb of Berlin is a large school of gardening for girls, and although a comparatively new venture, it is successful. The pupils are dressed in dark gray uniforms, and are fifteen in number. They do all the work themselves, and besides all kind of vegetables, they raise lemons, grapes, pears, and apples, for which a ready sale is found.

These female gardeners are all specimens of healthy, vigorous womanhood. At an examination recently held, they excelled all their male opponents, and one girl was recently appointed gardener to a gentleman at a salary of $1,200 a year, with board and lodging.

In the future, women may be eligible for the position of head gardeners at an excellent salary. And why not? They have naturally finer tastes than men, and should be quite in their element designing beautiful pleasure grounds. Digging is not harder than the athletic woman's recreation, and sharpens the appetite, and develops muscle.

Physical Training for Public Schools

Looking back over the last few years one must be impressed with the rapid growth of two ideas which have been imported from Europe into American schools, viz: the kindergarten and manual training. Both are founded on wise and logical principles, and neither has anything to undo on the same lines. Those who control and direct the education of this country have become firmly convinced of the necessity of these agents in molding the moral character of the child. But there is something still to be added before the general plan of public education shall be complete, and that is physical training.

The moral and mental effects of physical education are not apparent to the casual observer, but it is surprising that public opinion has not sooner been aroused on the subject of producing healthy bodies. Perhaps it is because America has grown so fast that the attention of her people has had no chance to be directed towards anything but keeping up with the procession. To stop for rest or recreation along the way would mean being left behind; so it has been "Hurry! Hurry! Some one will get ahead of you!" until nature herself has stepped in and cried "Halt!"

But every great movement proceeds quietly, and though many of us regret that in our childhood we were denied the benefits of a thorough and systematic bodily training, we may yet rejoice that the present generation is likely to be more fortunate. In almost every important institution of learning, there is today some attempt at systematic physical training, while ten years ago it is doubtful if a dozen schools could be found that had anything more than hand and dumb-bells. The influence exerted by the introduction here of Swedish gymnastics has been unprecedented. When far-seeing teachers of gymnastics heard and saw what might be made out of

their profession, they eagerly grasped at this system that opened up an almost unlimited field of thought and action. Those who could not and would not see anything good in a foreign system, nevertheless, have been stung to exertion by the rapid advance of what they deemed a fad; and they have changed and improved so that they have made more progress in a few years than they would otherwise have made in a lifetime.

Now, although several hundred men and women in the United States are earning a living by teaching gymnastics, if we think of the thousands of schools where such instruction is not given, we shall be forced to admit that the profession of the physical trainer is far from receiving the recognition it deserves. Yet the very fact that the field is so broad and so little cultivated gives encouragement to the graduate of gymnastics who goes forth, armed with the necessary qualifications of success.

How shall principals, and committees, and superintendents be made to realize the importance of having gymnastics in their schools? They are usually quick to respond to any suggestion that seems really profitable. Then why should not those who have thoroughly learned the benefits to be derived from a systematic bodily training act as missionaries, and by untiring and patient personal effort, impart some of their knowledge to those who are now disposed to undervalue it?

The Germans should be accorded hearty praise for their enthusiasm and perseverance in keeping alive a love of athletics, and in stimulating the fancy of the uninterested by their frequent public exhibitions. For a long time the Germans were almost alone in their efforts towards popularizing gymnastics in this country, and making it a part of the common school education. That which appeals to an observer of their work today is their evident pride and delight in it. Doubtless, one potent reason for their success in introducing their work into the public schools of the West has been that the population of that section is largely German-American, and hence responsive to anything originating in the fatherland, but aside from this, the zeal, ambition and unity displayed by the leaders of German gymnastics would, of themselves, have accomplished excellent results.

The graduate of gymnastics, who sits at home and waits for a position to come knocking at her door, will say that there is no use in trying to do anything without influence, but though influence will accomplish much, energy will do even more. Bright girls, by persistent and intelligent effort, can create positions for themselves. Until a careful examination by competent judges becomes the test of fitness, applicants for positions, who have neither money-eyed influence nor powerful political patronage, must determine to compass their desires through energy, courage and perseverance.

Meanwhile, prejudice is being conquered, and scientific physical training, though still restricted as neither the kindergarten nor manual training has ever been, will, in the end take its right place as of first and greatest importance, for it alone can lay the proper foundation on which the others may build. Health! What can be accomplished without it?

BARONESS ROSE POSSE.

Effect of Wearing veils.

Although we hear, and occasionally read, of the ill-effects produced by veils upon the eyesight, very little has been done in the way of determining the exact degree of interference with vision which these ornamental and occassionally useful protectors bring about. The fact that the wearing of veils is productive of weak eyesight, headaches, and sometimes vertigo and nausea, is within the experience of every ophthalmologist. Not only are these effects produced by the eye-strain consequent upon the added efforts made by one or both eyes to see through or around an obstruction, but the irregular figuring on the veil itself is, in some instances, a source of annoyance. As in other cases of abuse, the burden rests heaviest upon the weakest eyes, and probably the reason why one encounters so comparatively few instances of asthenopia directly due to veil-wearing is that the embarrassed eyes are able to overcome the additional strain where the vision is normal, and the general health good.

A dozen persons were selected for the purpose of demonstrating the extent to which veils of various kinds influenced the eyesight, and the results warrant the following conclusions:

Every description of veil affects more or less the ability to see distinctly, both at a distance and near at hand:

The most objectionable kind is the dotted veil, although the influence of this variety for evil is more marked in some samples than in others:

Other things being equal, in undotted and unfigured veils, vision is interfered

with in direct proportion to the number of meshes to the square inch:

The texture of the veil plays an important part in the amount and kind of eye-strain produced by the veil; when the sides of the mesh are single, compact threads, the eye is embarrassed very much less in its effort to distinguish objects than when double threads are employed:

The least objectionable veil is that without dots, sprays, or other figures, but with large regular meshes made with single, compact threads.

It is not a necessary consequence of the wearing of veils that eye symptoms should result, for a healthy eye in a healthy body resists the strain of an impediment to vision just as it does other deleterious agents; and it is only when from other causes the eyesight is weakened that the wearing of an objectionable veil proves immediately and obviously hurtful. I have noted many cases of headache and painful vision, as well as other ocular symptoms, produced by veil-wearing in persons whose eyes were not over-strong, and I believe this practice is one of the agents, not perhaps always recognized, that contribute to ocular discomfort; it is not the part of wisdom to compel the visual organs to overcome unnecessary obstacles in the effort to see.

It has been urged in defense of veils, that they are often required for the protection of the face, to keep the hair in order, or to retain the hat in place. If the happiness and comfort of members of the gentler sex are thus bound up in veil-wearing, they should at least give preference to those veils that do the least harm.

But what cause can be urged for that not uncommon offense, the attempt to read through this unnatural screen? And yet such exhibitions are of every-day and every-night occurrence in places of public resort —street-cars, railway trains, churches, theatres, concert-halls, club-rooms, etc.—thus adding to the injury of defective distant vision the insult of eye-strain for near work. —Casey A. Wood, in Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

Hat Pins.

Now that these pins are so much used a cushion for them is very useful. An easy one to make is of two long pieces of satin ribbon, each six inches long and about an inch and a half wide. Fringe each piece at both ends for a distance of nearly, not quite an inch. Lay the two wrong sides together evenly, and, beginning a half inch from the fringe, sew them neatly one to the other by an over-hand seam. Shir one end of the long bag thus formed, using double silk thread of the same color as the ribbon, and fasten firmly. Then stuff the bag till it is round and smooth, shir the open end like the other, fastening that well, also. Get some baby ribbon and tie around each end at the shirring, making a number of loops and ends. When finished, the cushion will look like a little rolling pin. It is hung up at one end.

Another way to make the same thing is with a three-cent china doll. Take satin ribbon (yellow is a pretty color) three inches wide, and cut two pieces of equal length, each five inches long. Fringe the ends to the depth of an inch, and over-hand the sides of the two pieces neatly together, leaving the fringed ends for the bottom of the doll's dress. Turn in the raw edges at the top, and slip the china head through, cutting two small snips where the arms must come through. Tie the dress around the waist with baby ribbon the same shade, leaving some loops to hang up by. Then stand the doll on its head and stuff the bag full to the fringe. Close the lower ends just at the fringe with neat stitches. The best filling to use for either of these cushions is pieces of old flannel or an old stocking cut up as fine as possible.

Cheese.

In these days when informal suppers are popular, inexpensive dishes which can be prepared with little trouble are very much sought after. For such purposes, cheese is greatly in vogue.

Cheese crackers can be made in a few minutes, and are delicious to serve with cold ham or salad. Grate half pound of cheese very fine. Butter the long, flake crackers, sprinkle cheese lightly over them, lay in a pan and brown in the oven.

Another very fashionable adjunct for a chafing-dish supper, is the cheese-straw. Make a rich pie-crust, roll out very thin, moisten with water and sprinkle grated cheese over the surface.

Cut into thin strips, two inches long, and brown in a temperate oven.

A cheese omelet can be made with half a dozen eggs beaten stiff, salted and peppered to taste, and a half cup of grated cheese stirred in. Cook four minutes, over boiling water, stirring carefully; add half cup of milk, and serve on toasted crackers, garnished with parsley.

A very fashionable dish is the cheese

fondu, which is something like a Welsh rarebit, though more delicious and less indigestible.

The following receipt makes enough for six persons, and as it is easily made, and simply prepared, it will be found very delectable for a supper dish, especially if the hostess has a chafing-dish.

CHEESE-FONDU.

One cup of bread-crumbs, fresh and nice,
And two of grated cheese;
A cup of milk, two eggs, a pinch
Of soda, stirred with ease,
A piece of butter, just the size
Of English walnut, and then you
Add salt and pepper unto taste—
That's all for Cheese-fondu.

Just mix your crumbs and cheese all up
Together in a bowl.
Toss into melted butter, and
Then stir with all your soul.
Add milk and soda, pepper and salt—
(Stirring all this like mad),
The eggs at last—and you will have
A dish which is not bad.

Well, after all is in, you cook
Three minutes and no more—
You serve it piping hot on toast
Or biscuits. And then!
You'll have praises fit to turn your head.

Salad Dressing.

Here is a novel receipt for salad dressing given by the great epicure and wit, Sydney Smith, and said to be the finest receipt in the world:

Two boiled potatoes, strained thro' a kitchen sieve,
Softness and smoothness to the salad give;
Of mordant mustard take a single spoon—
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon;
Yet deem it not, thou man of taste, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
Four times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And twice with vinegar procured from town;
True taste requires it, and your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.
Let onions' atoms lurk within the bowl,
And scarce suspected, animate the whole;
And lastly, in the flavored compound toss
A magic spoonful of anchovy sauce.

The mastery of self is the end of true living, and this mastery is shown, not in the negative attitude, by the things we do not do, but by that mental power that compels the mind to positive attitude,—the forcing of the mind to do that against which it rebels.—The Outlook.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Striking out for Themselves.

(Concluded.)

"Well, I'll sell you a five-acre lot near the village for two hundred dollars, and you can work it out."

"Too much," answered Dave; "we want cheaper land, and are willing to go a longer distance from town."

"But that's cheap," expostulated Pylant, who began to fear he would have to pay out money. "How far would you be willing to go for land?" he added, as another idea seemed to strike him.

"Not particular, if the land is good and the price low."

"Then I've got the identical place for you," cried Pylant, his face brightening; "splendid land, and on a beautiful lake."

"How far?"

Pylant hesitated.

"Mebbe it's twenty miles or so," he at length said, slowly, "but it's good, and I'll let you have it low."

"Twenty miles is a long distance from town," said Dave, gravely, "but what'll you take?"

Fearing he would lose the sale, Pylant lowered the figures he had mentally fixed upon, and said quickly:—

"If you take the twenty acres, you can have it for three dollars and a half an acre. I reckoned on selling it to the party here last week, and I 'lowed to myself I'd ask four dollars. But, somehow, they didn't seem to take to it."

"Well," said Dave, slowly, as though hesitating, "I reckon we'll take it. Can you fix up the deed now?"

"Right off," said Pylant, quickly, fearing the boys might change their mind. "Here are the other five dollars I owe you."

Ten minutes later, Dave and Tom were the owners of the coveted twenty acres.

For the next two weeks the boys worked in the orange grove, and added another thirty-five dollars to their fund.

Their living cost very little, and they now had nearly fifty dollars between them.

Feeling comparatively wealthy, and with the prospect of, perhaps, weeks of idleness before them if they remained where they were, the boys concluded to remove to their new possession.

Provisions enough to last two months were purchased, and with these and a miscellaneous collection of kettles, axes, and other tools, the boys set out.

Although the load was packed and strapped to their backs in the most convenient manner, it took two days to complete their journey.

The third was spent in making a camp and looking up the stubs which marked the boundaries of their twenty acres.

Like most of the high pine land in Florida, their tract was comparatively free from palmetto and underbrush, and consequently much easier to clear than the low pine they had previously been at work upon.

Four weeks passed, and they had heard nothing from the surveying party.

Nearly three acres were cleared, and the boys were already calculating how many orange and lemon trees they would put out.

One morning, as Tom was digging a hole under the root of a lofty pine, preparatory to setting it on fire, he was greeted with a surprised,—

"Why, boys, what are you doing here?"

And he looked up to meet the keen eyes of the doctor.

"Clearing up our new purchase," answered Tow, quietly.

The doctor's shrewd face broadened into a smile.

"I see," he said, pleasantly; "but how much are we to pay you boys for outwitting us? I saw Pylant yesterday, and was told that you had the land. The old man was nearly frantic when one of us said we would be willing to go as high as twenty dollars an acre."

"I reckon we don't care to sell at present," said Dave. "Our twenty acres wouldn't make much difference to you, who own as many thousand around the lakes."

The doctor and his friends laughed good-humoredly.

'That's right, boys," said the one called "professor," "hold the land for an advance. It will come sooner than you expect, perhaps. But we shall want your services for the next three months, to help our surveyors, so be at our camp in the morning."

After this the boys could not complain of loneliness. A few weeks of surveying outlined the streets and blocks of the new town; a sawmill was quickly under way; buildings went up rapidly, and here and there were displayed the new goods of enterprising young merchants.

The fame of the new town spread through the surrounding country, and every day brought new arrivals seeking work; and soon hundreds of axes could be heard on the hillside, clearing the land, and making ready for the numerous young groves to be put out in the spring.

Dave and Tom had all the work they could do, and utilized the evenings and odd moments in burning the trees and stumps on their land. By the first of February they had five acres cleared and fenced, and ready for trees.

Believing the best to be the cheapest, they sent to one of the nurseries for three hundred and fifty budded trees. They took especial pains in setting them out, and in due time had as thrifty a young grove as one could wish to see.

The trees cost them all the money they had earned, and most of what they had laid aside; but when they looked at their beautiful young grove they were more than satisfied.

Before the end of the year the proposed railroad was built, and its advent made a tremendous rise in the value of land. The boys had many excellent offers, but invariably declined to consider them. As the station had been built very near them, they knew their place must advance rapidly.

However, shortly after the erection of the station, they received an unusually generous offer for their unimproved ten acres, and, after a short consultation, decided to accept it. Dave had not seen his people for nearly two years, and was anxious to visit them. Tom, who was alone in the world, was to remain and look after the grove.

So a few weeks later saw Dave walking up the lane to the old homestead. Knowing how particular his father was, he was greatly surprised at the thriftless look of everything. A man was hobbling across the yard as he approached, and Dave saw with dismay that the haggard face belonged to his father.

Their meeting may be imagined, and Dave soon knew of the broken leg, and the long, hard winter following it, with no one to look after things, and unpaid bills accumulating rapidly.

"A sorry home-coming, my boy," said his father, sadly.

But Dave's story quickly changed the aspect of things. The bills were paid, and then Dave talked and argued until his parents agreed to return with him and spend the winter in Florida, and give that genial climate a chance to make his father well and strong again.

Our Prize Winners.

We are very glad that our successful contestants are so well pleased with their watches. After all, there's nothing like trying, and we trust that any of our Department folks who didn't have courage enough to compete last time will be among the first to respond when in the near future another contest will be announced.

In the words of a dear old friend, we wish our watch winners "Long life to wear them—and all the days happy ones."

Gt. Falls, Mont., Jan. 1, 1897.

Donahoe's Magazine, 611 Washington St., Boston, Mass.:

Gentlemen—I wish to acknowledge the receipt of the watch, which arrived here on the 29th ult. I am more than satisfied with the remium, and if the time-piece proves to be as good as it looks, I will feel very well paid for my efforts in obtaining it. Thanking you for your promptness and courtesy in this matter, I am, Yours respectfully, WM. B. ROLL.

Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 30, 1896.

Dear Sirs—I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of the gold watch which I received on the day before Christmas. It is very satisfactory to me, as well as to all who have seen it, and many thanks to you for it. At the request of my brother, I send you the enclosed picture. Wishing you and your business prosperity in the coming year, I remain, Yours respectfully,

KATIE H. FLANAGAN.

275 River street.

Ennis, Texas, Jan. 8, 1897.

Dear Sirs—I received the watch in good order. It keeps fine time. I thank you very much for the elegant present. Respectfully yours,

FLOYD DUNKERLEY.

Jackson, Mo., Jan. 9, 1897.

Kind Sirs—Greatly to my surprise, I received the beautiful prize watch from Donahoe's Magazine Company. I hereby send my sincere thanks to you gentlemen for your kindness. Respectfully,

CARRIE BEATTIE.

And here is a letter from a little girl, who was too late to stand a chance, but, we know, you will all agree that she deserves honorable mention.

Newfields, N. H., Dec. 30, 1896.

Dear Sir—I read in your book about little girls helping their mothers. I hope I am not too late to tell you what I do to help my mother. I have a little baby brother seven months old, and my mother is so sick that the doctor told me I would have to stay home from school and take care of her, as there was no one else. I sleep near the baby's cradle in the night; when he cries I feed him and rock him to sleep again, and I give my mother drinks when she calls for them. Papa goes to work at 5 o'clock in the morning, so I get up and light the fire and get his breakfast. When he goes to work I clean the house, wash the dishes, make the beds and tend to baby. I get the dinner and supper and do what scrubbing is needed, besides other things I have not told you about. The baby is crying for me now, so I will have to close my letter, hoping you will read it. My mother says she would not know what to do without me. CATHERINE DOWD.

Age 13 years.

Our Chicopee girl has been thinking back to her summer vacation, and has given the Department the benefits of her thoughts. Why not write of the Christmas vacation and its pleasant memories?

Dear Sir—I should be very much pleased if you would publish the following letter in your interesting magazine, of which I am a regular reader:

Visiting a Poet's Home.

This past summer, spending my vacation on the seashore in Scituate, Mass., I learned that only a few miles from where we lived, and belonging to Scituate, was a little village named Greenbush, and there, a friend informed me, Samuel Woodworth, the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket," was born; there his home, and, best of all, the well with the bucket are still to be seen. Of course, I knew the poem, and had often been touched by the fond words which the author had used in describing his childhood days. When one morning

our family started for Greenbush, my delight knew no bounds. We reached the ponds first. Opposite it was the old mill (a new addition had been added though), and a little farther on we spied the deep-tangled wildwood, and e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well." How ardent we seized it with hands that were glowing, and quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell; then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing, and dripping with coolness, it rose from the well. How sweet that water tasted.

I thought I would write my experience to the Children's Department to start others to tell about their incidents in vacation. Hoping to see my letter in print, I am, yours for success.

ANNA M. LUDWIG.

Chicopee, Dec. 7, 1896.

The Little Girl That Grew up.

She was sitting up straight in a straight-backed chair.
There wasn't a snarl in her shining hair;
There wasn't a speck on her dainty dress,
And her rosy face was full of distress.

When I drew near to this maiden fair,
She suddenly rumpled her shining hair,
And dropping down "in a heap" on the floor
Uplifted her voice in a wail most sore.

"Now, what is the matter, my pretty maid?"
"I'm all grown up," she dolefully said,
"And I'm lonesome—as lonesome as lonesome can be—
For Humpty Dumpty and Riddle-me-ree.

"There's Little Boy Blue, who used to creep
Under our haystack and fall asleep,
He isn't my friend since mother dear
'Did up' my hair in this twist so queer.

"And the dog and the fiddle, they left me, too,
When the baby into a woman grew.
The dish has hidden away with the spoon,
And the cow has staid at the back of the moon.

"The little old woman who swept the sky
Is caught in her cobwebs high and dry,
And Jack and his beanstalk I cannot find
Since I began to improve my mind.

"I wouldn't be scared—not a single mite—
If the bugaboo I should meet tonight.
The bogy man I'd be glad to see,
But they'll never—no, never—come back to me.

"I watched in the garden last night at dark
A fairy favor to find—but, hark!
My mother is calling—don't you hear?—
'Young ladies don't sit on the floor, my dear.'"

Why Dogs Turn Around.

Have you ever thought why it is that a dog turns around and around when he jumps on his cushion or starts to settle himself anywhere for a nap? Now you are reminded, you can easily recall that you have seen a dog do it many times, can't you? This habit is about all that is left to our tame little doggies of the days long ago, when they were a race of wild animals and lived in the woods. Their beds then were matted grass and leaves, and it was to trample enough grass and properly arrange the leaves that the dog always trod around a narrow circle before he would lie down. The dog of today keeps up the same old habit, although there is no longer any need for it, and, of course, the animal has no notion why he does it.

Keep Looking Up.

An instructive and beautiful story is related of a little girl who was playing near the edge of a precipice, when she felt the ground give way beneath her. Before she had time to spring back to a place of safety she had slipped over the brow of the abyss. With the instinct of despair, that love of life implanted in us all, she snatched at the grass and tall weeds within her reach. Her little fingers dug deep into the ground and stayed her downward course. There she hung suspended in the air.

Moments seemed ages, until she heard a voice, which sounded very far off, saying in a firm, encouraging tone: "I am coming! Keep looking up!" Instinctively she obeyed. She never glanced downward, but clung faster to her only chance of safety. Again the voice, this time nearer, spoke hopefully: "I am coming! Keep looking up!" In another moment two strong hands had seized her own in a firm clasp, and she felt herself drawn gently and cautiously upward. Then she was lifted into great, loving arms, and closed her eyes on her father's breast. Children, "keep looking up!"

Setting the Thames on Fire.

Sometimes when a person wants to make an unpleasant remark in a pleasant sort of way about a dull boy, he will say, "That boy will never set the river on fire."

Now, that is all very true; for even the smartest man in the world could never set a stream of water on fire, and so perhaps many of you who have heard this expression have wondered what is meant by setting the river on fire, says St. Nicholas.

In England, many, many years ago, before the millers had machinery for sifting flour, each family was obliged to sift its own flour. For doing this, it was necessary to use a sieve, called a temse, which was so fixed that it could be turned round and round in the top of a barrel. If it was turned too fast the friction would sometimes cause it to catch fire; and as it was only the smart, hard-working boys who could make it go as fast as that, people got into the way of pointing out a lazy boy by saying that he would never set the temse on fire.

After a while these sieves went out of use, but as there were still plenty of stupid boys in the world, people kept on saying that they would never set the temse on fire. Now, the name of the river Thames is pronounced exactly like the word "temse," and so, after many years, those persons who had never seen or heard of the old-fashioned sieve thought that "setting the temse on fire" meant setting the river Thames on fire. This expression became very popular and traveled far and wide, until the people living near other streams did not see why it was any harder for the slothful boy to set the Thames on fire than any other river, and so the name of the river was dropped and everybody after that simply said "the river," meaning the river of his particular city or town; and that is how it is that people today talk of setting the river on fire.

Partners.

A sturdy little figure it was trudging bravely by with a pail of water. So many times had it passed our gate that morning that curiosity prompted us to further acquaintance.

"You are a busy little girl today."

"Yes'm."

The round face under the broad hat was turned toward us. It was freckled, flushed and perspiring, but cheery withal.

"Yes'm, it takes a heap of water to do a washing."

"And do you bring it all from the brook down there?"

"Oh, we have it in the cistern mostly, only it's been such a dry time lately."

"And there is nobody else to carry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, an' she is washin'."

"Well, you are a good girl to help her."

It was not a well-considered compliment, and the little water-carrier did not consider it one at all; but there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes, and an almost indignant tone in her voice as she answered:

"Why, of course I help her. I always help her all the time; she hasn't anybody else. Mother'n me's partners."

Little girls, are you and mother partners? Do you help her all you can?—Selected.

Enigmas.

I am composed of eleven letters.
My 8, 7, 6, causes much misery and sin.
My 5 is a pronoun.
My 10, 7, 6, is to sing low.
My 1, 11, 6, 3, is a song of praise.
My 4, 5, 6, is the reverse of bright.
My 7, 9, 2, 3, is a preposition.
My 2, 10, is an exclamation.
My whole is the name of a Catholic official who is an honor to his country and religion.

I am composed of sixteen letters.
My 5, 6, 7, is a tool.
My 11, 12, 9, 7, 8, is a boy's delight.
My 5, 6, 9, 16, is the dearest spot on earth.
My 15, 14, 3, 7, is a numeral.
My 13, 2, 15, 7, is a division of the earth.
My 1, 2, 3, is a Spanish title.
My 8, 4, 9, is a boy's name.
My whole should be found in every Catholic home.

In answer to our Holbrook querist we here give the solution to the cattle puzzle.

Nine cattle were placed in each of the three pens, and then a fourth pen was built round them all.

This is the solution offered by the paper in which the puzzle first appeared, but in our opinion it is not a satisfactory one.

SINGERS AND ARTISTS GENERALLY are users of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" for Hoarseness and Throat Troubles. They afford instant relief.

More than five tons of American tin plate are used daily in manufacturing tin boxes for ENAMELINE.

Recalled Stormy Times.

"Well that looks natural" said the old soldier looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this Department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the first of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass." As a guarantee of good faith, every letter must give the full name and address of the writer, which will not be published. In future no unsigned letters will be answered.]

A. E. K. inquires: 1. Why cannot nuns as well as priests celebrate the sacrifice of the mass, since the lives of nuns are of such close union with God, and of so much sacrifice?

2. When did Christ raise marriage to the dignity of a sacrament?

3. What is the most rigid order of cloistered nuns? And what are the conditions to enter?

1. Because our Divine Lord, who instituted the priesthood, so decreed it, that men only, and not women, should be priests. At the last supper, He had the 12 apostles about Him, and in their presence, He changed bread and wine into His own body and blood, gave Himself to them, and gave to them the power to do as they had seen Him do. "Do this in commemoration of Me," He said, thereby establishing His priesthood. So, men alone by God's decree, are eligible to be made priests, and to offer the Holy Sacrifice. Our correspondent cannot too greatly exalt the piety or devotion of those women, who, in religion, consecrate their lives to God. But all their devotion and sacrifice cannot make them eligible for sacred orders. As only the baptized person is capable of receiving the other sacraments, so too, only a baptized man is capable of the Sacrament of Holy Orders.

St. Paul excludes women from the public ministry of the Church, and reserves that for men.

2. As to the time when Christ instituted the Sacrament of Matrimony theologians are not of accord. Some say, at the wedding in Cana of Galilee. Some when, as recorded in the nineteenth chapter of St. Matthew, He established the indissolubility of marriage and forbade divorce, and some during the forty days following His resurrection, when He often appeared to His apostles, and instructed them for the founding and building of His Church. But, whatever may be the opinions regarding the time, there is only one voice regarding marriage itself, and that is, that it is a sacrament, one of the seven instituted, as every sacrament must be, by Christ, and conferring grace upon its worthy recipients. This is for Catholics an article of faith, for the Council of Trent solemnly defines that marriage is "truly and properly one of the seven sacraments of the evangelical law instituted by Christ."

If we have no positive testimony in the very words of Scripture regarding the institution of marriage as a sacrament, this only serves as an argument for the worth of tradition. For the unwritten revelation is as precious and as divine as the written. And the Church, entrusted with all revelations, makes known to us infallibly the necessary truths. To some it may appear that St. Paul expressly calls marriage a sacrament, when in writing to the Ephesians, v., 31, 32, he says: "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall adhere to his wife; and they shall be two in one flesh. This is a great sacrament, but I speak in Christ and in the Church." But this word "sacrament" may here mean only a sacred sign, or a mystery, and being so interpreted by many scholars, cannot of itself form a convincing proof that matrimony is an efficacious means of grace. The Church, the teacher appointed by God, and the custodian of His laws and His revelations, declares to us the truth, that marriage is a sacrament.

3. Probably the Carmelites are as strict as any we have. Write to a superior where one of their convents is established.

From Montana, W. E. G. writes:

1. In what century and year was confession established, as now practised in the Church?

2. In what year and century were the ceremonies of the mass established as now used in the Church?

3. In argument with a Protestant, he made the assertion that the ceremonies of the Church were entirely symbolical. But, admitting this, are they not symbolic of the greatest events in the world's history?

1. Confession was established by Jesus Christ, and while He was here on earth. Protestants have attempted to prove this practice to be of merely human invention, and the burden of the proof remains on them. But herein they have signally failed. They have assigned some dates, years and centuries, entirely arbitrary. They have brought forward no historical document, no convincing argument; their statements are pure fiction. On the other hand, we have the express statement of Christ to the apostles: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained," John xx., 23. It is evident that such power could be exercised by the apostles only when sins were submitted to their judgment, as they were in the conscience of the penitent. It is likewise evident, that this salutary power was not solely for the apostles, nor for the benefit of those only who lived in their time. The mercy of God extending itself to sinners in all ages, decreed the transmission of their power to the successors of the apostles, and to the priests ordained by them from age to age. Everyone acquainted with the history of the early Christian Church knows that certain mortal sins of a very aggravated nature had to be confessed. And in the "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities," edited by Smith and Cheetham, the writer of the article on Penitence, admits that the confession of the three great mortal sins, murder, idolatry, and adultery, was obligatory, even if the sin had been secret. There is abundant evidence, likewise, to prove that confession was not confined to these three great sins. Among others, St. Basil says: "It is necessary to confess our sins to those who are entrusted with the dispensation of the mysteries of God."

Another proof that confession is of divine origin, is drawn from the fact, that when public penance ceased, confession still continued. The Church could abolish public penance, as being of her own institution. Not so for confession, since it was from God.

If Christ had not instituted confession, if the apostles had not introduced the custom, no man later could ever have succeeded in imposing on men such a law. Men are none too willing to conform themselves now to this institution, and they do conform themselves, because they know Christ Himself so ordered and still orders. Men would not take upon themselves the vast labor and the supreme responsibility involved in the hearing of confessions, at the beck and call of any man. Only the knowledge that God so wills it, enables the priests to devote themselves to the arduous duties of the confessional. Finally, while the attempt at any time in the Church's history to introduce confession, unless by Christ and the apostles, would have signally failed, there would have remained some traces, documents or monuments of such attempt and such failure. There are none. Every proof clearly proclaims: This is the work of the right hand of the Most High. Confession exists today in the Church; it has always existed with her; it began with the apostles; it was instituted and commanded by Christ.

2. So far as the celebration of the mass is concerned, we can find little or no information in Scripture. So we do not know how the apostles celebrated this sacred mystery. But, dating from the year 150, we have abundant proofs that the Church in all parts of the world had a fixed order, and to a certain extent at least, fixed words for this, the greatest of all her services. From time to time, then, we read of the introduction of some ceremony, or some word or words by different Pontiffs.

Regarding the Canon of the Mass, or that portion from the end of the Sanctus to the consuming of the Sacred Species, the Council of Trent declares that it consists of "Our Lord's very words, and of prayers received from apostolical tradition, or piously ordained by holy Pontiffs." Since the time of Gregory the Great, who died in 604, no change has been made in the Canon of the Mass.

3. How much depends on the right understanding and the correct use of a word. To call the ceremonies merely symbols or figures may or may not be true, according to the meaning conveyed. Some of the ceremonies are essential to the validity of the acts, which they accompany, or rather, in such case, of which they form an essential part. Christ Himself ordained some ceremonies as essential to the administration of baptism, and the Eucharist. Others are accidental, so that if omitted, the validity of the sacraments or the sacrifice is not impaired. The Church cannot alter the ceremonies instituted by Christ, she can alter the others, as has been her practice, and as is defined by the Council of Trent.

Now it may be said that ceremonies are symbolical, have a meaning, and the Christian ceremonies typify to us the great events of God's mercy and our Savior's redemption. They deal with the greatest events of human history and human destiny, and figure to us the joys of heaven to which we are approaching. It is amazing, when

closely studied, how much of meaning is in even each small ceremony instituted by the Church. The pious believer sees even here the finger of God. In Heaven, when in possession, and not hope, there is no need of symbols or figures, "but only thanksgiving and the voice of praise, and so it is said concerning the city of the blessed: I saw no temple in it, for the Lord God Almighty is its temple and the Lamb."

From Nebraska, a child writes:

1. To what saint do people pray to find something that has been lost?
2. What is the best method of learning a person's vocation?
3. What are the names of the different orders of sisters, and describe their habits and dress?

1. Saint Anthony of Padua, and it is remarkable with what wonderful success these prayers have been frequently rewarded. There is a charm and a simplicity about such a prayer that seems to merit a special return.
2. Consult your confessor. His counsel will be the safest guide to follow.
3. Here is a question that is beyond our scope to answer. Space is not at our disposal. Nor can the information we might give be considered of practical value, either for the inquirer or the general reader. We find likewise in our mail this question: "What are the necessary qualifications for entering the Trappist Monastery, near Louisville, Ky.?" If the writer had asked this of the superior of that monastery, at Gethsemane, Ky., he would have secured his information most readily.

We have called attention to these two questions to explain why many queries are not answered. We aim at conveying information on questions of general, rather than of private, interest.

Subscriber wishes to know the meaning of Advent.

Advent is a time set apart by the Church from the Sunday nearest to the feast of Saint Andrew to Christmas. It is a time to be observed by prayer and penitential works, as a preparation for our Lord's coming at Christmas, His coming into our souls by grace, and as a preparation for His second coming when He shall judge us all. The liturgy of the Church is exceptionally beautiful during this season, and is in accord with the expectation of the Advent, or coming, of the Savior. It is held that the present discipline of the observance of Advent has lasted a thousand years, at least so far as the Church of Rome is concerned.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Historical.

The singularly tragic career of the Abbe de Lameunais has always been a most interesting study to the historical student. The extraordinary interest which surrounded his personality, while living, has suffered no diminution with the lapse of years, and the attempt to explain the contradictory positions of Catholic champion and open apostate, which he successively assumed, still constitutes a problem at once interesting and pathetic. The latest attempt to solve this difficult problem appears in the pages of "The Abbe de Lameunais and the Catholic Liberal Movement in France," by the Hon. W. Gibson. The record of the brilliant and stormy career of de Lameunais fascinates us, while the utter shipwreck on the shoals of unbelief of a life so useful and promising fills us with astonishment and regret. Born almost a decade before the horrors of the Revolution De Lameunais' earlier years were filled with recollections of the relentless persecutions, which the irreligious Jacobus, who governed for a short period the destinies of France, waged against the Church and her priesthood. He could never wholly overcome the impressions of those days, and he hated the Revolution and all that was the outcome of it, with an intensity that approached religious zeal. His soul yearned for the days of liberty, when the Church would be free to carry on her mission without governmental hindrance, when by the force of her divine teaching, and the energy of her divine life, she would again claim the loyalty of the French people, and, filled with enthusiasm for this splendid ideal, he issued his famous "Essay on Indifference in Religion." Words fail to describe the effect of this work upon the mind of France. Never since the days of Bossuet and Fenelon, had any book been published,

which aroused the dormant religious feeling of France to such a degree, as this masterly exposition of the folly of unbelief. De Lameunais was hailed as the Catholic champion, and all France saluted the new defender of the faith. The charm of his personality was irresistible, and he quickly gathered about him the noblest spirits of the French capital, and inaugurated with their aid the great fight for liberty of the Church, liberty of the press and liberty of the people. Lacordaire, De Montatembert, Ozanam and others joined in the great crusade and founded with De Lameunais a journal, the Avenir, devoted to the advancement of Catholic interests. They soon came into collision with the government, but continued the publication of the journal, while all France was watching with breathless anxiety the outcome of the struggle. Soon murmurings began to arise, for in the heat of the discussion, the rioters overstepped the bounds of prudence and soon the heavy hand of ecclesiastical disapprobation fell upon them. They suspended the publication of the Avenir, and De Lameunais, Lacordaire and Montatembert made a pilgrimage to the Eternal city to demand from Rome a justification of their course. Would that De Lameunais' life had ended here! After the proverbial delay, which chafed De Lameunais' impatient spirit, Rome decided against the policy of the Avenir, without naming, however, any of the writers, and De Lameunais, crushed and wounded in spirit, returned to France. At first he submitted, but gradually became more and more embittered, and finally threw off the yoke of that very authority to which he had hitherto consecrated his genius and his life. The last twenty years of his life constitute a sad and mournful history. Living alone in an attic in Paris, he waged relentless war against the established forms of constituted authority, a hater of things which he had formerly defended. Sad beyond measure was the end of this once brilliant career. The whole life of De Lameunais was as stormy and turbulent as the sea which dashes itself against the precipitous rocks which border the shore of his native St. Malo. His life, sad and pathetic though it be, teaches a lesson, which the lives of many other brilliant men also illustrate, and that is, that no one man is greater than the Church, that whatever brilliant gifts or towering genius nature may have bestowed on the apostate, he soon loses his power and fails to influence the great body of the people, when he cuts loose from the safe anchorage of the Church's teaching.—Longmans, Green & Co., New York, London, Bombay.

Scientific, Literary, etc.

Cardinal Gibbons' new book, "The Ambassador of Christ," realizes the hopes, which the announcement of its forthcoming publication had led an expectant public to form. Written in the clear, easy, popular style to which we are accustomed from a perusal of our American Cardinal's other works, this new literary effort deals with the absorbing and important subject of the responsibilities and duties of the Christian priesthood, with special application to the American priesthood. No one will venture to deny the peculiar and special qualifications which the Cardinal brings to the discussion of this momentous theme, and few will be found to question the success which has attended his efforts. The opening chapter is devoted to a short dissertation on the excellence of the Christian priesthood, as revealed by the testimony of the Sacred Scriptures and the writings of the fathers of the church, and then the formation of the priestly character is traced through its successive stages from the divine call, which is known as vocation, up to the culminating step of ordination to the sacred ministry. The duties of the priest to himself, to his people, to the world at large and the manifold relations resulting from these positions are elaborately and interestingly explained. Throughout the whole work the eminent author has garnered not only from sacred and ecclesiastical sources, but has presssed into service the best thoughts of the classical and secular writers, who have treated of topics kindred to the subject matter of of the book. The most cursory perusal of this volume must give the reader a high ideal of the Christian priest and a deeper appreciation of the tremendous issues involved in the excellence or deterioration of the priesthood which ministers to the spiritual wants of the people. The Cardinal has once again placed the American Catholic reading public under a debt of gratitude to him by issuing this work, which is destined to do incalculable good for the American Catholic clergy and people.—John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

Under the appropriate title "The Church and Modern Society" Archbishop Ireland gives to the world his public addresses, delivered during the past few years, on subjects of present absorbing interest. These noble utterances of the great American tribune will be hailed with delight as a welcome and valuable addition to American Catholic literature. The reputation of Archbishop Ireland as an orator is world-wide, and no man in America commands the attention of the public in such a marked

degree as the high-minded, public-spirited prelate of St. Paul. The message which he delivers is always a noble one, conceived by a mind strong in the ruggedness and picturesqueness of its thought, and clothed with a diction at once striking and powerful. He is a man of the people. He has recognized the growing power of democracy, its great tendencies and vast future and would make it Christian by demonstrating that its true spirit and progress are bound up with the destinies of the Catholic Church. He has no fear. No public question is too difficult for him to grapple with; and he brings to the discussion of every question an intellectual acuteness and power of expression that are as extraordinary as they are admirable. The addresses in the present volume range over a large field, as a mere mention of the subjects treated will show. "The Church and Civil Society," "The Mission of the Catholic Church," "American Citizenship," "Social Purity," "Intemperance," "America in France," "The Pontiff and the Age"—these and many others give some idea of the vast importance of the subjects discussed in this admirable series of addresses. They are massive in their eloquence, while the felicity of language with which the Archbishop clothes his powerful ideas cannot fail to elicit the reader's unbounded admiration. American Catholicity is to be congratulated on having such a strong and persuasive advocate. Chicago: D. M. McBride & Co.

Novels.

The story of a life of self-sacrifice, of devotion even to death of a Christian mismionary amid the heats of Africa, the triumph of Christian fortitude and faith over obstacles which might appall the bravest, are depicted in H. Rider Haggard's inimitable manner in his latest novel, entitled "A Wizard." It recounts the labors of Thomas Owens, an Anglican clergyman, who, inspired by the story of the sufferings of a transient missionary, gives up his living in the Church of England and sets out to Africa to convert a wonderful tribe, whose magnanimous traits of character, as gleaned from the missionary's recital, have strongly appealed to him. The triumph of Christian faith over heathen superstition is the keynote of this deeply interesting story, which holds the reader's attention from the beginning to the end. New York, London: Longmans, Green & Co.

Many charming love stories from the pen of Julia Magruder have delighted the reading public, and the one before us, "The Violet," is no exception to the rule. The American metropolis is the scene of the incidents which give interest to this pleasing love idyl, and the central figure is the young heroine, who bears her great trial with singular fortitude and resignation. Admirably drawn, too, is the character of the middle-aged lover, who is a typical American gentleman, possessing in a marked degree the honorable instinct which accompanies sterling manhood. New York, London: Longmans, Green & Co.

An old Zulu chief, bent with the weight of years, recounts the remarkable story of his career in Sydney Bertram's "The White Shield." The customs of the aboriginal races of South Africa, their method of government and the great struggle of the Zulu nation in its effort to gain possesssion of the fertile Empire, which lies to the north of the Cape colony, are graphically described. Feats of personal valor and the wonderful adventures of the chief personages of the story make it readable and interesting. New York, London: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

As a writer of short stories, which arouse intense interest, and make pleasant reading, the palm must be given to Robert Barr. A number of these short sketches have been brought together and issued under the title "Revenge." They are original and modern and display great skill and not a little artistic merit. New York, London: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

That delightful air of improbability, which pervades everything from the pen of Sir Walter Besant, is not absent from his latest attempt in the field of fiction. "The City of Refuge" is an entertaining account of the life and inner workings of one of those peculiar religious communities which are found in different parts of the United States. In this particular community, which the author locates in Illinois, silence is made the great end of life. All natural inclinations to gayety are severely repressed, that the religious devotee may enter into the trance in which all difficulties as regards the spiritual life find their explanation. The vein of romance running through the story attaches to the young girl, the favorite pupil of the old superior, who received her when a little child, and who leaves the community with her to join her long-lost friends whom fate has brought from England to the very town in which the community lives. New York, London: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"A Woman of Fortune," by Christian Reid, is one of the series of Catholic novels which Benziger Bros. are issuing, and they are deserving of the patronage of the Catholic reading public. The latest novel is a

delightful story, moral in tone, and can be read with profit by young and old. The principal character is an American heiress, who finds the gift of the true faith at the feet of the Holy Father, and finally, after a misunderstanding which was painful to all concerned, finds a devoted husband in the brother of her invalid friend, a young Irish gentleman, whose noble character is delightfully drawn and constitutes one of the charms of this deeply interesting story. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

"Ethelred Preston" is a story for boys, written by Fr. Finn, S. J. The hero, Ethelred, while on his way to college, meets Packy Jarloe, a peddler, who induces him to change places with himself, so that Packy goes to Henrytown College, announcing himself as Ethelred Preston, while Ethelred takes Packy's peddler's pack and sets out on the road to make his fortune. There is a mixture of the ludicrous and serious in what follows, but the fraud is finally discovered and Ethelred, after much suffering, finds himself installed as a regular student and universal favorite at Henrytown College. Like all Fr. Finn's stories, this one is healthful and moral in tone, and is a distinct addition to Catholic juvenile literature. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

The conversion of an indifferent father and mother through the death of an only child is well told in another story by Fr. Finn, S. J., entitled "Ada Merton." We commend it to Catholic families. St. Louis: B. Herder.

The persecutions which Russian Catholics are compelled to endure in defence of their faith is interestingly described by Rev. Joseph Spellman, S. J., in a short story entitled "The Children of Mary." The translation from the German is by Helena Long. St. Louis: B. Herder.

"Mostly Boys" bids fair to be the most widely read juvenile book of the present. Fr. Finn knows his boys, and loves them. He makes of them sturdy little Catholics, and surrounds them with all the elevating influences of ideal home and school environment.

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We confess that we would like Fr. Finn to study those boys and give us a book on them. They are worth the trouble, and will furnish good material in the fun, pathos, mischief and all the other ingredients that make up the complex character of the boy of the streets. Published by Benziger Bros. Price, 35 cents.

Another recent publication of Benziger Bros. is "Passing Shadows," by Anthony Yorke. It is a story of eastern New York and deals with incidents of every-day life. The reader's interest is well sustained, and the happy ending is very pleasing to the friends of the wronged letter carrier and the girl whose love he retains through all his vicissitudes.

Religious.

"The Life of Our Divine Lord," by a Catholic layman, gives the chief incidents of our Lord's life in language simple and appealing. It is written for children and has the approbation of Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Happy Home Publishing Company.

A book for every Catholic household is "A Chaplet of Prayer," issued by McGowan & Young of Portland, Me. It contains the richest collection of prayers in honor of the Blessed Virgin that we have ever seen, and is superbly bound and illustrated. The illustrations are copies taken from the famous masters.

Benziger Bros. have issued in handy form the celebrated treatise of St. Alphonsus Ligonai on "Prayer."

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St. Joseph.

Donahoe's Magazine.

VOL. XXXVII. BOSTON, MARCH, 1897. No. 3.

ST. PATRICK: HIS LIFE, LEGENDS AND MIRACLES.

P. J. LYNCH.

To convince Catholics that St. Patrick was a good Protestant, has been the discouraging task attempted by some writers, who allowed zeal to dominate intelligence.

This idea seems to have been first given prominence when the act to disestablish the Irish Church was introduced in the English Parliament. Some of those opposed to the measure took the position that the Irish Church was the church established by St. Patrick; that its doctrines were those he taught and that its principles and rule of faith were the same as he gave the Irish people centuries before. In late years this idea has been further improved upon, and we have seen it gravely argued that St. Patrick was a Methodist, a Baptist, or a Congregationalist, according to the belief of the writer or speaker.

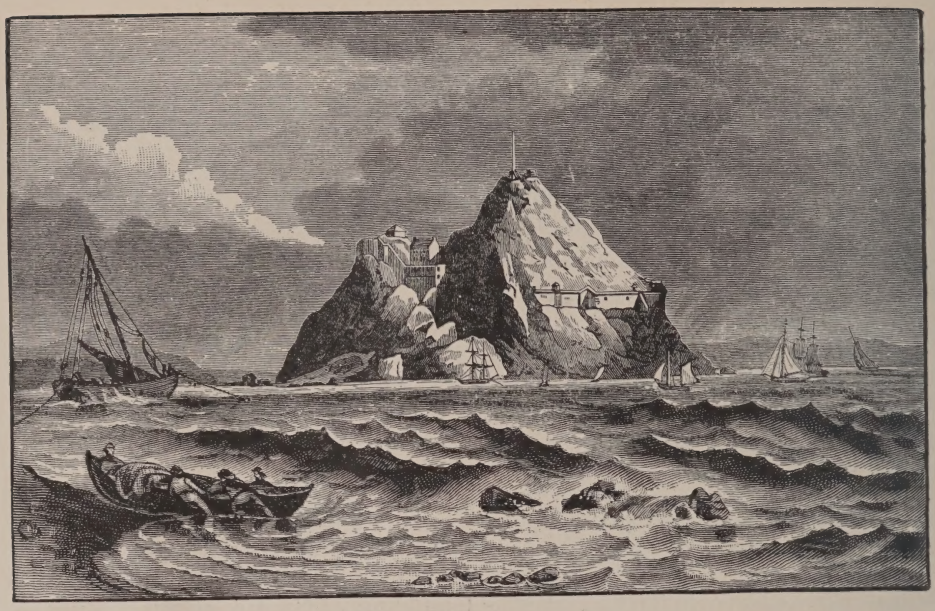
Nor is this all, for some writers, notably Dr. Ryves and Dr. Ledwich, have gone so far as to deny that any such personage as St. Patrick ever existed. They argue that he is simply a myth—the product of the imagination of the ancient bards and romancers of Ireland. If St. Patrick is a myth, he seems to be a very substantial and enduring one, and the conspiracy of the bards and romancers to give Ireland such a man for a national apostle has been more successful than anything of the kind in history.

To write an accurate history, giving as clear and vivid a conception as possible of the saint's personality and character, so that readers may more clearly understand how the impress of that personality has molded the thought and influenced the religious and national life of the Irish people during the centuries which have passed away since he lived among them, would be a work of magnitude, for the successful accomplishment of which a lifetime of study and research might well prove inadequate.

The traditions, legends and folklore of the saint's life and time, handed down from the days when the wandering bard was the historian and chronicler of events, and the "Seanchaidhe" was the welcome guest who found an appreciative audience at every Irish fireside, are replete with interest. Many of these legends and traditions are exceedingly quaint and beautiful, and it seems a matter for regret that they have not been collected and placed before the public in some form which would insure their permanent preservation.

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT MATERIALS.

To make the story of St. Patrick as intelligent as possible, we must refer to the materials available for such a work. It is true that in St. Patrick's time books were not printed and the



DUMBARTON, SAID BY SOME HISTORIANS TO BE ST. PATRICK'S BIRTHPLACE.

dissemination of knowledge was in a very crude state compared with the present day, but let it be remembered, and the matter is one in which Irishmen should take a peculiar pride, that the ancient manuscript materials of Ireland were more abundant, complete and accurate than the contemporaneous records of any country in Europe. The Book of Armagh, the Book of Ballymote, the Book of Lecan, the Annals of the Four Masters,

CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ARMAGH.

the Book of Leinster, and the Leabhar Breac, are splendid specimens of the ancient literature of Ireland.

An epoch of military glory before which even that of Rome paled, was followed by an epoch of what might be called spiritual glory, beginning with the coming of St. Patrick. During this period Ireland was a brilliant beacon set in the eternal seas, lighting up a horizon dark with the gloom of barbarism and idolatry. She was a model and a guiding star to other lands, which were then slowly emerging from the chaos of primeval rudeness and disorder. Ireland was a centre of learning and the youth of other lands flocked to her shores to be educated. Her monks and scholars went out among the nations diffusing the light of Christian and secular knowledge, propagating the truths of the Gospel and bringing whole peoples into the fold of Christ. At home her monks were the indefatigable scribes and historians, who not only chronicled the events of the period, but put in more permanent form the traditions which had come down through the medium of the old "Ranns" or rhymes

ST. PATRICK GOING TO TARA.

THE ANGEL VICTOR APPEARING TO ST. PATRICK.

transmitted from one generation to another for many centuries.

Hence it is that the ancient Irish manuscript materials were so abundant and complete. There is such a mass of ancient Irish literature that only a comparatively small portion of it has been explored. It seems scarcely too much to say that had not the Irish nation come under the dominion of the Saxon, Ireland would today have the most magnificent, extensive, and valuable literature of any country in the world. In the almost continual wars which desolated the land, much of this ancient material was lost or destroyed, and much more was carried away. Of the latter, some fragments afterward turned up in other lands, and probably some of it is still lying forgotten and unknown in old European libraries. Some time ago it was reported that a large collection of ancient Irish manuscripts had been found in the Royal Library at Copenhagen.

Even those manuscripts which happened to escape in the general disorder and confusion in Ireland were neglected and forgotten, for under the rule of the Saxon learning was under a ban, and the schoolmaster, as well as the priest, had a price on his head. It is only in comparatively recent years that an effort has been made to transscribe and publish some of these old manuscripts, and only a small part has been done compared with what remains to be done.

St. Patrick was most divinely favored in having the Angel Victor for his special guardian and faithful adviser, friend and companion. Victor appeared to him when he was in slavery in Ireland, and told him he had been specially deputed to take care of him and be his assistant in all things. He then showed him where he might find gold with which to redeem himself from his master, Milcho, and told him that a ship was ready in a harbor two hundred miles away to bear him away to his home.

SEVEN LIVES OF ST. PATRICK.

St. Patrick was the central figure of the early ages of Christianity in Ireland, and hence it is naturally to be

expected that much should have been written concerning him. Seven different "lives" of him were written during the period immediately following his death, but unfortunately some of them are so very meagre in details that they would be considered very poor biographies at the present day. Some of them are little more than a panegyric on the saint, with a record of his miracles. There is no attempt at chronological sequence, and there is no such thing as a connected narrative. This style of writing was the fashion of the period, especially in writing the lives of saints, so that St. Patrick's ancient lives are no exception in this respect.

The first publication of these lives of St. Patrick was made by the learned Franciscan friar, Father John Colgan, in his "Trias Thaumaturga," pub-

"TRUTH CAN BE ATTESTED BY THE SIMPLEST SYMBOL OF ILLUSTRATION."

One of the best known traditions of St. Patrick associates him with the Shamrock. A common version represents him as explaining the doctrines of the Christian religion to the King and his courtiers at Tara. He found it difficult to make them comprehend the doctrine of the Trinity, when, as if by a sudden inspiration, he cast his eyes on the ground and saw the little trefoil, with its three leaves growing on one stem. Picking it up, he used it as an illustration, with complete success.

THE COLLEGE OF ARMAGH.

lished in 1647. The idea of collecting and editing the acts of the Irish saints was first conceived by Friar Hugh Ward, Professor of the Franciscan College of Louvain, which acquired a high reputation for literary research in the 17th century. He was of an ancient Donegal family, and the project seems to have been stimulated by the attempt made at that time by some Scottish writers to appropriate for their own country the renown for

THE ARCHIEPISCOPAL PALACE OF ARMAGH.

learning and religion which Ireland had acquired during the period to which we have previously referred.

The learned Irish Jesuit, Stephen White, heartily co-operated in the work and supplied several transcripts of important manuscripts to which he had access. The task of collecting all the Gaelic materials to be obtained in Ireland, was intrusted to Friar Michael O'Clery, who was not only a learned man himself, but belonged to a family of native hereditary chroniclers. O'Clery labored diligently for a considerable time, and much valuable material was transmitted to Louvain, but Friar Ward died in 1635, without having completed any of the works projected. The materials then came into the hands of Father Colgan, and from them the "Trias Thaumaturga" was compiled.

Colgan gives the first place in his work to the hymn of St. Fiacc, which is undoubtedly the oldest biography of the saint in existence. St. Fiacc was a contemporary of St. Patrick himself, and it is therefore unfortunate that he did not go more into detail, for undoubtedly he could have given a complete and accurate biography of the saint. St. Fiacc was not only a contemporary of St. Patrick, but was one of his first bishops. A later life of St. Patrick says he baptized Fiacc, gave him the tonsure and an alphabet written with his own hand, invoking a blessing, so that he learned the whole Psalter in one day. Fiacc's progress in learning and sanctity was so rapid, that St. Patrick not only constituted him first bishop of the Leinster men, but later appointed him supreme bishop of the whole province. St. Fiacc's poem, however, is little more than a panegyric on St. Patrick, with very little about names of places, dates or details.

Colgan gives the second place in his collection to a biography which he attributes to another St. Patrick, or some disciple of the saint who lived about the middle of the sixth century. The third life he attributes to St. Benignus, a disciple of St. Patrick and his successor in the See of Armagh. It is somewhat fuller than the two preceding lives. The fourth life is attributed to St. Aileran, the Wise, who was a teacher in the famous school of Clonard. Colgan thinks the work was written before the year 774. The fifth life was written by Probus, but this writer has proved very difficult of identification. Colgan thinks he was an Irish monk of the sixth or seventh century. The sixth life was written by Jocelyn, the Monk of Furness, who lived in the early part of the twelfth century. His history is chiefly a record of the miracles attributed to St. Patrick.

The seventh life, and by far the most important of all the ancient lives of our saint, is that known as the Tripartite Life, so called from its division into three parts or homilies. It was written by St. Evin, who flourished in the sixth century, and who, if he had not actually seen St. Patrick himself, must have known some one who had seen the saint and conversed with him. On this account it is considered of great value, more especially as it is much more complete than any of the lives already mentioned. O'Curry, one of the greatest authorities on ancient Irish literature, said he found evidence which led him to believe that St. Evin was living in the year 504, "so that he had very probably seen and conversed with St. Patrick, who only died eleven years before this time, or in 493." Thus in these seven lives we have the records of men who were either the contemporaries of St. Patrick himself, or of his immediate disciples.

In addition to these lives, there is a short sketch of St. Patrick in the Book of Armagh. This famous volume, one of the most valuable in ancient Irish literature, is a vellum quar-

to, measuring seven and three-quarters inches long, five and three-quarters inches wide, and two and a quarter inches thick. It now contains two hundred and twenty-one leaves, and the writing is generally in double columns, all evidently by the same scribe. This scribe is now considered to be Ferdomnach, who died about 845. In addition to the sketch of St. Patrick, it contains St. Patrick's Confession, the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, St. Jerome's preface to the New Testament, Epistles of Saints Paul, James, Peter, John and Jude, the Apocalypse, the Acts of the Apostles, and a Life of St. Martin of Tours, uncle of St. Patrick. There was a general belief for many centuries, and there is some reason for still believing, that the Book of Armagh, or at least, some portions of it, were written by St. Patrick himself. That this might have been so, may be inferred from the fact that ancient as the existing copy is known to be, it seems to be a copy of a still older work. Notes in the margin would seem to indicate that some of the matter which Ferdomnach was transcribing was becoming illegible, so that he found it difficult to read, and as he wrote it about 807, it will be seen that matter which was even then becoming illegible from age might have dated back to the time of St. Patrick himself. The value, therefore, of this work can scarcely be overestimated, and the collections in it concerning St. Patrick are considered the oldest and most accurate.

In addition to the above, there are two other documents which must be included in the list of manuscript materials for a life of St. Patrick. One is St. Patrick's confession, and the other is his Epistle to Coroticus. The authenticity of St. Patrick's confession has never been questioned, even by Protestant writers, and the most learned archaeologists agree in believing that it was penned by his own hand. There are four ancient copies of this document, the most important being that in the Book of Armagh. There is another copy in the British Museum, and there are two copies in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The Epistle to Coroticus was sent to a barbarian chieftain in Wales, who had made a descent on the shores of Ireland, killing some of St. Patrick's converts and carrying off many others.

St. Patrick's Birthplace.

And now we come to the vexed question of St. Patrick's birthplace. It would, no doubt, be a source of pleasure to the Irish race, the world over, if it could be said that the saint had been born in Ireland, but wherever St. Patrick was born, it seems to be pretty well established that Ireland was not his birthplace. The question as to his birthplace has probably caused more controversy than anything else in his history.

There are two places whose respective claims to the honor of being considered St. Patrick's birthplace are generally conceded to be superior to those of all others. One is the place now known as Dumbarton, on the banks of the Clyde, in Scotland, and the other is the district in the north of France, then known as Amoric Gaul. The most important authority on the question is St. Patrick's own confession, and in this he says: "My father was a deacon, Calpornius, son of the late Potitus, a Presbyter, who resided in the village of Bonavem Taberniae." The Tripartite Life says: "Patrick was of the Britons of Alcluaid by origin. Calpurnn was his father's name. He was a noble priest. Potid was his grandfather's name, whose title was a deacon. Conceis was his mother's name. She was of the Franks, and a sister to St. Martin. In Vemtur, moreover, the person St. Patrick was born." In his epistle to

Coroticus, he says he "was of noble birth, according to the flesh, his father being a Decurio."

The place "Britain" which St. Patrick says was the country of his parents, has been misconstrued by many writers to mean necessarily some part of Great Britain, but the weight of testimony would go to show that Patrick's Britain was a district in the North of France, in what was Amoric Gaul. There was here a clan called the Brittani, and several writers make a clear distinction between the Britons of what is now England, and the Britons of Letha or Latium, which was a name applied by early Irish writers to Armorica or Brittany.

On the other hand a large amount of tradition associates St. Patrick with Alcluaid, the modern Dumbarton, and the effort to reconcile the conflicting claims of the two places has been the cause of much controversy. One reason for this is that many writers on the subject take it for granted that St. Patrick was captured in the same place in which he was born, but there is no authority for such a view. St. Patrick himself makes no mention of where he was born; he simply mentions where his father lived, and where he was captured. The weight of authority would seem to indicate that this place was in Armoric Gaul, and not in Dumbarton.

One of the strongest proofs in support of this claim is contained in St. Patrick's confession, when he tells of his escape from captivity in Ireland. His place of captivity was in Antrim, which is so near the mainland of Scotland that the houses on the Scottish coast can be seen on a clear day from the Antrim hills, but St. Patrick tells us that he had to journey 200 miles through an unknown country to reach the part from which he set sail for his home. This would bring him to the South of Ireland, which would make it altogether improbable that he was going to Scotland. Moreover, he says he was three days at sea, which could be about the length of a voyage to France in those days, and he says further that after landing, he traveled 28 days through a desert country before reaching his home. This story would seem to make impossible the theory that his home was at Dumbarton.

Another strong proof in support of the claims that St. Patrick's family home was in the North of France is afforded by the fact that at the time of St. Patrick's capture, the Irish were on friendly terms with the Picts and Scots in Northern Britain, so that it is extremely improbable that there could have been any incursion into that country by the Irish at that time, and yet it is in a foray of this kind that St. Patrick was captured. Moreover, he says, that thousands were captured with him, so that the foray must have been an extensive one. Such an extensive pillaging expedition could not have been made against North Britain at the time, while on the other hand numerous incursions were made by the Irish into France as the Roman legions were being generally withdrawn from the outlying territories and concentrated for the defense of Rome itself.

The old historians tell of the expedition in which St. Patrick was captured, and how it was brought about. Shortly after the coming to the throne of the celebrated Irish king, Nial the Grand, or Nial of the Nine Hostages, the Roman power was on the decline in Britain, and the Picts being thus considerably relieved from the anxiety of contending with them, began to look with a jealous eye on the Irish colony in North Britain. They wished to reduce their power and compel them to pay tribute, but the Irish colonists appealed to Nial. He landed a powerful army and fleet in Scotland, and soon compelled the

Picts to acknowledge the Irish colony as a totally independent people. The Irish settlements then became known as "Scotia Minor" to distinguish them from "Scotia Major," as Ireland was known.

After settling this affair Nial agreed with the Picts to make an incursion into Roman Britain, and the Saxons also came into the league, the more readily, it appears, because Nial's mother is said to have been a Saxon. The Roman wall was forced and the allies plundered a large district of country, carrying off spoils and booty in a large measure. The Saxons now called on Nial, in return for their assistance in the last expedition, to make a diversion in their favor in Gaul. Nial cheerfully complied, and with a large fleet and army, he landed in Brittany, wasting the country and carrying off treasures and many captives. Among those captives was St. Patrick.

It seems, therefore, in accordance with the weight of evidence, that the family home of St. Patrick was in Gaul, and that he was captured there, and the only difficulty that remains is to account for the traditions which associate him with Dumbarton. One theory that has been suggested is that probably St. Patrick's parents lived there for some time

St. Patrick's father, who, as St. Patrick tells us, was a Roman magistrate, may have held office as such for some time at Dumbarton, and when the Roman power began to decline and the legions were gradually withdrawn from North Britain, he returned to the family home in Gaul. In such a case St. Patrick might have been born at Dumbarton. There is another very plausible theory which would account for the Dumbarton traditions. It is that the place was the birthplace of another St. Patrick, for it appears that there were no less than three saints of that name during the early centuries of Christianity in Ireland.

Though not of the Celts, it seems probable that St. Patrick had Celtic blood in his veins. His mother, Conchessa, was a sister of St. Martin of Tours, and it appears that in the numerous military forays and predatory incursions of the period, she too, was taken captive when quite young, and sold to Potitus. The old chronicler gives a touching picture of the incident and he says that the grace and dignity of the high-born slave won the heart of his master's son, Calphurnius and he married her. From their union was born St. Patrick. On his father's side, he seems to have been of Roman descent, but on his mother's side, Probus and others assert that he had Celtic blood in his veins.

St. Patrick's Infancy — His First Miracles.

From early life Patrick seems to have been marked by God for great purposes. Even in infancy, miraculous gifts and favors are recorded of him. Jocelyn tells that at his baptism three wonderful miracles were wrought. The priest to whom the child had been brought to be baptized had been blind from birth. There happened to be no water at hand with which to confer the sacrament, but Gorman, the blind priest, evidently divinely inspired, took the hand of the infant and with it made the sign of the cross on the ground. Instantly a fountain of water gushed forth, and the child was baptized. Then the blind priest bathed his eyes in the water of the spring and his sight was restored. It is also recorded that though ignorant of letters previously he was able to read the office, having miraculously obtained the gift of learning. The water from the fountain afterwards cured diseases, and over it was built an oratory, with an altar in the form of a cross. Aubrey De Vere has related the incident of the baptism in the following beautiful lines:

"How can the babe baptized be,
When font is none, and water none?"
Thus wept the nurse on bended knee,
And swayed the infant in the sun.

The blind priest took the infant's hand;
With that small hand, above the ground,
He signed the cross. At God's command
A fountain rose with brimming bound.

In that pure wave, from Adam's sin
The blind priest cleansed the babe with awe.
Then, reverently, he washed therein
His old, unseeing face—and saw.

He saw the earth; he saw the skies
And that all-wondrous child, decreed
A Pagan nation to baptize
And give the Gentiles light, indeed.

As the child grew in years he grew in grace and God's gifts were multiplied. One winter season there came a sudden thaw, causing a flood, which threatened to overturn some of the houses in the town. The inundation filled Patrick's home until the fire was extinguished and "all the vessels began to swim," as Jocelyn says. The child asked for food, but the nurse told him that none could be cooked until the waters subsided. He went to a part of the house which the rising water had not reached, and dipping his fingers in the water, he sprinkled a few drops in the place which was yet dry, at the same time commanding the waters to subside. Instantly the drops which fell from his fingers were changed into sparks of fire, forming a glowing fire, and the waters began to go down.

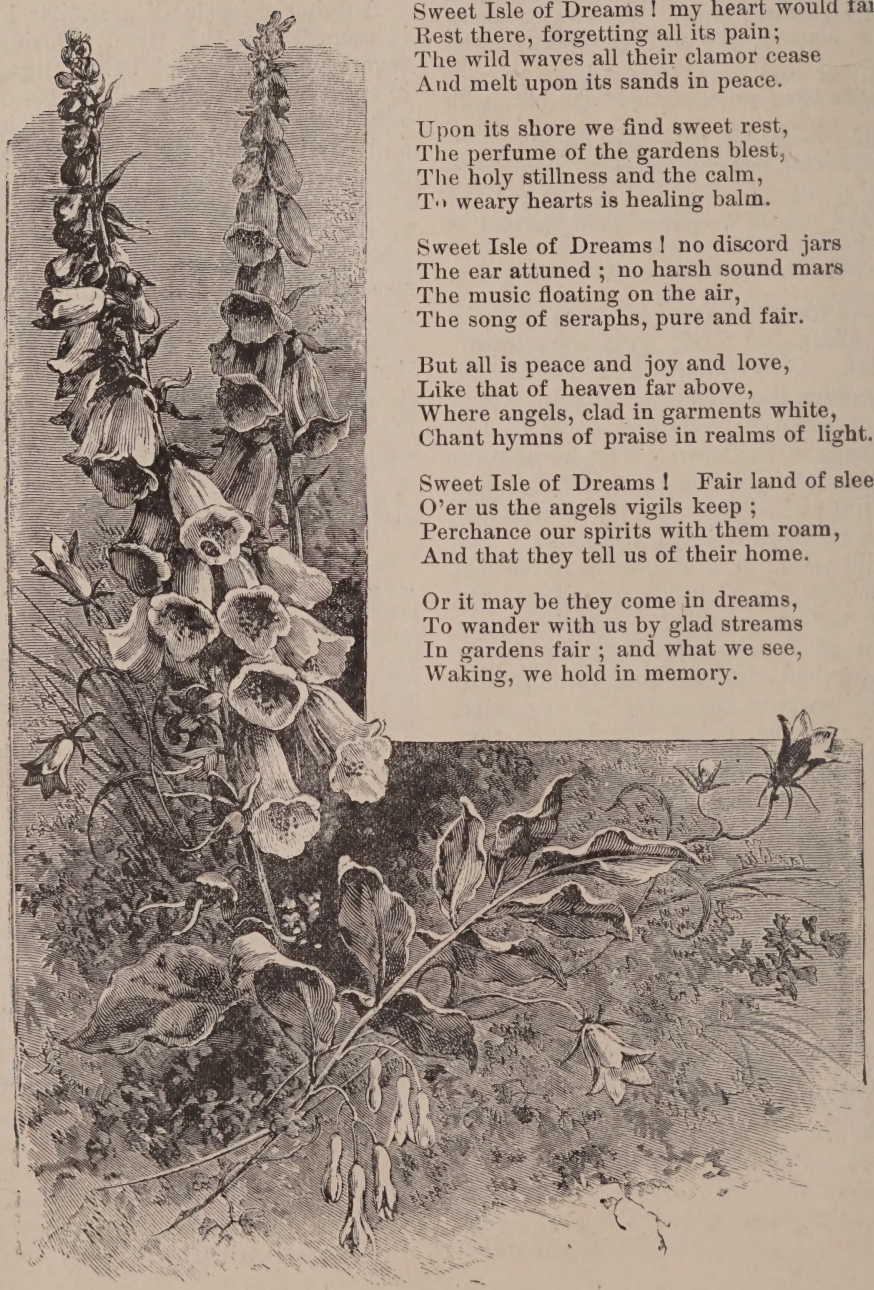
Another miracle of a similar kind is recorded at this time. During a severe winter, Patrick being engaged in sports with the boys about his own age, gathered up a number of icicles and carried them home. The nurse gently reproved him, saying a few sticks of wood would be more useful at the time, but the boy, with the seeming wisdom of an old man, answered that if God so willed it, it was easy for fire to prevail over water. Then he heaped the icicles together as if they had been fagots, made the sign of the cross over them, praying at the same time, and breathed on them, when immediately a flame short forth, so that the heap of icicles became a blazing fire.

Readers of Donahoe's Magazine will confer a favor on the publishers by sending in anything in the way of legends and folklore concerning St. Patrick which they may have in their possession. Any pictures of localities with which he has been intimately associated will also be welcome. Such material may be addressed to "P. J. Lynch, care of Donahoe's Magazine, Boston."

(To be continued.)

SWEET ISLE OF DREAMS.

HENRY COYLE.



Sweet Isle of Dreams! my heart would fain
Rest there, forgetting all its pain;
The wild waves all their clamor cease
And melt upon its sands in peace.

Upon its shore we find sweet rest,
The perfume of the gardens blest,
The holy stillness and the calm,
To weary hearts is healing balm.

Sweet Isle of Dreams! no discord jars
The ear attuned; no harsh sound mars
The music floating on the air,
The song of seraphs, pure and fair.

But all is peace and joy and love,
Like that of heaven far above,
Where angels, clad in garments white,
Chant hymns of praise in realms of light.

Sweet Isle of Dreams! Fair land of sleep;
O'er us the angels vigils keep;
Perchance our spirits with them roam,
And that they tell us of their home.

Or it may be they come in dreams,
To wander with us by glad streams
In gardens fair; and what we see,
Waking, we hold in memory.

THE "CAYUGA" BREAKING THROUGH THE CONFEDERATE FLEET.

IN THE CRESCENT CITY IN '62.

IN TIME OF WAR.

WILLIAM PEARD.

THE story of the capture of New Orleans in April, 1862, by the naval forces of the Federal Government under the command of Captain Farragut, undoubtedly the most important victory achieved by either arm of the service up to that time, and second only in its momentous consequences to the fall of Richmond three years later, has been so often told by the historians and by participants in that thrilling struggle that it might seem impertinent to endeavor to add anything to it in the light of an historical event. Yet an eye-witness of many of the minor incidents attending it in the city of New Orleans itself may perhaps set down some of them which have to a certain extent escaped the note of more pretentious pens. It was my fortune to be a resident of New Orleans at that time as an employe of the Confederate Government at the old United States Marine Hospital, which had been converted into an arsenal where war supplies were manufactured and shipped to the various armies operating in Virginia, Tennessee and Arkansas, and abundant opportunities for beholding in person the curious scenes immediately following the capture of the city came naturally in my way.

The fiercely fought battle which placed New Orleans in the hands of the Federal Government took place some eighty miles below the city on the lower Mississippi, where were located the two strong fortresses, Fort Jackson and Fort St. Phillip, built by the United States, but then in the possession of the Confederate authorities. They were well equipped with modern guns of heavy calibre, and, standing nearly opposite each other on either bank of the river, their commanders were able to bring a deadly cross fire on any passing vessel. In addition to these formidable batteries the Federal fleet had also to encounter a numerous fleet of iron rams, floating batteries and hastily-improvised warships of greater or less power. Obstructions in the form of sunken vessels, iron cables and other devices intended to hamper or even

sink any hostile craft bold enough to try to pass the defences toward the city had also been placed across the river near the forts. So secure in the impregnability of these defences were the Confederate authorities and the press of the city that it was boldly asserted that the combined fleets of Europe could incur nothing short of utter annihilation in any attempt to pass them. The residents of New Orleans thoroughly shared this confidence, and had settled down to the conviction that they were safe at least from any approach or attack from the water side by the forces of the United States. Yet, as we know, the heroic Farragut and his no less heroic command did pass those forts and obstructions, sailed victoriously up the river, anchored in front of the city, and shortly afterward made a demand on Mayor Monroe for its unconditional surrender.

At the outset the proud residents were absolutely dazed by this unlooked-for visitation, but this feeling soon gave way to a sentiment of desperation at their defeat and humiliation, and they had no hesitation about displaying it by their words, acts and defiant spirit. There was no doubt, however, about the presence of those battered warships, resting imposingly in front of Canal street, at the very centre of the city, on the water line. The flagship Hartford, flying the blue pennant; the Brooklyn, the Pensacola, the Mississippi, the Pocahontas and others of smaller size lay there like solid facts staring them in the face, a majestic array of war power, all conspicuously displaying the stars and stripes, a standard which this people regarded as an emblem of hate and oppression, and which they had banished from their sight a year or more before as something they never desired to behold again. To the loyal hearts who remained in the city—and they were many—the loved starry banner gave joy beyond the power of expression.

After the lapse of almost thirty-five years, during which so many wounds have been healed and so many ideas have changed, it is difficult now to appreciate fully the bitterness of feeling toward the North which then prevailed, but both remote and recent events preceding the victory of Farragut had been such as to dispel all feeling of loyalty to the Union in this section of the country. These events had culminated the year before, as it is hardly necessary to recall in the secession of South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi, whose Governors, Pickens, Moore and Pettus, by their heated language, soon stirred the sister Southern States to similar action. Governor Perry of Florida had even threatened death to all within his jurisdiction who dared advocate unionism. The speeches of Senators Toombs and Cobb of Georgia, of W. L. Yancy of Alabama, S. R. Mallory of Florida and of Judah P. Benjamin of Louisiana had been published broadcast through the South, and had had their effect. All these men were leaders of public thought and action at the time, and they worked indefatigably to complete the movement of disruption. There were, indeed, but few public men of the South who were not carried away by this first wave of rebellion which swept that section in 1861. Alexander Stephens took no active part in promoting the secession of Georgia, but he afterwards accepted the Vice Presidency of the Confederacy. Sam Houstin of Texas peremptorily refused to be a factor in the separation of his State, which he had so ably represented in the United States Senate, and whose action well nigh broke the old hero's heart.

While attending a session of the Louisiana Legislature during the winter of 1861-62, in the city of Baton

Rouge, I heard a member propose and strenuously advocate the formation of bands of men to proceed to the border states and to destroy with the torch the farmhouses and villages "On the success of this movement depends our every earthly interest, the safety of our homes from the firebrand, and of our wives and children from poison and the dagger!"

CAPTAIN THEODORUS BAILEY AND LIEUTENANT GEORGE H PERKINS ON THEIR WAY TO DEMAND THE SURRENDER OF NEW ORLEANS.

in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. This statesman denounced the government at Washington with all the resources of the English language at his command, and closed his harangue with these bitter words:

The city theatres took no small part also in arousing the people to a frenzy of enmity against the North. Songs and dramatic sketches based upon the existing condition of affairs were presented upon the stage and stirred

A Louisiana Pelican.

enormous audiences to a high pitch of enthusiasm. I shall never forget the wild and uproarious applause bestowed upon one Harry McCarty, a popular local star, known as the 'Arkansas Traveler,' the first time he sang "The Bonnie Blue Flag" before a New Orleans audience. As he sang

We are a band of brothers, native to the soil,
Fighting for our property we gained by honest toil;
But when our rights were threatened, the cry arose far and near
To rally 'round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star

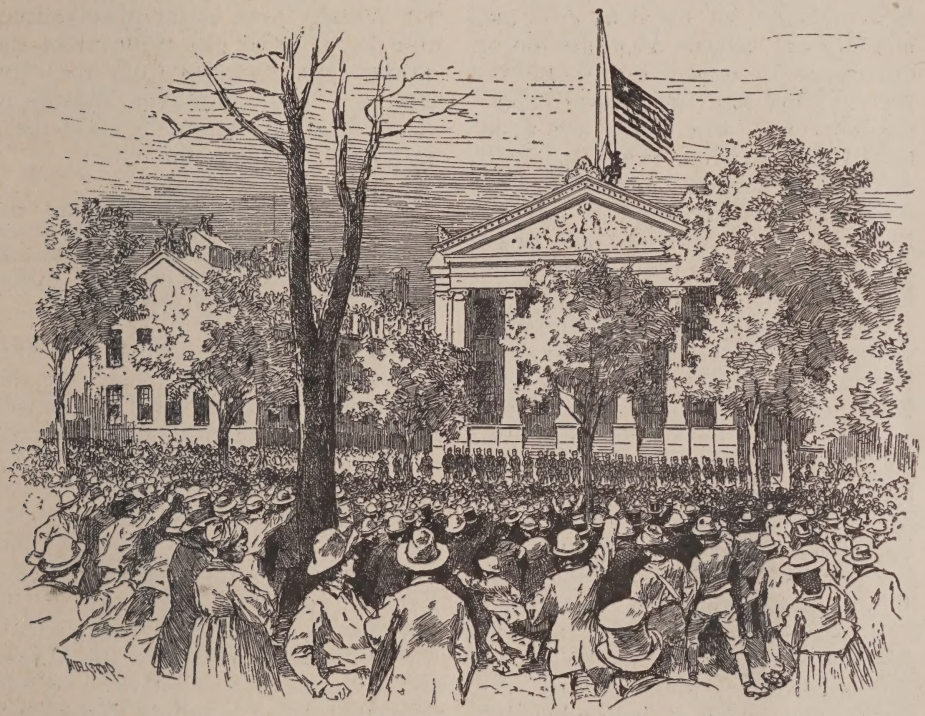
he fantastically waved a blue silk banner bearing one white star, and his hearers went almost frantic with delight. The air of the song was not strictly original, but it was spirited and in excellent accord with the words. These were written by McCarty himself, but they were afterwards rewritten and materially improved by Mrs. Annie Chambers-Ketchum, a lady of considerable literary repute in the South at the time. Another song which became equally popular was "The Southern Land of Canaan," and though the veriest doggerel, it served its purpose to "fire the Southern heart," which never failed to be aroused to great excitement by its performance. One verse ran, I remember:

Old Abe has got a seat, and he thinks it mighty sweet;
Jeff Davis has got one far superior. Ha! ha!
In every fight Lincoln fails, for he thinks he's splitting rails
For to fence us in this Southern Land of Canaan.
And ho, ho, ho,—ha, ha, ha,
The Yankees are the boys for running.
O never mind the South, for our boys will fight it out,
And protect us in this Southern Land of Canaan.

It was then with feelings of fierce resentment that most of the residents of New Orleans saw the Federal fleet lying at their very doors, and it is perhaps strange that no more serious results followed in the city. When the news of the arrival of the fleet reached the arsenal, some two miles from the river, the hundreds of people at work there at once concluded that their services were no longer required at that spot, or in that particular occupation, and they left in haste without the formality of a discharge and without waiting for the matter of their wages. General Mansfield Lovell, who was in command of the Confederate forces at that point, also took a hasty departure from the city with all the moneys in his possession and with much war material, totally overlooking the payment of the workmen at the arsenal. I could myself men-

tion a balance of thirty-two dollars due me with interest since April, 1862.

With others I hastened down to the water front shortly after the arrival of the Federal fleet. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon, and it was raining briskly at the time, which kept very many under shelter until the storm had passed. It was not long, however, before thousands of persons found their way to the water front, anxious, as the case might be, to welcome or to heap execrations upon the big ships. Well-dressed men and women, working men, in their working attire, ragged women and children, vicious-looking men and gamblers, who had in some way escaped the rigid conscription process of a few weeks previous, which was supposed to have cleared the city of all males of fighting age and condition; people of all shades of color and of every nationality swarmed on the levees and wharves, many desperate men in the gathering cursing and howling defiance at the Union fleet. Order and authority there were none, and the lawless elements found their chance to indulge in wanton destruction and in the looting of the valuable private property lying on the levees for shipment. This destruction rose to its height late in the afternoon of that memorable day, and was witnessed by hundreds of respectable persons, who uttered no protest and made no attempt to prevent it. The loss by fire of ships, steamers, wharves, cotton, sugar and other property that day and night was almost beyond estimate, and New Orleans in all its history never looked



SCENE AT THE CITY HALL. HAULING DOWN THE STATE FLAG.

upon such a scene of fury and destruction. The city was literally encircled by a wall of blazing cotton. All along the river front on the horizon looking eastward and reaching almost to the shores of Lake Pontchartrain, across on the west bank of the river from the town of Algiers to the village of Gretna, could be seen the swaying billows of flame.

Immediately after the Federal fleet had anchored at the foot of Canal street, Flag Officer Farragut began operations for assuming possession of the city, and sent two of his officers, Captain Theodorus Bailey and Lieutenant George H. Perkins, ashore to demand a formal surrender from Mayor Monroe and the City Council. I was at the landing when these brave officers arrived in a small boat, rowed by two ordinary seamen. They were received by a howling, cursing mob as they landed, and it seemed impossible that they could walk to the City Hall and escape being torn to pieces or shot down by the frenzied rabble. They must have seen that they were facing probable death in the performance of their duty of asserting the authority of their government, yet they did not flinch for an instant, and their magnificent courage and coolness under the most perilous and exasperating conditions impressed on my mind an ideal of a true soldier which I shall never forget. Their way from the landing led the two officers up Canal street to St. Charles street, and from thence to the City Hall, which fronts upon the latter thoroughfare. They were followed by a mob the entire route, jeered at, jostled, pushed and called vile names. I myself, in one instance, saw a cocked pistol thrust close to Captain Bailey's head, and thought surely that his end had come; but the officers, by some remarkable Providence, nevertheless reached the City Hall at last with no more serious harm than disordered and bespattered clothing. Their interview with the city officials resulted in a refusal to surrender the city, though the latter offered no resistance to its occupation by the Federal authorities. Later attempts to secure a formal surrender met with a similar failure, but so fixed was Farragut in his determination to enforce his demand that he threatened to shell the city if it were not complied with. He actually went as far in this direction as to order the removal of the women and children from the city, and, in a letter to Mayor Monroe in relation to the matter, he used these significant words at the close:

> The election therefore is with you. But it becomes my duty to notify you to remove the women and children from the city within forty-eight hours, if I have rightly understood your determination.

Notwithstanding Captain Farragut's threat, for some reason the determination to shell New Orleans was never carried out, although there was, as I believe, no formal surrender. Its occupation by the Federal authorities was, however, accomplished without important opposition. The next demand made on the city officials by Farragut was that the state flag be lowered from the City Hall, which was indignantly refused by the Mayor and his associates in authority. While they were forced to submit to the menacing power of the Federal fleet, they were not ready to believe that their submission should include the humiliation of removing the emblem of the State of Louisiana. An excellent index of the state of feeling over the affair among the intelligent classes is to be found in an editorial utterance of the Daily Picayune, a leading newspaper, in an issue of that period: "The city," said the Picayune, "will not humble itself by taking down the state flag which flies over the public offices of the city, while it is in our

possession. It will do nothing to countenance the belief that it is anything more or less than a city conquered by a foreign enemy." And in another place the paper declared: "But there is no extremity which will extort from us act or word by which the world shall be taught to believe that we are willing slaves."

Farragut at length concluded that the time had arrived when, at all hazards, the flag must be removed from the City Hall in obedience to his orders. He ordered a batallion of armed marines, with two howitzers, under command of Captain Broome, to go ashore and perform the deed. It was an extremely perilous expedition, in view of the temper of the people at the time, but it was accomplished without disturbance, outside of the abundant and noisy abuse heaped upon the marines, who were drawn up in line opposite the building. When an officer and an accompanying ordinary seaman mounted to the roof to remove the flag they found the halliards so knotted and tangled that the officer was compelled to use his sword in cutting them free, so that the flag might be lowered. When this was finally done, the flag was folded by the seaman and carried under his arm to the captain commanding, who in turn delivered it to Flag Officer Farragut. It is to be noted, moreover, that notwithstanding the angry sentiments which the episode had aroused, the people generally felt a sense of relief when this last symbol of defiance had been put out of sight.

A few days afterward General Benjamin F. Butler entered New Orleans with his army division and took formal possession of the city, making his headquarters at the St. Charles Hotel, then the finest structure of its class in the Southern States. It was from here that he issued his first proclamation, dated May 1, 1862, calling upon the people, as I read from the copy still in my possession, to deliver up all descriptions of fire arms, to respect the flag of the United States, and to pursue their regular daily avocations —open stores, places of amusement, and business, churches and religious houses, as in times of profound peace. Warning was given also to disloyal and vicious persons of the penalties they would incur by wilfully disregarding the code of regulations therein set forth. He came, he said, "to restore order out of chaos, and the government of laws in place of the passions of men." This first official document of the General was printed on a strip of paper twenty-four inches long by eight inches wide, and contained fifteen hundred words. It made rather refreshing reading for many residents who had not lost their love for the old flag. To the disloyal element it came as a menace, and they received it with derision and disdain, although they soon learned that entire compliance with its terms and conditions was the safer and more sensible course. It was widely distributed through the city. The city was placed under martial law, and Mayor Monroe and his municipal government were relieved of all further power and responsibility. The Police and Fire Departments were ordered to report to the Provost Marshal, and to receive all orders through his office. Law courts of the various grades were established, and criminals were punished with unusual rigor. Thus order gradually came out of chaos.

The hanging of William B. Mumford, who tore down the flag from the United States Mint, created an extraordinary sensation among all classes just about this time. The banner had been hoisted on the building on the day of Farragut's arrival before the city, by his special order, and it was torn down almost imme-

diately afterward by a mob headed by Mumford. The man was arrested several weeks after the occurrence of the treasonable action, was tried before a military court and sentenced to be hanged. The execution took place directly under the staff from which Mumford had torn the flag, and in the presence of thousands of people who completely blocked Esplanades street, a wide thoroughfare on which the Mint faces. I stood not far from the condemned man, and heard his last words distinctly. He was a finely-built fellow of probably thirty-eight years, and stood about six feet tall. He wore a full beard, which reached well down upon his chest. The whole scene was one long to be remembered, as the rather refined-looking man stood erect upon the platform, soon to drop from under his feet, his arms and legs pinioned and the rope dangling about his neck. His speech to the multitude pressing around him was delivered in a clear and steady voice, and occupied some six or seven minutes of time. As I recall it now, it was in substance about as follows:

I was born in North Carolina, lived there to manhood, moved to Florida, worked there for a while, and finally drifted to New Orleans in 1857. I claim that I was justified in tearing down the flag, inasmuch as the city was not surrendered up to that time. If it had capitulated, I would be the last man in town to molest or dishonor it in any way. I will conclude by asking God to forgive the judge who sentenced me to death for an act which I deem no violation of law at all. If I have any friends in this great assemblage, I bid them, one and all, a last farewell, and I pray that Heaven may save them from the awful fate which has befallen me.

At the close of his speech a black cap was drawn over his face and the rope was tightened around his neck, a signal was given by the officer who had charge of the execution, the trap was sprung, and Mumford dropped into eternity. It was all done very quickly and without hitch or accident.

The execution of this man had unquestionably a very salutary effect upon the lawless elements in the city in restraining them from acts of open violence. It was noticeable that the men became passive and sullen, though the women continued to act in the most discourteous manner toward the commissioned officers of the Federal army, whose duties brought them frequently into the public streets and street cars. Their actions became at last so intolerable that General Butler felt that he must resort to some vigorous means to protect his officers from insult, and this led, as will be remembered, to the promulgation of his famous order No. 28, which gave him a world-wide notoriety and brought down upon his head a storm of abuse and hatred.

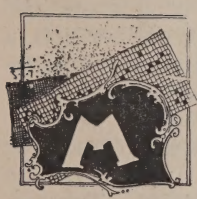
In the New Orleans of today little remains to tell of times of war. The passage of the years has obliterated prejudice, and peace and brotherhood prevail.

On the Bank of the Lower Mississippi.

THE INS AND OUTS OF NEW ORLEANS.

IN TIME OF PEACE.

J. Torrey Connor.



ILE after mile of cypress-shadowed swamp, channeled by the brown waters of innumerable bayous; a stretch of open country, where cypress gives place to oak; now and again a fleeting glimpse of tumble-down cabins flanking a big white house, with pillared porches, and then, just ahead, the crawling Mississippi, and beyond, New Orleans.

There is something in the very air of this Spanish-French-American city that gets into the blood, wakening in the most austere breast a thrill of romantic interest.

If a woman, one pins a rose at the throat on the first day, shyly, perhaps, with a thought of the years that have sped since the wearing of flowers was discontinued, with the laying aside of other youthful frivols; on the third day the single rose is companioned by a half dozen, worn openly, nay, flaunted in the streets.

And such roses, to be had for the asking!

Pink roses, pink as the blush on Beauty's cheek; yellow roses, like those Mamzel Mannette, the landlady's daughter, tucks in her velvet-black braids on festal days; yes, and when she goes to confession, too; red, red roses, that signal love's message from every balcony; white roses—but why enumerate?

Properly, the round of sight-seeing begins with the old French quarter. In the early morning, resisting an inclination to loiter in the jasmine-scented garden, we set out with Mamzel for the French market.

Below Canal the streets grow narrow—mere crooked lanes between rows of quaint houses thickly crowded together. We are in Cable's Wonderland. Here are the walled-in gardens, the moss-grown courts and the balconied houses. Listen! The tinkle, tinkle of a mandolin floats down a narrow passageway, mocking the tinkle, tinkle of the fountain that spills its drops over the brown stones of

the court. Look! Behind the half-drawn Venetian blind a pair of dark eyes flash brightly.

In the shadow of a house very like the one "set out upon the sidewalk as weather-beaten and mute as an aged beggar, fallen asleep," the seller of sweets has spread her wares.

Under the windows of the pink-plastered house known as "'Sieur George's," the first four-story house built in the city, roly-poly negro babies play contentedly. The close-barred windows and door are dust-begrimed and spider-webbed; whatever the secrets of the place, that ponderous door guards them well.

In a stroll through Frenchtown one listens involuntarily for the musical patois that threads the pages of "Old Creole Days," while seeking, among the young faces that smile down at the passer-by from the balconies, a type of beauty like that of "'Tite Poulette."

It is not difficult to imagine that the very stones beneath our feet have been trodden by the dainty feet of Cable's heroines.

Surely the artist-author did not paint his pictures in colors too bright. It is like a fairy story "come true," for the New Orleans of romance and the New Orleans of reality are one.

The French market is not what it was in the "old days," and yet how picturesque! The damp aisles are crowded with marketers, chatting over the purchases of fish, fruit or fowl; the place is a kaleidoscope of colors, a Babel of tongues.

Lunch counters, where the famous coffee of the French market is served in cups a half-inch thick, alternate with fruit stands, confectionery booths, toy and dry goods bazars, meat and fish stalls, cut flower displays, soda-water stands and the like.

We stumble over black-eyed babies, the children of the Italian fruit venders; are importuned by a Choctaw basket seller; are elbowed—courteously—by women in silk and women in calico, and finally bring up before a vendeuse de pralines.

She squats upon the curbstone, this wrinkled old negress, with her stock in trade on a tray before her. The tray is covered with a spotlessly clean cloth, and upon it are spread pralines, made of grated cocoanut or pecans, and molasses ginger cakes—the latter a delicacy highly appreciated by the rising generation.

Her grizzled wool is covered by a bright bandanna wound turban-wise about her head—a style of head-dress, by the way, which was adopted by the quadroons of New Orleans in 1786, but which is now relegated to the black "mammies," who wear it with great pride as a badge of respectability. The praline vender's right-hand neighbor has dried roots and herbs for sale, while on her left a swarthy Italian dispenses a fermentation of ginger, sassafras and pine-apple labeled biere douce.

A stranger is "spotted" the moment he enters the market, and everything, from bananas to stuffed alligators, is proffered at reduced rates for tourists.

Returning by the way of Royal street, we find, among the low-eaved, one-story houses, many second-hand shops. The windows are dingy, and, on the sunny side of the street, swarm with flies; but the interiors are more inviting. Here are treasures for the collectors of curios. An old harpsichord stands against the wall, its yellowed keys responding with faint, sweet notes to the lightest touch.

Somewhere out of the shadows starts a lean, lank individual, who obligingly brings forward for inspection lustrous brocades—who knows how old? Here, too, is the blue china of our grandmothers' time; odd jewelry, worn, doubtless, by some Creole belle; relics of the war, furniture, won-

RAMPART STREET. THE OLD FRENCH QUARTER.

ESPLANADE STREET.

derfully carved and spindle-legged; parchment-bound books, dusty bronzes and rare coins.

There can be but one result from a visit to a second-hand shop on Royal street—the visitor invariably leaving his heart and the contents of his purse behind.

New Orleans is a city of contrasts. On St. Charles avenue are modern mansions, set in emerald lawns that are a blaze of tropical bloom; no Northern city could boast of residences more pretentiously up-to-date. Below Canal street one sees the architecture of a century ago. The home of the presiding prelate of the Diocese of Louisiana, one of the oldest buildings, was erected in 1727. It would withstand a siege, so massive are the walls of brick, laid in cement, which has become as hard as granite. The tiny windows are barred with heavy wooden shutters that swing on iron hinges. A high brick wall shuts out the sights, and, in a measure, the sounds of the busy street, and a huge door, adorned with a ponderous iron knocker, gives entrance to the retreat. Still another style of architecture is displayed in the St. Charles Hotel (since destroyed by fire), the facade of which is the handsomest in the United States. It is Corinthian in design and without a flaw.

The contrasts do not end here; "up town" modern electric cars whisk around corners with a warning clang.

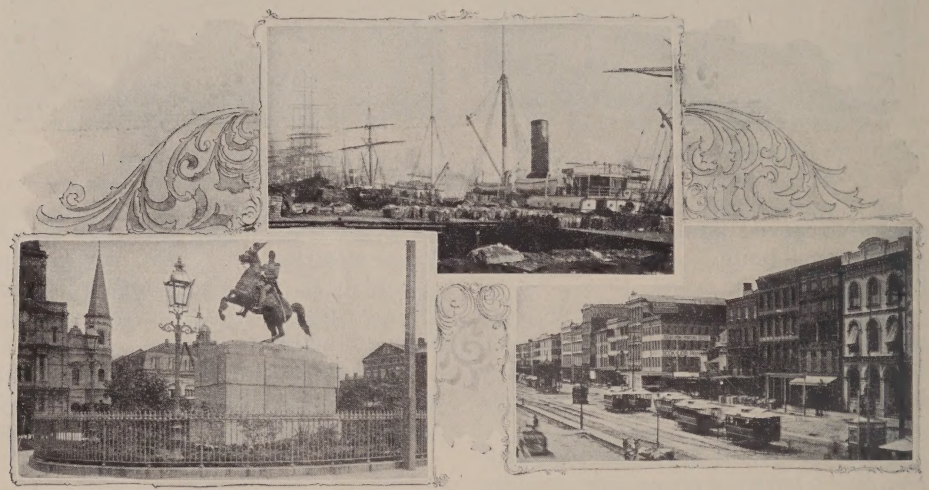
MAMZEL MANNETTE.

In old New Orleans the drowsy jingle of street car bells announces the approach of the "bob-tail" car, the motive power of which is a single, raw-boned horse.

On the Boulevard Canal one touches elbows with all sorts and conditions of people—French, Spanish, English, German, Italian, Irish, the haughty Creole and the humble Celestial, not forgetting the descendants of above all, the shrill cries of the roustabouts—these are the noises one hears from morning until far into the night.

New Orleans has many customs peculiar to itself, the posting of funeral notices on telegraph poles being one of them.

The interring of the dead in tombs built above ground is a necessity, as the city is located on swamp land. The sepulchres are constructed with



JACKSCN MONUMENT. LOWER LEVEE, SHIPPING. CANAL STREET.

Ham, whose complexions run the gamut of color, from ebony to "yaller."

The wharfage of New Orleans is eleven miles long. On the broad tide of the Mississippi, whose tawny waters are forever lap-lap-lapping at the earthwork that confines its treacherous flood, every sort of craft, big and little, plies to and fro.

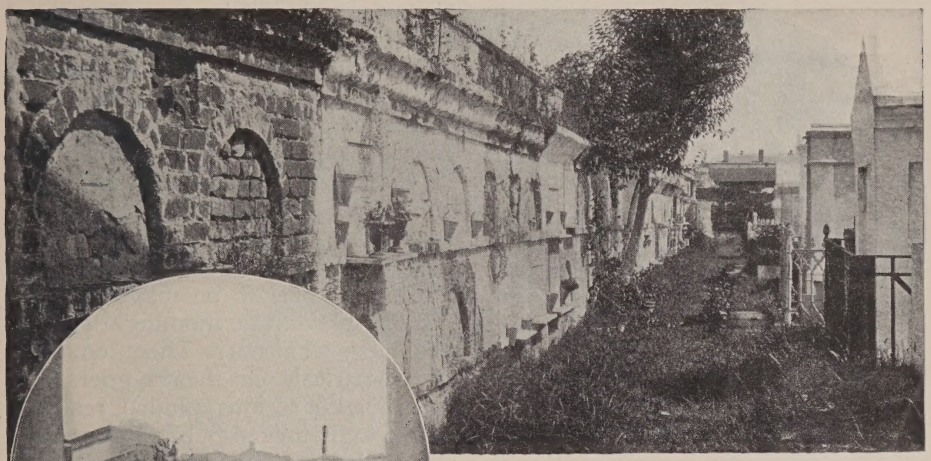
There is a confusion of sounds at the landings, where vessels are discharging their freight—the product of the cane, rice and cotton fields, tropical fruits, etc.

The clang and clatter of passing locomotives, drawing heavily loaded trains; the rumble of drays, and high

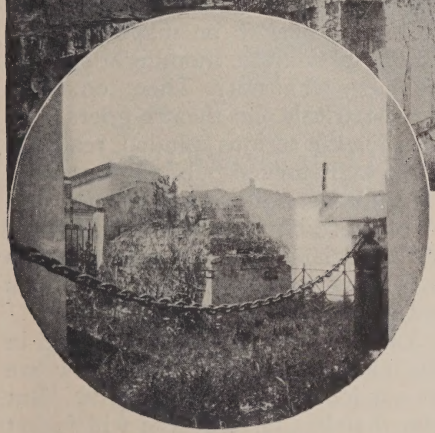
divisions, one above the other, and after a burial the opening to this division is sealed. In the St. Louis cemetery, the oldest in the city, are tombs so old that the bricks and mortar have fallen away; in the crevices vagrant vines and wild grasses have found lodgment, lending beauty to decay.

In the National cemetery line upon line of square white headstones stretch across the green sward, marking the resting places of thousands of "the boys in blue"—those brave soldiers who fell in freedom's cause.

Adjoining the cemetery are the "Plains of Chalmette," the battlefield where the English met defeat at the



ST. LOUIS CEMETERY.



THE OLDEST GRAVE IN THE CEMETERY.

hands of General Jackson in 1815. Here stands the unfinished Jackson monument; rank weeds grow at its base, and birds nest within the shaft.

The setting apart of a day for the decorating of soldiers' graves, a custom observed by both North and South, had its origin with the French colonists. On November 2 — All Souls' Day—the mourners would repair to the cities of the dead, there to twine garlands for the tombs. We have made this custom our own, and on Decoration Day, all over the land, the fairest flowers are laid upon the graves of fallen heroes. In the lower suburbs of New Orleans is the cemetery containing the world-famed shrine of St. Roque.

Dainty, tenderly-reared women trudge the long, dusty road from the city to St. Roque, and their costly favors are laid on the altar beside the humble offerings of their less favored sisters.

Within, from the flower-decked altar, the statue of St. Roque smiles down upon the supplicant. In recognition of cures and favors granted through intercession of St. Roque many have caused tablets to be inscribed and set in the wall.

With the coming of the summer days, the population of New Orleans betakes itself to the shady side of the street.

For the pleasure-loving, resident and tourist, there are delightful resorts so near the city as to be easily reached by boat or rail, and these places are well patronized. Ocean Springs, Biloxi, Pass Christian, Bay St. Louis and Pascagoula, all are pleasant resorts in which to spend the summer months. One has but to choose; and yet, with the memory of happy hours passed "all along shore," how is one to choose?

As the Irishman aptly observed, "Aich wan is better than the ither." West End and Spanish Fort, situated on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, are the headquarters of the yacht and rowing clubs.

TYPICAL SOUTHERN HOME.

Beautiful Pontchartrain! The tiny waves run along the shore with a wooing, cooing sound that is like the laughter of happy children. Where the blue sky meets the bluer water a white sail is spread, like the snowy wing of a gull. With the golden glow of sunlight over all the scene is like a lovely pastel, which one longs to take away and keep forever.

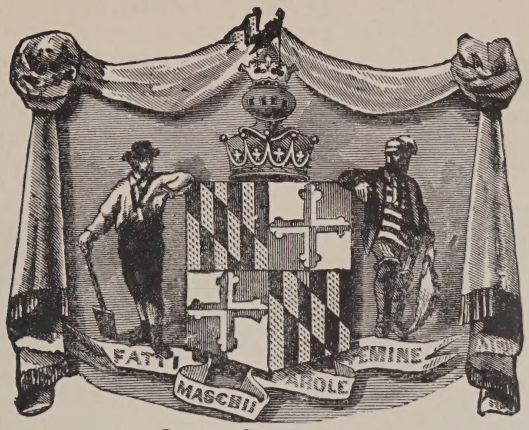
New Orleans has long been famous for her Mardi Gras carnival—at one time the only celebration of its kind in the United States.

Now that California has entered the list with fiestas, floral pageants, tournaments and the like, New Orleans must look to her laurels. Whether it be festal day or "blue Monday," time never hangs heavily on one's hands in the Crescent City.

There are old book stores to be explored, visits to be made to some near-by plantation, moonlight sails on the lake—what not? Then, too, there are theatricals for theatre-goers, lectures for the serious-minded, readings at the well-stocked public libraries for the studious, out-door games for lovers of sport, hours with artists, writers and musicians for the stranger who is so fortunate as to possess credentials and a passable coat to his back.

All too soon the time has passed in this charming spot. Tomorrow we set our faces toward the North. But who that has tarried here will forget the glory of the skies, the beauty of the women or the charm of the French quarter, where so many of Cable's characters lived and loved?

LEVEE SCENE, CANAL STREET.



CALVERT COAT OF ARMS.

HISTORICAL CATHOLIC FAMILIES OF AMERICA.

THE CALVERT FAMILY.

REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

WHERE the Patapsco, after rushing through the hills of Howard county, broadens and hastens on, to mingle with the waters of the time-honored Chesapeake, a few miles above Fort Carroll, stands one of America's largest and most prosperous cities. Sending forth her merchandise to every clime and receiving in exchange the products of every soil, Baltimore, modern as she is, with her well-developed system of rapid transit, is eminently conservative, and, unlike so many cities of more rapid growth, that characterize the Western Hemisphere, she retains strong memories of the past. Her name itself links us to the earliest days of Maryland's colonization, and perpetuates a now extinct title.

While England was ruled by Elizabeth, and the blood of Catholics flowed freely in that country, which had, recently, been wrenched from the bosom of Mother-Church, there lived in Yorkshire, in or near the town of Danby Wiske, in the valley of the Swale, a couple whose son was destined to be immortalized in those distant lands beyond the seas, which were then a trackless wilderness. Leonard Calvert and Alice Crossland were the names they bore. We are unable to trace the ancestry of Leonard Calvert beyond his father, John, but it is generally admitted that the family originally came from Flanders, where Calvaert is a well-known name, and that their house was noble. Looking over Burke's Gentry, we find that several English families bear the name of Calvert. There are the Calverts of Albury, descended from Felix Calvert of Furneux Pelham; the Calverts of Hunsdon and others. It is probable that a common ancestry must be ascribed to these various branches, and a connection between our Calverts and those of Albury Hall, as well as of Hunsdon in Herts, can be proved by the fact that these three branches possess the same armorial bearings, identical with the coat of arms adopted and still used by the State of Maryland.

At what period the Calverts emigrated to England has not been ascer-

GEORGE CALVERT.

tained; but it is sure that there were Calverts or Calverds in Yorkshire as early as the fourteenth century, the name of Margarita Calverd appearing on the Durham Halmote, or Manorial Rolls, in 1366; but there is no evidence of their connection with the family of Lord Baltimore.

The Calverts owned the estate of Kiplin, in Yorkshire, and it was there, or in the village of the same name, that George Calvert, son of Leonard Calvert and Alice Crossland, was born, about the year 1582. The youthful George was brought up a Protestant, and from this we infer that his parents must have departed from the ancient faith during the reign of Elizabeth, if, indeed, they or their immediate ancestors, had not sooner imbibed the spirit of the Reformation, the ideas of which were spread throughout the northern portion of Continental Europe, and for some time had been rife in England. George, whose liberal education fitted him for public affairs, gradually rose into prominence, and the political experience he acquired recommended him to the court, where he obtained the office of Secretary of State. In 1617 he was knighted by the son of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, and he continued to enjoy the confidence of his sovereign. It fills us with admir-

CECIL CALVERT.

ation for his noble character and manly courage to think that, at a time when the Catholic religion was persecuted in England, he braved the fury of public opinion and, true to his convictions, embraced the proscribed religion, openly acknowledging his conversion. In consequence of this step the noble-minded man resigned his office of Secretary of State; but he did not forfeit the confidence of his king. James I. retained his services by keeping him in the office of member of the Privy Council. He went further. A new title of nobility was created for the recent convert,

LEONARD CALVERT.

and thus did George Calvert become the first Baron of Baltimore in the Irish peerage, taking his title from a small place in Ireland, in the County of Longford. His conversion to the Catholic faith occurred about the year 1624, and in 1625 he became the first Lord Baltimore.

CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND.

Many years previously, in 1604-05, George Calvert had married Anne, daughter of George Wynne of Hertfordshire, and granddaughter of Sir Thomas Wroth of Durance, in Enfield, Middlesex. She gave to him eleven children. The eldest, Cecilius, became his heir and the succesor to his title. Leonard, the second, was the first Governor of Maryland. George, the third son, accompanied the colonists to the New World and died in America. The other sons were Francis, Henry and John. Of the daughters, Anne married William Peasley, Esq.; Dorothy and Elizabeth died unmarried; Grace became the wife of Robert Talbot of Cartown, in

HENRIETTA MARIA, CONSORT OF CHARLES I.

the county of Kildare, Ireland; and, finally, we find the name of Helen. Their mother died in childbirth in 1622, before her husband had embraced the Catholic religion. George Calvert married a second time, and of this union was born Philip, who afterward became Governor of Maryland. The second wife of Lord Baltimore, together with several of his children, were lost at sea on their return voyage from Newfoundland to England. The soul of the afflicted husband is laid bare in a letter to his friend, Wentworth, the Earl of Stafford, written to console the latter on the death of his second wife, Arabella. He thus refers to his own sorrows: "There are few, perhaps, can judge of it better than I, who have been myself a long time a man of sorrows. But all things, my Lord, in this world pass away; Statutum est, wife, children, honor, wealth, friends and what else is dear to flesh and blood; they are but lent us till God pleases to call for them back again, that we may not esteem anything our own, or set our hearts upon anything but Him alone, who only remains forever."

At the time when George Calvert became Lord Baltimore the Western lands had for some time been attracting the attention of British colonizers, and the newly established London Company had begun the settlement of Virginia. Calvert, whose interests in the New World had long since been awakened, felt within himself the desire of establishing a colony in America. The condition of his down-trodden co-religionists was painful to him, and he sought to ameliorate their lot. In England there could be no question of religious liberty for them, and he wistfully turned his eyes toward the Western wilds, as the Puritans were doing. An attempt to found a settlement in the southern part of Newfoundland, in virtue of a patent he had obtained, was soon abandoned in consequence of the unfitness of that bleak and rugged region, and Lord Baltimore directed his attention to Virginia. He visited the colony in October, 1629, but his negotiations came to naught, as he could not accept the oath of supremacy tendered to him by the Assembly. It was then that he obtained from Charles I. a charter for the colonization of the region north of the Potomac, which was granted to him, his heirs and assigns in absolute possession, with the condition of a small annual tribute to the Crown and the payment of one-fifth of all gold and silver that might be found. George, Lord Baltimore, did not live to put his plans into execution, for before the patent was issued he had exchanged time for eternity. The first Lord Baltimore died on April 15, 1632, at his lodgings in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in London. He was buried in the chancel of St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet street. He left a name, says Bancroft, "against which the breath of calumny has hardly dared whisper a reproach."

His eldest son, Cecil, or Cecilius, succeeded to his title, and obtained the charter granted to his father. The second Lord Baltimore married Anne, daughter of Thomas, Lord Arundell, of Wardour. She died in 1639. Seven years previously the colonization of Maryland had been begun by Leonard Calvert, brother of the Lord Proprietary. On November 22, 1632, he set sail from England with the "Ark" and the "Dove" with a company of two hundred persons, mostly Catholics, two Jesuit Priests and his brother George. They directed their course to the West Indies, and did not reach the shores of the Chesapeake until February 24, 1634.

Leonard Calvert governed the colony in his brother's name fifteen years. He died at St. Mary's on June 9, 1647. In his last moments he was attended by his kinswomen, Margaret

and Mary Brent, and by Francis Auketill and James Linsey. On his death bed he appointed Thomas Greene to act as governor of the colony. The mortal remains of Leonard Calvert repose in an unknown grave on the site of old St. Mary's. James McSherry, in his History of Maryland, says that "his character, public and private, was without stain, his abilities were undoubted, his government kind and parental, and his memory was long cherished by the colonists with grateful recollection."

His brother George died before the year 1653. The Lord Proprietary himself survived his younger brothers, and lived many years, witnessing the execution of Charles I., the iron rule of Cromwell and the restoration of the Stuarts, under Charles II. He departed this life on November 30, 1675.

William Stone had succeeded Thomas Greene as Governor of Maryland, and in 1660 Philip Calvert, half-brother of the Proprietary, had become Governor. He filled the office nearly two years, and he was followed by the Hon. Charles Calvert, son of Cecilius and heir to the Province. On his father's death Charles succeeded to the title as third Lord Baltimore, and returned to England. He came back to Maryland in 1681, at a period when the Protestants of the colony, forgetful of the spirit of the first Lord Baltimore, were making an attempt to establish by law the Church of England. Charles found himself thus an object of hostility on the part of many of the colonists. Some time later the English ministry disfranchised all Roman Catholics in the colony, and thus was the first blow struck at the rights of the Proprietary. In 1689, while Lord Baltimore was in England, an insurrection in Maryland overturned his government, and proclaimed William and Mary sovereigns. In spite of the protests of Lord Baltimore, William III., in 1691, annulled the charter of Maryland, and the colony became a royal province. The third Lord Baltimore was the last Catholic baron of his noble house, for his son, Benedict Leonard, perceiving that all hopes of obtaining his proprietary rights were lost to him as long as he remained faithful to the religion of his father, determined to change his faith. "This change of faith in the Calvert family," says Scharf, "had probably been the result rather of policy than conviction."

McMahon tells us that Charles Calvert, "yielding to the anxieties of a parent, induced his son and heir apparent, Benedict Leonard Calvert, to embrace the doctrines of the establish Church." This writer is evidently in error, for Benedict Leonard, in a memorial to the king, written in 1714, in which he announces his change of religion, writes thus:

"That he, having for some years expressed to several his inclinations to become a member of the Church of England, determined in November, 1713, to declare himself so, and accordingly soon after publicly renounced the Romish Errors and received from the hands of the Bishop of Hereford the blessed sacrament of the Lord's supper in the Church of St. Anne, Westminster."

"That the Lord Baltimore, his father, (whom he had some time before acquainted with his Resolution), resented this so much that he withdrew four hundred and fifty pounds per annum of what he had for several years allowed him, which he (a little before yo'r Petitioner's changing his Religion), assured him (by a letter under his own hand), he intended to continue."

From this document it is clear that Charles, Lord Baltimore, instead of inducing his son to change his religion, energetically opposed the step.

At the time, when Benedict Leonard Calvert became a Protestant, he had six children, four sons and two daughters. These had been educated abroad by their grandfather at Catholic institutions; but on their father's change of religion they were placed in Protestant schools in the vicinity of London.

Charles Calvert died at Epsom, in the County of Surrey, on February 20, 1714, at the advanced age of eighty-four. He had married Jane, widow of the Hon. Henry Sewall of Matipany, on the Patuxent, in Maryland. His son, Benedict Leonard, who was then a member of the English Parliament, succeeded him as fourth Lord Baltimore. The latter lived only a short time after his apostasy, dying on April 16, 1715, little more than a year after his father. About a month later the proprietary government was restored in favor of his son, Charles, fifth Lord Baltimore, then a boy under the guardianship of Lord Guilford. John Hart became Governor of the Province.

The wife of Benedict Leonard Calvert was Charlotte, daughter of Edward Henry Lee, Earl of Litchfield, and granddaughter of Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland. The Earl of Litchfield abjured the Roman Catholic religion in 1713. This family dates its earldom from the crusade of Richard Coeur de Lion, and the Lees of Virginia, to whom the Confederate General, Robert E. Lee, belonged, are the descendants of a younger branch of the family. The wife of Benedict Leonard Calvert survived her husband, and died in 1731. She was buried at Woodford, in England. Their children were Charles, the fifth Lord Baltimore, Benedict Leonard, who became Governor of Maryland, and died in 1731; Edward Henry, Cecil, who died in 1756; Charlotte, wife of Thomas Brerewood; Jaule and Barbara, who died young.

Benedict Leonard Calvert had a younger brother named Charles, who was Captain of the First Regiment of Foot Guards. His son Charles, fifth Lord Baltimore, in whom the proprietary government was restored, was born in 1699, and educated a Protestant. He married Mary, daughter of Sir Theodore Janssen, Baronet, of Wimbledon, Surrey. He had several children, his eldest daughter being Louisa, who married John Browning, Esq., of Horton Lodge, Epsom, Surrey, and his youngest, Caroline, who became the wife of Sir Robert Eden, Bart., last Governor of Maryland befor its independence.

Charles, Lord Baltimore, died on April 24, 1751, leaving his title and his proprietary rights in Maryland to his only legitimate son, Frederick, the sixth and last Lord Baltimore.

By his will the province of Maryland was to revert to his daughter, Louisa Browning, if Frederick died without heirs. This actually occurred: Frederick's wife, Diana Egerton, died soon after, 1753, from a fall out of a phaeton, and though he survived her many years, he died without legitimate issue. His death occurred at Naples on September 14, 1771. With him the title of Lord Baltimore became extinct. He left two illegitimate children, and by his will he bequeathed the province of Maryland to his son. The legitimate heiress, in virtue of the will of Charles, fifth Lord Baltimore, was, however, his sister Louisa Browning. Her only son, Charles Browning, married Elizabeth Anne More, daughter of Sir William More, Baronet. His children were Charles, who died an infant; Charles Calvert, Louisa, Frederick, Cecil and Elizabeth. Of course, the will of Frederick Lord Baltimore was contested by the Brownings, but while the affair was before the Court of Chancery the American Revolu-

tion intervened, and put an end to the Proprietary Government in Maryland. Louisa Browning became insane, and in 1820 her son Charles presented a memorial to the Legislature of Maryland to obtain compensation for losses sustained by the Baltimore family in confiscation of their property during the Revolutionary War. He and his mother were then the sole legal representatives of the family of Lord Baltimore. In 1860 the last representative of the family, and the possesor of the family papers, was a prisoner for debt in Queen's Bench prison, where he had been for twenty years. A sad ending, indeed, for a once illustrious house!

The Calverts of Maryland trace their descent from Charles, fifth Lord Baltimore, through his son, Benedict.

Nellie, the daughter of Benedict, married Mr. Custis, the son of Mrs. Washington. George W. Calvert, the most distinguished member of the Maryland family, was the grandson of Benedict, and a native of Baltimore. A graduate of Harvard University and a student of the University of Gottingen, he became editor of the Baltimore American. He was known as a distinguished author and a contributor to several American periodicals. He removed to Newport, R. I., in 1843, became Mayor of that city in 1853, and resided there until his death. He married Elizabeth Spriggs Stewart, sister of the late Richard S. Stewart, a distinguished Baltimore physician. The descendants of Benedict Calvert, through male and female branches, are quite numerous, but the direct line seems to have disappeared.

SONNET.

P. B. Mellish.

Shrieks the wild whistling wind. The blinding snow
Thickens the darkness o'er the storm-tossed bay.
Black as Despair the night. In wild affray
The elements are warring. Still they grow
Wilder in fury; and the sea below
Throws from its mountain-waves wind-driven spray,
And e'en the hardiest sailor longs for day
Though wont to battle with the storm-fiend foe.

O God, whose Spirit moved upon the sea
E'er man was born. Who bad'st the flood divide
To free thy chosen race from Pharaoh's pride,
Who speakest the word "Be still," at Galilee
Which hushed the billows to tranquility,
Guard all who on this watery turmoil ride!

EMMET.

J. T. Gallagher, M. D.

(To be read at the Emmet Anniversary Celebration in Monument Hall, Charlestown, March 4, 1897.)

I.

No tears we'll shed for the deathless dead, —
The hero long departed, —
Nor shall we moan o'er the nameless stone
Where sleeps the noble hearted;
We dare not weep 'till the foe we sweep
From the land for which he perished;
Nor dare we moan till the scroless stone
Shall bear the tribute cherished.

We come to-day on his grave to lay
The martyr's wreath of glory,
And back again on the heart and brain
Swells all the tragic story, —
The bleeding land, and the brave sons banned
Who would from wrong defend her;
The scaffold grim where they mangled him,
The peerless youth and tender;

The last request, — to be left at rest,
Unknown his aims and station, —
Till times and men should arise again,
And make his land a nation.
Here by his tomb, in the March eve's gloom,
We kneel, the young and hoary,
And vow to write on his gravestone white,
His name — a line of glory!

II.

He saw his own beloved land
Writhe in the tyrant's iron hand,
And this his spirit could not stand;

He saw the merciless and strong
Re-lock the chain, apply the thong, —
His soul rebelled against the wrong;

He saw the captive, poor and weak,
The tear of sorrow on her cheek,
And dared one comfort-word to speak;

He saw the captors, cruel, stern,
The kindly word of comfort spurn,
With new-born fury on her turn;

Then rose the spirit of his race
In splendid majesty and grace,
And wrote defiance on his face!

On, like the fiery breath of storm,
Right's battered mail around his form,
He rushed into the conflict warm!

He cared not what his fate might be,
His land was chained, she must be free!
He went where beckoned Liberty —

Where called the voices of the dead,
Who in the ancient struggle led,
And in the cause of freedom bled.

But ah! he did not see the woe
That surged on hearts, like ocean's flow,
The day that saw his overthrow!

Nor did he see the shaft of pain
That pierced the heart and rent the brain
And laid his idol 'mid the slain!

III.

But his name will live forever, and his fame shall never die,
And his blood, from earth appealing, shall for vengeance ever cry!
And the Gael will some day answer, as a unit to the call,
And march on the Saxon foemen, like a moving granite wall!

From the North and South we'll gather, from the Eastland and the West,
In each hand the sword of justice, Right's strong shield upon each breast;
And we'll sweep the foe before us, as the cylone sweeps the chaff,
And we'll make our land a Nation, and — write Emmet's epitaph!

THE WINTRY WOODS.

WALTER M. EGGINTON.

Sentinel trees that are gaunt and bare
Waving their arms in the crisp morning air,
Banks where the snow-diamonds sparkle fair,
All in the wintry woods.

Bunches of green on snow-white mounds,
Clear, dainty foot-prints where Reynard bounds,
Faint in the distance the baying of hounds,
Deep in the wintry woods.

Skies that are brightened with bluest blue,
Frail, timid flowerets of tender hue,
Patches of gold where sunbeams fall through,
Picturesque wintry woods.

WHAT IS BEST FOR IRELAND.

A SYMPOSIUM.

RT. REV. PATRICK O'DONNELL, BISHOP OF RAPHOE.

I shall begin the few sentences, which the short time at my command enables me to send in reply to your comprehensive question, by recalling the truth that for every nation what is best is the blessing of God. I do so at the outset, because, however much this query deals with a different order from the supernatural, it is plain enough that the Irish people, especially, can never do justice, even to their natural parts, except on thoroughly Christian lines.

In the wide sphere of national well being what is best for Ireland is Home Rule or government and administration of Irish affairs from within the country and not from without. A nation's sons alone have the heart to build up her prosperity; and one of the most hopeful signs of the times is that the report of the Financial Relations Commission has awakened in Irishmen of every class a sense of the danger involved in consigning the interests of Ireland to the consideration of outsiders, who have often quite enough to do in minding their own concerns.

It is only native government that can foster native genius or inspire native enterprise or encourage native industries, with a true understanding of the capabilities and wants of the country, or that can possess the human sympathy which elicits the nobler characteristics of a people.

To gain Home Rule we need a united and disciplined Irish party, backed in union and discipline by their constituents and supported by the Irish people at home and abroad. The Irish race convention has drawn lines of guidance and breathed a spirit of national union that promises ere very long to give us this instrument of liberation. Already much has been done, despite hostile clamor, to unite the people at home.

Patrick O'Donnell

Bishop of Raphoe

P. J. TIMMINS, M. D.

To the question "What is best for Ireland?" taken in a political sense, all sensible thinkers would probably reply: "The cordial reunion of her Parliamentary representatives backed by a united electorate." This was the universal opinion of the men of her race at home and abroad who met recently to consult for her welfare. The grand object of present Irish effort is

Home Rule. All other things needful and profitable for the country, such as the settlement of the land question, the improvement of agriculture, the development of mineral resources, manufactures, fisheries and education would follow as so many corollaries from self-government.

But how is the first essential, which the Bishop of Raphoe calls "victory-compelling unity," to be secured? By following principles instead of men, and by obeying in all matters of dispute the will of the majority. The first half of this remedy is for the people, the second for their representatives. Some one may say: "How can the simple peasants discern principles? You must first educate them." Let such a one look and see that it is persons of the educated class who are today making the worst confusion of men and principles.

The panacea for the squabbles of members of Parliament is neither untried nor empirical. Majority rule is the essence of government wherever the light of civilization has entered. But for the Irish Parliamentary party, whose prime duty is to present a solid front to the opponents of Home Rule, the strictest obedience of the majority is necessary. It will not suffice to be as one on leading questions only. Even about things of minor importance there should be no bitter friction. The party ought to resemble a well drilled ball team, in which each man plays for the good of all, and not to win for himself the applause of the grand stand. Let the electors of Ireland demand an exact following of this idea, and the battle is won.

One thing Irishmen need to learn is to dispute without passion, more especially at this time, when the reconciliation of parties is the great essential. "Fly blisters" are not good things to heal sores, and the verbal, as well as the actual blister, has only irritating properties. This is something which even a few of those trained in Maynooth seem sometimes to forget. They ought not to slight the forms inculcated in their class of logic. "Sic argumentaris, domine," predisposes an opponent for the fruitful reception of one's argument.

I do not think it for the best interests of Ireland that her priests should forsake the political platform, as some hold. They have much power to educate, illuminate and purify. They can exercise their rights as citizens without involving their sacerdotal character. As there are few families in Ireland into which a root of the clerical tree cannot be traced, its far-reaching influence becomes at once apparent. Therefore they have today one of their best teaching opportunities in the chance offered for showing the people how to unite.

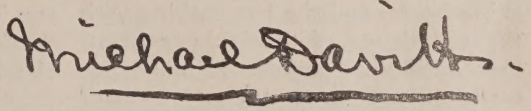
It is best for Ireland to look soberly at the fact that there are many intelligent races in the world outside her own. Most of these are represented here in the United States. Were I to ask them each and all what they consider the greatest obstacle to Irish national progress they would give the same answer—"The Irish cannot pull together."

P. J. Timmins M.D.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

A movement of the Irish race, such as the National Land League was, which aimed at achieving the two things essential to the future welfare and prosperity of our country, namely the destruction of Irish landlordism and the abolition of alien rule. The Land League would have done its work effectively if the men who organized the Invincible Society had not killed it along with Cavendish and Burke in the Phoenix Park.

Another Land League is now possible, and with a much easier task before it in the declining strength of the two institutions which stand in the way of Ireland's national and economic liberty; and this second league could be established in six months if Mr. John Redmond and Mr. Timothy Healy would only condescend to do two things not in themselves impossible or unreasonable, namely: First. To follow the example of 70,000,000 freemen in the United States, and recognize and abide by the decision of the majority; and, second: To think and act as if the liberation of Ireland from Castle Rule and Irish Landlordism is of more importance to the Irish race than the existence of a Tim Healy or a John Redmond leadership of Parliamentary factions.



O'BRIEN J. ATKINSON.

Ireland's best good is independence and a republic. Her second best is colonial independence such as Canada posseses. Her third best is legislative independence such as British Islands enjoy all over the earth.

Absolute independence is not practicable without disrupting England's notion of the British Empire.

Colonial independence has much to commend it even to Englishmen. While legislative independence has a majority of the British electorate ready to study her claims and grant her requests when properly presented.

The Irish people can have that kind of independence which the world recognizes as fit for their condition, because the world is studying Ireland now and has been for many centuries. But Ireland has been forced to demonstrate her fitness for what she wants under severe tests and disheartening embarrassments. While home rule is absolutely denied and galling injustice is ever present, the Irish people are expected to display serenity, wisdom, patience and even patriotism for England. And if these qualities do not appear, the "Enlightened conscience of the world" is likely to note each departure as an evidence of Ireland's unfitness for self-government. The remedy for this is with the Irish statesmen who should be willing to let Ireland grow rather than gallop into Nationhood. They should take small concessions at first, and then (by removing objections) gain the higher prize.

Municipal government for cities was resisted as dangerous to public peace in Ireland, but so far as tested, nothing appears to verify this fear. County government in some form should be attained at once, based on

an extended suffrage and having all possible jurisdiction consistent with British prejudice and fears. After county governments were shown to be successful, I would advance another step.

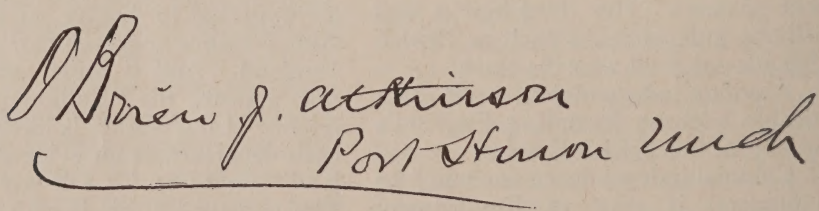
Ireland has four ancient provinces, each with a capital city and some peculiar traits. Provincial legislatures should have a home in these provinces, with jurisdiction over civil rights, with restraints and uniformity guaranteed by a charter like the "Dominion Act" for Canada. From these seeds of Statehood, greater Ireland could germinate, and England could be assured that Parnell's idea of home rule was safe and just.

At present Ireland has no township system, and she has nothing with the semblance of township government. She has counties in name, but no County Council, nor any form of county government by the people. She has nearly as many provinces as Canada and a greater population, but she has no provincial legislature. No provincial capital cities, except in tradition. No provincial statutes nor courts. Nor any of those agencies of home rule so familiar to British residents all over the earth.

If Ireland was peopled with a race which had no history, all these reforms would grow there as they did in Virginia and Massachusetts before the Revolution, but now they are stifled by prejudice and stunted by power.

If Ireland had no colonies all over the earth attempting to influence her local action, she would rely upon herself and might gain victory where she now meets with disaster. Her exiled sons are her ardent allies, but they may also be her greatest embarrassment. They should render aid only, not advice, or else they should influence other nations to make war on England under every possible pretext, and then make such wars successful to England's enemies.

After Gladstone's splendid effort to make Ireland a state, I have faith in peaceful methods, and I now believe that England's greatest good lies in Home Rule for Ireland, and that autonomy upon the instalment plan is "What is best for Ireland."



J. E. REDMOND.

The question which I am asked to answer is, "What is best for Ireland?" From an Irish Nationalist there is only one answer possible. The only cure for Ireland's poverty and discontent is the establishment of national self-government in that country. The whole history of Ireland's connection with England has been one long dismal record of ever-increasing poverty, misery and disaffection. The concession of self-government, possibly, is still a long way off; and it is very probable that it may be of more interest to your readers if I deal on this occasion with a minor question, but still

one of vital importance to the Irish people. I mean the question of the over-taxation of Ireland.

When union with England was under discussion, Dr. Johnson said to Ireland: "Don't unite with us. If you do, we will rob you." And his prophecy has, indeed, come true. Ireland was robbed at the time of the union. She was robbed again at the time of the amalgamation of the English and Irish exchequers, some seventeen years afterwards. She was robbed again in 1853 by the financial policy then enforced by Gladstone; and, today, the fact has been established, on evidence that cannot be disputed, that she is over-taxed, as compared with Great Britain, to the extent of close upon 3,000,000 pounds sterling per annum. For the last half century Irishmen in the English Parliament have been continually raising this question. They were, however, time and again, laughed out of court; they never got even a fair hearing. Statesmen of all English political parties continuously and persistently ridiculed the idea of any Irish grievance existing on this head; and no one was more vehement in his denial of the injustice than England's greatest financier, Gladstone. It was not until the year 1893 that an inquiry was ordered into this matter, Gladstone's second Home Rule bill was then before Parliament. When the financial portion of that bill came under discussion, I expressed the opinion, in the House of Commons that, under its provisions, Ireland would be bankrupt in twelve months. For that statement I was denounced by both English and Irish politicians. But this truth has now been established. I proposed the appointment of some impartial tribunal to investigate the alleged over-taxation of Ireland, and, after a very prolonged discussion and negotiation, I succeeded in inducing Gladstone to appoint a royal commission to investigate this matter. That commission sat for two years, and its report is now the leading topic of discussion in Great Britain and Ireland. It was appointed to decide the question as to what was Ireland's proper proportion of the general taxation of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, having regard to the taxable capacity of Ireland as compared with Great Britain.

First, let me deal with the constitution of this commission. It consisted of fifteen members; its chairman was the Right Honorable Hugh Childers, admittedly the greatest authority on financial matters in England, after Gladstone himself, and a man, who, on two occasions, filled the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer in England. The Irishmen on the Commission were in a considerable minority. Out of the fifteen members, there were only four Irish home-rulers, myself among the number. The English treasury was represented by its most skilled and experienced official, Lord Welby. The other Englishmen who represented the English side of the case on the Commission were Lord Farrer, Sir Robert Hamilton, Sir David Barbour, and Mr. Bertram Currie, all recognized as high authorities on financial matters, and all supposed to be hostile to the idea that Ireland suffered any injustice in the question of taxation.

The Commission examined innumerable witnesses, mostly British, and including Sir Edward Hamilton, the head of the English Treasury, and other British officials; and finally, after two years of exhaustive investigation, it made a report with practical unanimity (only one member dissenting), of so startling a character that, today, it forms the one important political issue which will engage the attention of the English Parliament during this year. The findings of the Commission, I ought to set out, I

think, in brief. They were five in number, and were as follows:

1. That Great Britain and Ireland must for the purpose of this inquiry be considered as separate entities.

2. That the Act of Union imposed upon Ireland a burden which, as events showed, she was unable to bear.

3. That the increase of taxation laid upon Ireland between 1853 and 1860 was not justified by the then existing circumstances.

4. The identity of rates of taxation does not necessarily involve equality of burden.

5. That, while the actual tax revenue of Ireland is about one-eleventh of that of Great Britain, the relative taxable capacity of Ireland is very much smaller, and is not estimated by any of us as exceeding one-twentieth.

Translated into figures, this report meant that for the year 1893-4, Ireland paid into the imperial treasury of Great Britain the sum of 7,568,649 pounds, instead of 4,842,781 pounds, which was her proper and fair contribution. I need not point out what this means to a poor country like Ireland. It means in the first place that we have been over-charged in the past to the extent of considerably more than 100,000,000 pounds sterling; and that, while we are unable to obtain assistance to foster our languishing industries, to promote agriculture, to spread technical education, and generally to increase the prosperity of our country, we are every year called upon to pay away to England 3,000,000 pounds more than is our just proportion of imperial taxation. The result of this report in Ireland itself has been extraordinary. Over-taxation, of course, affects every class of the country, Irish landlords as well as Irish tenants; the Protestant manufacturers in Ulster just as much as tne Catholic agriculturists in the South. The Orangeman just as much as the Nationalist. We find, therefore, that, for the first time since the union of 1800, there is practical unanimity amongst all classes, creeds and political parties in Ireland on this question.

What will England's answer probably be? She cannot repudiate the finding of this Commission appointed by herself and consisting of a majority of Englishmen.

The London Times has foreshadowed the course which I think is likely to be adopted. The system of government carried on in Ireland is an expensive one—far more expensive than that which exists in England. As a matter of fact, the civil administration of Ireland costs per head of the population exactly double what the civil administration of England costs. In addition to that, a large standing army is constantly maintained in Ireland, an army almost as large as the entire regular army of the whole United States of America. To govern a nation against its will is always an expensive matter; and the London Times sets up the audacious plea that, because under the present arbitrary and non-representative system of government maintained in Ireland, that country costs the imperial exchequer more in proportion than England does, therefore this over-plus should be charged against Ireland, and in reduction of the amount which we say is due to her from Great Britain. The injustice of this plea is apparent. We don't want a system of government in Ireland which, because it is tyrannical, is therefore expensive. We don't want a million and a half pounds a year spent on maintaining a police force of 14,000 men, which is in reality a standing army. We don't want 30,000 troops constantly quartered in our country. We don't want the present system of turning public offices in Ireland into bribes to induce men to attach themselves to English parties, and to oppose the freedom of their coun-

try. And, if all this is maintained against our will, it is surely a monstrous thing to say that the costs of it should be charged against our country. I am very doubtful of any immediate redress of this grievance from the English Parliament; but I take consolation in the thought that, if this admitted grievance be not redressed by England, it will furnish a new and irresistible argument in favor of home rule, and will inevitably throw into the arms of the home rule movement large sections of Irishmen, such as the landed classes, who, up to the present, have remained "loyal" (as they call it) to union with England.

In answer to the question "What is best for Ireland," I am, therefore, inclined to say that what would be the best in the immediate future would be that England's refusal to remedy an admitted grievance of this character should have the effect of uniting all Irishmen, of all creeds and parties, in a determined effort to emancipate the country.

J. E. Redmond

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

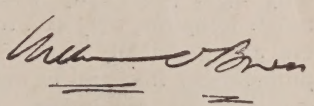
The answer that will occur to most Irishmen to your question "What is best for Ireland?" is, of course: "Some sensible settlement of the differences among Irish Nationalists." Before such a reunion is possible Irishmen abroad will have to shake off their lazy theory that the best way of arbitrating between Irish parties is by condemning them all alike, without any regard to the constitutional strength or reasonableness of one or the other. It no doubt saves people at a distance the trouble of inquiring out the facts for themselves; but this indifference on the part of our race abroad has acted as a powerful incentive to faction in Ireland, and is the most cruel of all the difficulties in the way of those whose one aim has been to elicit the will of the people, and, having elicited it, to insist that it shall prevail. There are two conclusive tests of right or wrong in Irish politics: First, what party commands the confidence of the majority of the people, and, next, what party shows most readiness to make peace with its opponents? These two questions can be answered decisively and in brief compass. As a matter of fact, the Nationalists return ninety-one representatives and the Parnellites eleven; and this after two several general elections, in the last of which the Parnellites had the advantage of Mr. Healy's mutiny in the Nationalist camp in the very crisis of the campaign. Of the eleven Munster only returns two, Connaught only two and Ulster none at all, and seven of the eleven are returned in Dublin and its immediate neighborhood. Is there any free country in the world where the will of the people has been more overwhelmingly expressed after full time for reflection? To treat as a mere "faction" a party entrusted with so emphatic a national mandate would be like treating Mr. McKinley as a factionist for carrying on the government of the country at Washington and giving Mr. Bryan free leave to start a White House of his own in Nebraska. Why should Ireland be expected to be more free from politi-

cal divergencies than the United States? The problem is complicated, no doubt, by the fact that Mr. Healy and his followers (of whom about half are members of his own family) can no longer be reckoned reliable members of the party with which they pledged themselves in writing to act as the condition of their election. But the constitutional position of the Nationalist Party in reference to the new schismatics is more incontrovertible still; for Mr. Healy and his friends cannot address a free public meeting from one end of the country to the other, were defeated in every trial of strength at the polls, and, beyond all doubt, would not receive the endorsement of five constituencies in all Ireland if they submitted themselves to their constituents. The Nationalist Party, therefore, by every democratic test, are the depositories of the confidence of four-fifths of the whole Irish population and of the most Nationalist provinces all but undividedly.

Have they fulfilled the other condition of a readiness to placate the Parnellite and Healyite minorities, instead of tyrannizing over them? First, as to the Parnellites, from the very outset of the conflict in Committee Room 15, Mr. Dillon and his friends have constantly and unchangingly held out a hand of peace, have made generous acknowledgment of the motives which induced men to stand by Mr. Parnell in his last tragic days, and have resolutely set their faces against "the sweeping brush policy," by which Mr. Healy proposed to wage an implacable war to the knife against them. Next, as to the Healyites, need I offer any better proof of the almost culpable forbearance of the Nationalist Party towards their mutinous colleagues than that it is only now, after more than three years of the most incessant and calumnious attacks on his own colleagues, that Mr. Healy and his friends have at last been brought to book, having been in vain invited to lay before the Irish Race Convention either the proofs of their atrocious charges or any suggestions of theirs for a general reconciliation? While overtures of peace have been every other month made by the Nationalist Party, in no single instance, until Mr. Harrington's late pronouncements, has any member or organ of the Parnellite Party replied in any other terms but those of insult and declarations that reunion with the majority of the representatives of Ireland was forever impossible; while one has but to take up any number of Mr. Healy's weekly organ to know that his one way of repaying the forbearance of his colleagues is to hound down every prominent opponent of his by the same filthy methods of controversy by which he poisoned the struggle with Mr. Parnell. If our countrymen abroad would only take the pains of remembering that the main factor in the situation in Ireland is a party representing, as against all minorities, four-fifths of the Nationalists of Ireland, commanding the confidence of men of the intellectual and moral fibre of Mr. Dillon, Mr. Blake, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Justin M'Carthy, Mr. Davitt, and animated by an unvarying desire to accept any rational terms of reconciliation, either with Parnellites or Healyites, without any trace of personal vindictiveness towards either, the anxiety both of Mr. Redmond and Mr. Healy for some terms of accommodation would be very decidedly stimulated. On the other hand, the mere unthinking disposition sometimes shown in the United States to confound the defenders of the Irish Party with its destroyers and dismiss them all with a common anathema depresses the people and encourages the unscrupulous.

Mr. Harrington's peace proposals are the first that have come from any

side but our own. They are none the less welcome. Should they meet the approval of Mr. Redmond, they will be discussed by the Nationalist Party with the most anxious desire to submit even to exorbitant demands in the way of personal sacrifice for a genuine National Reunion. Nothing but mischief could come of my discussing here what may be admissible or inadmissible in the details of such a settlement. It would be, perhaps, rash to count upon any immediate or sensational result at all. As to the ultimate result, we may have unlimited confidence, if only the great Central Party of Peace and Discipline are enabled steadily to pursue their way. The Parnellite masses are with Mr. Harrington, and even in advance of Mr. Harrington, in their longing for a wiping out of old scores. The masses on our side have never for a moment given up that longing. The difficulty is with a small knot of men, Parnellites and Healyites, whose purpose is not to save the party, but to smash it, one section because they hate Parliamentarism, the other for reasons they do not care to avow. They will be powerless or all-powerful, according as Irish public opinion at home and abroad shows itself vigilant or indifferent. Whether Mr. Redmond, on his return from the United States, will frankly join Mr. Harrington in his mission of peace, or will throw himself into the arms of the turbulent little Camorra, who are assailing Mr. Harrington as a traitor, the forces working in the direction of reunion will work on, and will irresistably win their way, if only a strong Central Party can be maintained, high-minded enough to make the largest concessions to personal susceptibilities and powerful enough to maintain the discipline without which a nominal unity would be scarcely worth the having.



P. O NEILL LARKIN.

Who is to blame for the humiliating spectacle which Ireland presents at this hour? England? No. Irish landlordism? No. Factional leaders of glib tongue and wondrous adroitness? Not exactly. Who, then, is to blame? The masses of the Irish in Ireland are chiefly to blame. They have shown quite clearly that they have failed to stick to the great common sense principle which is absolutely essential to national success, viz: unity of object and harmony of action to attain the object.

Again and again the remnant of the race in Ireland has commissioned the officers who were to command the National forces and plan the order of battle. These officers solemnly pledged themselves to the nation—to the Irish abroad, as well as at home—to work together as a unit, so as to be powerful in attack or defence. But in more than one crisis some officers became insubordinate; they refused to follow the plan of battle agreed upon; they denounced their colleagues; and yet they found followers in Ireland who applauded and aided them in their nefarious work. The Irish abroad gave no aid to them; they condemned their actions as traitorous.

The wily gentleman and his abettors whose infamous accusations

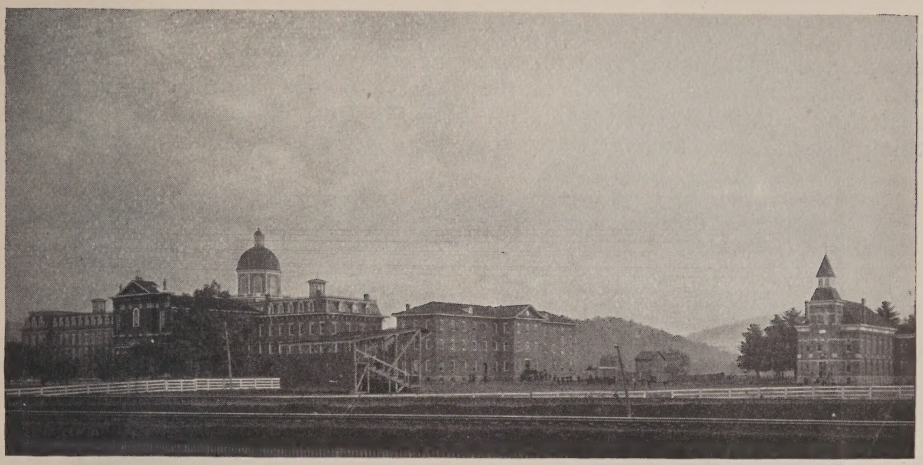
against the Catholic clergy of Ireland in the general elections of 1892 and 1895 furnished the Orange orators with their principal text against Home Rule, is a strong case in point. The able and vitriolic-tongued gentleman who falsely charged the most prominent members of his party with having sold out the National cause for money in the very midst of the election of 1895 is another case. Both of these gentlemen have followers in Ireland. I doubt if in any other civilized country they could have secured a following under like circumstances save in some of the South American republic where disorder is almost chronic.

Had Ireland been engaged with cannon and breech-loaders to secure self-government, both of these gentlemen would have been shot some years ago by order of a court martial for insubordination in the face of the enemy. But as she can only fight practically with constitutional weapons, they and their followers are physically safe. The only punishment that can be meted out is through an awakened, wholesome public sentiment. Now, what should be done in view of the situation just set forth?

The remnant of the Irish race left in Ireland should take counsel with their common sense. As soon as they do this—and the sooner the better—their present disgraceful disorders will begin to disappear. Then they will see themselves as the greater Irish race outside of Ireland sees them, and as all other sympathizers see them—a poor, miserable, broken people, almost helpless at the enemy's feet because of their wretched factional quarrels. To see and realize this condition will bring about a cure. The voice of the majority must prevail in Ireland. That is the bed-rock of democracy. It is the simple common sense exercised by every self-governing people in the whole world since the beginning of history. When the Irish in Ireland exercise it, faction will vanish and victory be close at hand.

The Irish Parliamentary Party, representing, as it does, the majority of the Irish people at home and almost the whole race abroad, should give no further quarter to insubordinates in its ranks. It has parleyed with them too long. Better have a thoroughly united and perfectly disciplined body of forty or fifty men in the House of Commons than three times that number under the conditions that have obtained during the past five years. Push all factionism into the open—Redmondism, Healyism or any other ism that may arise. Faction begets faction. The common sense of the people will soon perceive it and effect the cure. The Irish National Federation and the Parliamentary Party must defend the democratic principle of government against every enemy, whatever the cost. In that course lies safety and eventual success.

P. O'Neill Larkin.



St. Bonaventure's College and Seminary, Allegany, N. Y. Mother house of the Franciscan Province of the Immaculate Conception.

THE FRANCISCANS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Martin McGillicuddy.

The Franciscans should need no introduction to American readers, since their Order was mainly instrumental in the discovery of this country. Of the three persons who share the glory of that supreme achievement one was a Franciscan friar and the two others belonged to the Third Order of St. Francis. To Father Juan Perez de Marchena, Guardian of the Franciscan Convent of La Rabida; to Isabella, Queen of Spain, and to Christopher Columbus the world is indebted for the conception and accomplishment of the undertaking that opened a new continent to the Church. Father Juan Perez was the first religious to set foot upon the soil of America, as well as the first priest to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass under our Western skies.*

The reigning Pontiff, knowing the attachment of Columbus to the Seraphic order—he had received the habit of the Third Order from Father Perez at La Rabida in 1492—as also the prominent part played by the Franciscans in the discovery of America, appointed one of their friars, Father Bernard Boil, Provincial of the order in Spain, as first Vicar Apostolic of the Indies (as the newly discovered continent was then designated); but, through the intriguery of King Ferdinand, Father Bernard never received the honor. San Domingo subsequently became the first and principal see in the New World, Father Garzia de Padilla, O. S. F., the companion and fellow missionary of Father Perez, being its first bishop.

During the century following the discovery of this vast territory the Franciscans toiled with truly Apostolic zeal to win to Christianity even the wildest tribes in the wilderness. Volumes might be written—as, indeed, volumes have been written—upon the labors, sufferings and triumphs of the Sons of St. Francis at this period. Suffice it to say that in a

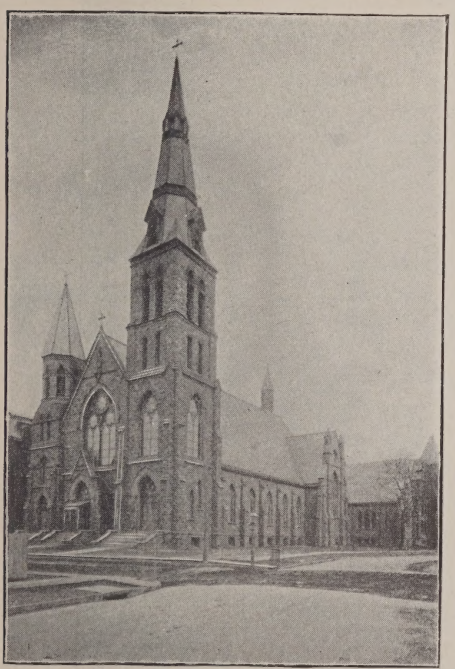
*Among the historical personages connected with the discovery of America represented at the National Capitol in Washington is the bronze figure of this humble friar.

memorial addressed to Charles V. it is stated that they converted no less than twenty millions of infidels on the American continent. In achieving this glorious result at least thirty-six of the friars are known to have met death within the present bounds of the United States at the hands of those to whom they bore the Gospel of Peace. There is no brighter page in American history than the record of these Seraphic martyrs.

The Franciscans were the first apostles of the New World, not only in the parts colonized by the Spaniards, but also in those regions along the Atlantic coast discovered by Cabot under the auspices of England, after the so-called Reformation, and, although one not infrequently hears the United States spoken of by Protestants as a Protestant country, and as having been first settled by the Puritans, yet all impartial historians give priority

MOST REV ARCHBISHOP DIOMEDE FALCONIO, O. S. F., FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF ST. BONAVENTURE'S COLLEGE AT ALLEGANY, N. Y.

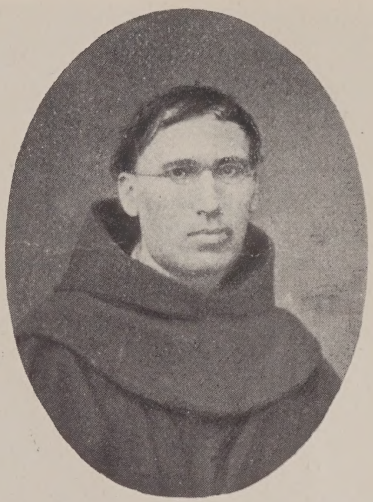
to the True Faith, and the honor of having been its first apostles to the Sons of St. Francis. Bancroft has recorded* how the Franciscan Father Joseph Le Caron, "years before the Pilgrims anchored within Cape Cod, had penetrated the land of the Mohawk, had passed to the North into the hunting grounds of the Wyandotts, and, bound by his vows to the life of a beggar, had, on foot or paddling a



St. Patrick's Church and Convent of the Franciscan Fathers, Buffalo, N. Y.

bark canoe, gone onward, and still onward, taking alms of the savages, till he reached the rivers of Lake Huron." The same great historian mentions the Franciscans as the first missionaries ever north of the Potomac, as they had been the first south of it. So, again, when De Soto discovered the Mississippi, there was with him the Franciscan friar John de Torres.

*History of the United States, Vol. II., p. 783.



Very Rev. Father Pamphilus, O. S. F., Founder of the New York Franciscan Custody of the Immaculate Conception.

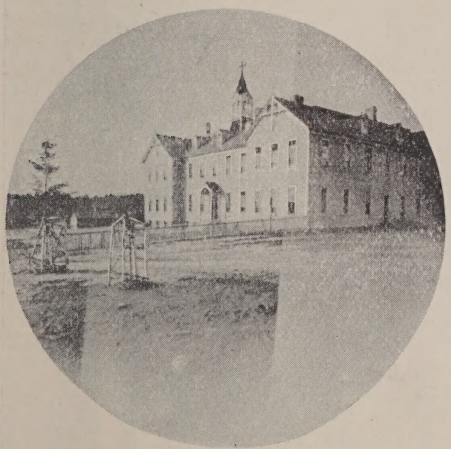
It is not generally known, even by writers on American ecclesiastical history, that the Franciscans of the English Province maintained a mission in Maryland from 1671 to 1720. At a later period—towards the close of the last century—a number of friars from

Very Rev. Ubaldus Webersinke, O. S. F. Only survivor of the original band of Fathers who came from the Tyrol half a century ago to establish the present Franciscan province of St. John the Baptist at Cincinnati.

the Green Isle became conspicuous by their missionary labors in the Eastern States. Pre-eminent among these were Father Charles Maguire, Father Charles Whelan and Fathers Lonergan and Nugent. It is interesting to recall that the last named Father celebrated the first mass in the first church erected in New York—old St. Peter's, in Barclay street. This was on November 4, 1786. Father Whelan, after laboring for a time in New York, went West, being empowered by Bishop Carroll to found a mission in Kentucky. Father Maguire came to this country in 1817 from Rome, where he had taught theology at St. Isidore's College. He had also served on the missions in the Netherlands and Germany, and had narrowly escaped the guillotine in France during the Reign of Terror. His labors in the United States were mainly confined to the regions around Pittsburg, where, with prudent foresight, he bought the ground on which the present stately

REV. JOSEPH BUTLER, O. S. F. PRESIDENT ST. BONAVENTURE'S, ALLEGANY, N. Y.

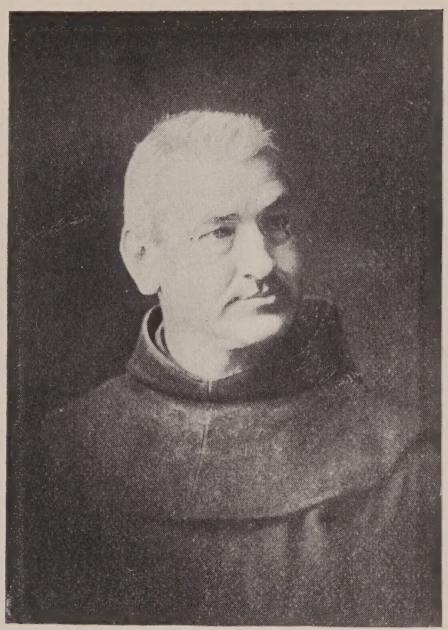
Cathedral stands. Another zealous Irish Franciscan, Father Michael Egan, who had also been on the mission in Pennsylvania for many years—previous to which, like Father Maguire, he had been connected with St. Isidore's—was, in 1810, consecrated first Bishop of Philadelphia. Worn out by his labors for the salvation of souls, this exemplary son of St. Francis died four years later. Yet another Franciscan who bore a great share in the evangelization of the Keystone State was Father Theodore Brauers, a



ST. MICHAEL'S INDIAN SCHOOL AT KESHINA, WISCONSIN. CONDUCTED BY THE FRANCISCAN FATHERS.

native of Holland, whose humble oratory at Youngstown was, about 1789, the cradle of Catholicity in the dioceses of Pittsburg and Erie.

At a later date we find Father Anthony Heymo laboring in Northern New York and Father Ambrose Buchmaier in charge of the Germans in New York city, while other members of the Franciscan Order of different nationalities were scattered in different sections. No attempt, however, was made to establish a regularly organized mission of Franciscans in the Eastern States until 1855, in which year some friars came from Italy, upon the invitation of the late Bishop Timon



VERY REV. MICHAEL RICHARDT, O. S. F. PROVINCIAL OF THE PROVINCE OF THE SACRED HEART, ST. LOUIS, MO.

of Buffalo, and settled at Ellicottville, N. Y. The first missionary expedi-

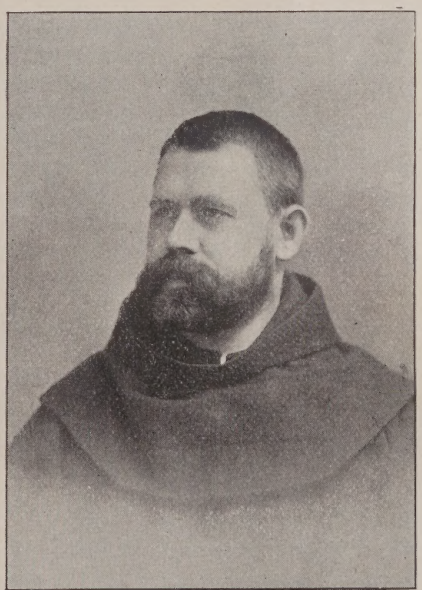
VERY REV. PETER BAPTIST ENGLERT, O. S. F. PROVINCIAL OF THE PROVINCE OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

tion consisted of four Fathers, the well known Father Pamphilus de Magliano, O. S. F., being Superior. The difficulties encountered at the outset by this intrepid little band were many; the number of the faithful were few, and the distance in traveling to reach them great. Undeterred, however, by these hardships or by any hostility they might encounter at a period when the "Knownothing" movement was at its height, these Fathers entered fervently into missionary work, and founded parishes in various parts of

INTERIOR OF FRANCISCAN CHURCH OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA, NEW YORK CITY.

GARDEN OF THE SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

New York and New England. From time to time other Fathers were sent from Europe to assist their American brethren, and the latter were thus enabled to enlarge their field of work from year to year. In 1861 their mission was erected by Papal Rescript into a Custody, or Minor Province, with the title of the Most Pure Conception of Mary, Virgin Immaculate, under whose auspices the present flourishing Province was happily inaugurated. Through the generosity of Mr. Nicholas Devereaux of Utica, N. Y., who donated a large tract of land for educational purposes at Allegany, N. Y., the Fathers were enabled to establish St. Bonaventure's College and Seminary at that place, which is to-day one of the best known Catholic educational institutions in the United States. The College, which is patronized by students from all parts of the Union, is situated some seventy miles east of Buffalo, and is rendered easy of access by the Erie Railroad, which passes through the grounds. Its location is singularly picturesque and healthful. In addition to the usual commercial, clas-



VERY REV. GODFREY SCHILLING, O. S. F.
COMMISSARY GENERAL OF THE HOLY LAND IN THE UNITED STATES.

St. Anthony's Shrine at Butler, N. J., in charge of the Franciscan Fathers.

sical and scientific courses, the curriculum at St. Bonaventure's also embraces philosophical and theological studies. Since its establishment, thirty-eight years ago, several hundred of the secular clergy have received their education here, and not a few of these have attained to positions of eminence in the Church. In this connection it is interesting to note that the present Archbishop of Acerenza, Mgr. Diomede Falconio, O. S. F., was formerly president of the college, in whose welfare and progress he still takes the liveliest interest.

The fame of the Franciscans as educators is acknowledged everywhere. They wear the laurels of six centuries of successful teaching. To quote the words of a well known writer, "The humble cord of St. Francis not only represents and symbolizes the excellencies of the Catholic religion, but also illustrates and enriches the sciences, the arts and all branches of knowledge."*

The library at St. Bonaventure's is famous on account of the large number of rare books it contains. Bibliophiles agree that the collection here numbers some of the finest specimens of early printing and binding to be seen in the United States. The gem of the collection is a work entitled "Moralia," by Pope Gregory, published at Nuremberg in 1471, about two decades after the invention of printing. Another bears the title "Opus Quadragesimale Roberti de Licio," and was printed at Milan in the following year. Next in chronological order comes "Vincentii Bellovacensis Speculum Doctrinale," printed at Strasburg in 1473. These three volumes are printed in Gothic characters. In the same case are twenty-five other works ranging in date from 1473 to 1492. Other rare editions, the dates of which vary from 1492 to 1500, bring the entire number of books comprising this unique collection up to one hundred tomes, all of which are in a perfect state of preservation. Previous to his departure for Italy Cardinal Satolli, who had visited St. Bonaventure's College in 1894, made a valuable addition to the library of the Province by presenting the Fathers with a number of rare books he had himself collected from time to time, thus affording an additional proof of his warm regard for the Franciscan Order.

Adjoining the College and Seminary at Allegany is St. Bonaventure's Monastery, which is the mother house of the New York Franciscan Province. The Fathers, besides having charge of the parish church here, attend several outlying missions. They, moreover, assist the secular clergy in various localities and preach missions when their otherwise arduous duties will allow them to do so. To some extent the Fathers of this Province, have charge of a large community of Franciscan Sisters, whose order was established in this country by their own founder, Father Pamphilus. They have also the spiritual direction of the Third Order of St. Francis,* of whom there are no

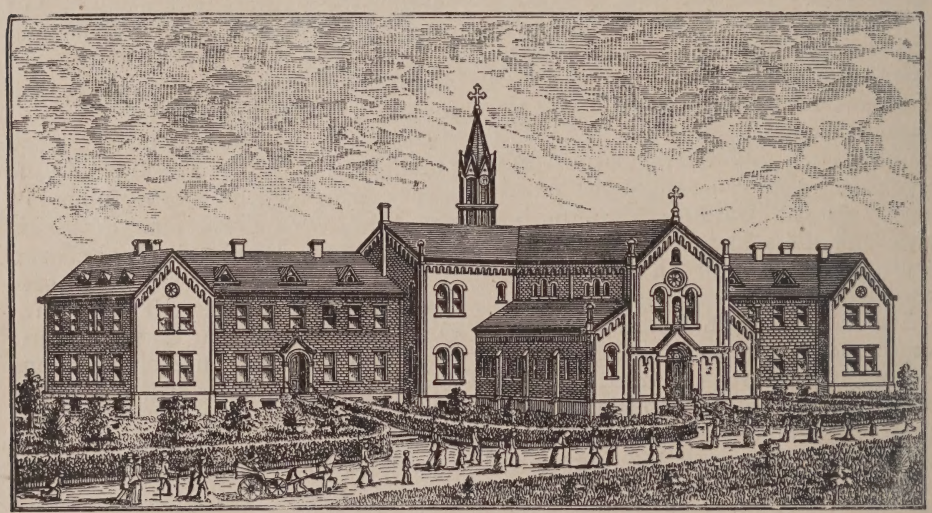
*The Franciscans have ever been pre eminent in the ranks of educators and Christianizers of the world. Beginning with St. Francis himself, the Seraphic Order counts hundreds of authors who distinguished themselves in all the branches of science, literature and art—theology, philosophy, mathematics, history, oratory, poetry, architecture, painting, music, medicine, statesmanship and even warfare.

*The status of a Tertiary or member of the Third Order was originated in 1221 by St. Francis of Assisi, who after he had founded his own order and that of the Poor Clares, instituted the Third Order as a sort of middle term between the world and the cloister, the members of which, men and women, should be bound by rule to dress more soberly, fast more strictly, pray more regularly, hear mass more frequently and practice works of charity more systematically than ordinary persons living in the world. He called them Brothers and Sisters of Penance. The present enlightened Pontiff has more than once recommended the Third Order to the atten

less than seven thousand members in the parishes under their care.

Three of these parishes are in New York city, the largest being that of the Church of St. Anthony of Padua, which is the fountain head in New York of the various Antonian devotions that have had such a wonderful revival during the past few years. The services held in this church in honor of its patron saint are attended by crowds from all parts of the city and beyond. Indeed, the scenes witnessed here on these occasions have been such as to call forth articles in the daily papers, and if the testimony of intelligent and reputable people may be accepted, many cures of an almost miraculous nature have taken place in this church through the invocation of St. Anthony, the great wonder-worker of the Franciscan Order. In addition to their New York churches and St. Bonaventure's at Allegany, the Franciscans of the New York Province also have charge of parishes in Buffalo, Boston, Pittsburg and Winsted, Ct., the House of Studies for the clerics of the order being located at the latter place.

Father Pamphilus de Magliano, the founder of this Custody, was renowned for his great learning, zeal, piety and gentleness—in a word, he was a model son of St. Francis. At the time of his death, which occurred in Rome, 15th November, 1876, he was engaged upon a history of the Franciscan Order, which, had it been completed, would doubtless have added considerably to his already high reputation as a scholar. The last survivor of his first missionary companions, Father Michael-Angelus, O. S. F., was run over and killed by a railroad train at Allegany, in June, 1887, at which time he was Provincial of the Custody. That position is now filled by Father Joseph F. Butler, O. S. F., who has



St. Anthony's Convent, Mt. Airy, Ohio. Novitiate of the Province of St. John the Baptist.

tion of the faithful as one most suitable to be embraced by seculars who sincerely desire to live nearer to God. It is proposed to hold a general Congress of Tertiaries in the United States, similar to those held annually in Europe, at an early date, with a view to bringing the nature, scope and blessings of the Third Order more prominently before the public, and to proving that, if properly organized, it will lend itself to remedy the grave evils that afflict society at the present day.

been for many years president of St. Bonaventure's College and Seminary, which has prospered greatly under his able administration.

Eleven years prior to the advent of Father Pamphilus and his companions in this country, Father William Unterthiner, O. S. F., was sent from the Province of St. Leopold, in the Austrian Tyrol, at the request of Bishop Purcell of Cincinnati, to labor among the Germans in that city. Other Fathers soon followed and took charge, as far as their number permitted, of the German missions in the dioceses of Cincinnati and Louisville. Father William died in 1857. Two years later the mission he founded at Cincinnati was erected into a Custody by Papal Decree and placed under the patronage of St. John the Baptist, Father Otho Jair being elected Provincial. This was the first step towards the re-establishment of the Franciscan Order on a permanent basis in the United States.* In 1885 the Custody was raised into an independent Province, and Father Jerome Kilgenstein chosen Provincial. The latter was succeeded in 1891 by Father Peter-Baptist Englert, the present Provincial, who is now serving his second term.

This province at present numbers seventy-eight Fathers, fifty-seven clerics, fifty-three lay brothers and twenty-seven tertiaries, and has twenty-nine houses scattered over eleven dioceses. The Fathers have charge of fifty-one parishes and missions, besides which they minister to the spiritual needs of several religious communities and hospitals and attend the penitentiary, insane asylum, poorhouse and other public institutions in Cincinnati. The Province has one college, St. Francis', in that city, which is open only to such students as intend to become members of the Province, and which is at present attended by upwards of one hundred of these postulants. The Novitiate of the Province is at Mt. Airy, a beautiful suburb of Cincinnati. It was erected in 1888, and also serves as the retreat house of the Fathers. The Houses of Study for the clerics of the Order are at St. Bernard, Ohio, for the "year of recollection"; at Louisville, Ky., for philosophy, and at Oldenburg, Ind., for theology. The Fathers of this province publish four well known magazines—the Sendbote, or German edition of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart; the Sodalist, a German-English monthly for young men; St. Franciscus Bote and St. Anthony's Messenger. The latter, which is the organ of the Third Order of St. Francis in the United States, is edited by Father Philip Rothmann, O. S. F., and has done much to propagate devotion to St. Anthony in this country —especially the beautiful charity work known as "St. Anthony's Bread," which is accomplishing such wonders in Europe under the direction of the Franciscans.

St. John's Province has furnished many excellent priests, who have rendered conspicuous services to religion in the West. Father Bonaventure Hammer, O. S. F., whose numerous books have earned him a wide reputation as a learned and versatile writer, belongs to this Province, as does also Father Ignatius Wilkens, O. S. F., who has won no less fame as a musical composer. Of the original band

*The first independent Province of the Order to be established in the United States was that of St. Helena, in Florida, which was erected in 1612. Previous to that date other religious orders, notably the Jesuits and Dominicans, had made repeated attempts to plant the faith in Florida, but they all failed, and abandoned the peninsula. The Franciscans, however, were not discouraged, and their perseverence was crowned with success. At the close of the sixteenth century they had built between fifty and sixty missionary chapels throughout Florida, the first Bishop of which was the Franciscan John Juarez. These missions, however, were all destroyed in 1703, and the friars massacred by Indians under English influence.

of Fathers who came from Germany to found it, only one survives—Father Ubaldus Webersinke, at present pastor of St. Clement's Church, St. Bernard, Ohio, and for three terms Custos-Provincial.

In 1858 another small colony of German Franciscans belonging to the Province of the Holy Cross in Westphalia arrived in America and proceeded direct to Teutopolis, Ill., where they founded a college which proved a fruitful source of vocations to the Order, so that the new community prospered, and the Fathers were enabled to take charge of congregations in various parts of the West. In consequence of the odious "May Laws," by which the religious orders were expelled from Germany, their number was augmented in 1875 by the arrival from the Fatherland of thirty Fathers, forty-one clerics and twenty-six lay brothers. Four years later the Commissariat was created a Province and dedicated to the Sacred Heart. This is now the largest province of the Franciscan Order in the United States, numbering, as it does, one hundred and sixty-two fathers, sixty-seven clerics and one hundred and sixty-seven lay brothers —about four hundred members in all. It comprises five convents, thirty hospices and eighty stations. The principal parishes belonging to the province are in St. Louis, Chicago, San Francisco, Cleveland, Indianapolis and Omaha. In each of the two colleges about a hundred and eighty pupils are educated annually. The Novitiate is at Teutopolis, Ill., and the clerics of the Order pursue their studies in rhetoric at Cleveland, philosophy at Quincy, Ill., and theology at St. Louis. The present Provincial Father Michael Richardt, O. S. F., was elected in 1891.

The historic old Franciscan missions in California, established by the illustrious Father Juniper Serra, O. S. F., and his companions, and which will ever hold a place in the most glorious annals of the Church,* formed a part of the St. Louis Province of the Sacred Heart until last year, when, together with some stations of the Order in Arizona, they were constituted a Commissariat, or dependent province, with Father Clementine Deymann, O. S. F., as Provincial. This new Province sustained a severe loss last December by the sudden death of this gifted friar. Father Kilian Schloesser, O. S. F., has lately been chosen to succeed him. A club was founded at Los Angeles not long since with the laudable aim of restoring and preserving these old Franciscan missions, its moving spirit being Mr. Charles F. Lummis, the well known Protestant writer and author of the "Spanish Pioneers." The best preserved of these missions at the present time is that of Santa Barbara, which serves as the Novitiate of the new California Province. The peace and sanctity of this historic spot was rudely broken in February, 1896, when the venerable Superior, Father Ferdinand Bergmeyer, O. S. F., a man universally beloved by Catholics and non-Catholics alike, was fatally shot by a lunatic, who had long been afforded a home by the hospitable friars.

*Father Juniper, who was made Prefect-Apostolic in 1774, died in the same year, having lived to see ten thousand Indian converts. One of his successors, Father Francis Garzia Diego, O. S. F., became first Bishop of this region, being consecrated Bishop of both Californias in 1840. He died five years later, when another Franciscan, Father Joseph Gonzales, O. S. F., was appointed to succeed him. The latter, however, declined the honor, and the late Archbishop Alemany of San Francisco was appointed in his stead. The name of the Seraphic Patriarch is inseparably joined to the Golden State of the Pacific — San Francisco. De Mofras, Bartlett, Robinson, Forbes and Shea, among others, have written graphic accounts of the Franciscan missions in California, which were dissolved by Congress in 1832, and the lands seized, the friars being left so destitute that one of them, Father Serria, O. S. F., dropped dead at the altar from sheer starvation.

In addition to the three large provinces already described and the new Commissariat on the Pacific coast, the Franciscan Order possesses three other Commissariats, or dependent Provinces, in the United States. The largest of these is that of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, whose mother house is at Fulda, in Germany. It was founded in 1875 by a number of Fathers, who were compelled by the "May Laws" to leave the country. The Novitiate and House Studies of this Province is at Paterson, N. J., and the Fathers have charge of the well known shrine of St. Anthony at Butler, N. J., which has become a favorite place of pilgrimage for devout Catholics. The Commissariat numbers twenty Fathers, twelve clerics and seventeen brothers, and comprises six convents and nineteen missions. Father Bonaventure Jahn, O. S. F., is the present Commissary Provincial.

The Commissariat of the Assumption, whose principal house in this country is at Pulaski, Wis., in the diocese of Green Bay, is still in its infancy, having been founded less than two years ago by some Franciscans from Poland under Father Stanislaus Jeka, who is now Commissary Provincial.

The Commissariat of the Holy Land was established in New York city in 1887,* its object being to promote in the United States interest in the holy places in Palestine, to collect alms for their preservation, and to facilitate the intercourse of Americans with the Holy Land by furnishing letters of introduction to pilgrims journeying there. Father Godfrey Schilling, O. S. F., the present Commissary General of the Holy Land in the United States, was for several years a missionary in Palestine, and for some time Guardian of the Convent of the Annunciation at Nazareth. He is a noted linguist, speaking ten languages and most of the Oriental dialects fluently. He is also a voluminous writer, an article from his pen on "Life in the Holy Land," which appeared some time since in the North American Review, having been widely copied. Father Godfrey organized and directs the Society of Crusaders for the rescue and preservation of the Holy Shrines, which has an enormous membership throughout the United States.

Such, in brief, is the history of the different Provinces of the Seraphic Order in this country. In addition to the parish and missionary work performed by the Franciscans in these various Provinces, the Fathers also bear a great share in the missionary work among the Indians in the Northwest, especially in Wisconsin and Michigan. At Harbor Springs, in the latter state, they conduct a large trade school, which is attended by some two hundred and fifty Indian pupils. They also publish an Indian monthly journal in the interests of the mission among the Ottowa and Chippewa tribes, which is accomplishing much good. It is called Anishinabe Enamiad ("the Christian Indian,") and is edited by the zealous and accomplished Superior of the mission, Father Zephyrin Englehardt, O. S. F.

Some Fathers from the New York Province labored for a while in the ancient field of their brethren in Texas, but owing to the demand for their services in the East, were compelled to abandon these missions, established as early as 1600, and once so fruitful of blessed results by the devoted labors of the Franciscans.

*This is one of the thirty-seven Commissariats by which the Province of the Holy Land is represented abroad. Of the others twenty-three are in Europe, ten in South America and one each in Australia, Mexico and Canada. The Province of the Holy Land comprises all the convents of the Franciscans in Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Egypt and the Isle of Cypress. The guardianship of all the holy places in Palestine has been vested in this order since 1230, and in preserving them some 1700 of the friars have sacrificed their lives.

The American Franciscan Provinces also furnish their quota of friars to the foreign missions, being represented by several members both in China and the Holy Land. Indeed, no order in the Church surpasses the Franciscans in zeal for the propagation of the Gospel.*

The noble instructions, so full of divine light and evangelical fire with which St. Francis dismissed his disciples—instructions, on the whole, so faithfully observed by his followers—go far to explain the wondrous success which has attended them in every age in doing their Master's work. And nowhere have their labors been more signally blessed by God than in the United States. Indeed, no order in the Church deserves so well of Americans as the Franciscans, although in our day few Catholics realize how much they really owe to the friars.

The present flourishing condition of the Franciscan Order in the United States is one of the best signs of the times. For this order, which, according to Christ's promise, is to exist until the end of the world, has a special mission to fullfil in this country by keeping before the eyes of our materialistic generation that severe voluntary poverty which is the bequest of its founder, St. Francis of Assisi, the Patriarch of the Poor. The humble habit of the Franciscan preaches, by its very aspect, renunciation of the world in a period of luxury, penance in an era of voluptuousness, and charity in an age of selfishness. There is a great and growing need of the spirit of St. Francis in the United States to keep our spiritual life from being stunted and submerged by that craving for money and power which is the chief characteristic of the time.

*St. Francis himself visited the Holy Land in 1220, presented himself before the Sultan of Turkey, and endeavored to convert him. He also sent five friars to Morocco, all of whom were martyred. Franciscan missionaries preached in Tartary about the middle of the thirteenth century, and in China and Armenia before the end of it. They established missions in Bosnia in 1340, in Bulgaria about 1366 and in Georgia in 1370. We find the Franciscans taking a large share in the conversion of the natives of the Canary Islands in and after 1425; they got into Abyssinia in 1480, and established a successful mission on the Congo in 1490. Not to speak of the Franciscan missions in India, Brazil and Peru, it was the friars who planted Christianity firmly in Mexico in 1523.

N. B.—In the foregoing article no account is taken of the Capuchin and Conventual branches of the Franciscan Order. The former possesses two flourishing provinces in the United States, while the latter, whose advent in this country is of comparatively recent date, has one prov-

PATSY—BOY.

MARY MARKWELL.

CHAPTER II.

"The Place, at Ballybroken, yer honor," said Patsy-Boy, adding in an explanatory way. "'Tis in the law now, sor,—but 'twas where for manny a year back me father lived, and his father lived on it, an' his father's father was bor-r-n an' died there, but some imposthers be fer turnin' me owld mother out, aff the Place—an' shure that's what dhrew me t' Americky—t' thry an' airn money t' bid back The Place—'tis our own, as the law c'ud soon show, barrin' we have nawthin' t' hould it but our good name, sor."

"What is your family name?" asked the Colonel, his lip tightening as he spoke; and I well knew, before the answer dropped from the lips of Patsy-Boy, that the opposing claimants to the Ballybroken estates stood face to face upon the Western prairies, the one as master and the other as man!

"Shure, I belave I nivir made so bould as t' tell yer honor, me own name is O'Brien," said Patsy-Boy, with a broad smile. "I was just Patsy-Boy ivir since I kin remimber—an' be God's grace, the name is the o'ny proof the har-r-d law'll be allowin', if we have anny rights at all, at all; musha, bad luck t' that same law; shure it dhrained me father an' his father, an' his father's father!" Patsy-Boy sighed at the last word, as he resumed his mending operations.

"Have you brothers, Patsy-Boy?" I asked, wishing to bridge the awkward silence that followed the Irishman's words, for, in the fast-paling face he now turned to me. It was that the effect on my friend's mind was tremendous.

Patsy-Boy, replying to my query, said: "Wisha, good look t' ye, sor, there's me owld mother, tur-r-ned eighty, God save her; thin there's Mary an' Katey, aich tur-r-ned twinty, an', shure, be the same token, sor, that's why I be called Patsy-Boy. There was tin foine, sthrappin' lads atune us, sor, but 'twas God's will t' take thim, one an' all; an' mesilf bein' the ouldest, an' a bit aisy in me growth, as ye kin see, sor, shure me mother was always fer calling me just Patsy-Boy."

"Do you intend to—go back—to—your home, again?" O'Brien the master asked O'Brien the man, and I felt, rather than heard, the strange emphasis and meaning in the question.

"Why, sor, plaze God I'll do that same—if I—kin make the money t'—buy out The Place, an' circumvint thim that 'ud tur-r-n out me father's childhre frum the same shelther that was our own fer ginerashuns; but, ochone!" with a heavy sigh, "'tisn't aisy t' be makin' fortin's annywhere," with a plaintive glance to where the trail curved below the hill above the river. Och! och! the more I look at the bit av' tur-r-n beyant the wather there, shure the more we hear-r-t belaves 'tis Ballybroken itself—'tis as like as two paas!"

"Come, Bradley," said the Colonel, striking the grasses with his cane, impatiently, "this is our last evening together for some time; let us walk down the trail."

We walked on for some distance without exchanging a word. The sun was sinking slowly from sight behind the distant and shadowy mountains to the west, a little breeze was gently blowing, and suddenly we heard, borne to us, floating and fragmentary shreds of song from where we had lately moved. Patsy-Boy was singing in a fine, rounding voice:

"But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick
To—o—o wearin' av' the green!"

The musical turn that the singer gave that "to—o—o" was a challenge, a triumphant declaration and a defiant whoop, all rolled into one resonant note; the preceding words were indistinct, mere channels, as it were, leading up to the crowning point where the sound gathered, poised, trembled an instant, and then burst forth, bringing out all the slumbering pride, native and homely fidelity, patriotic sentiment, pulsing with loyalty and home-love in the Irish peasant heart. The sound seemed to disturb, to annoy, O'Brien. He made an impatient movement of the head, and he drove his stick into the soft sod at his feet:

"Bradley," said he, "that is the man who stands between me and—fortune!"

"Then, I am right in believing he is the ri—the present holder," I corrected myself clumsily, "of the disputed property, of the Kerry estates?"

"He is," answered O'Brien, solemnly.

"Then, why not settle the quarrel with him quietly?" I asked. "All Patsy-Boy wants is his rights—rights, with the poor, usually have a price—why not purchase from him his interests in The Place?"

"Ah!" was my companion's answer, "you don't understand the Irish peasant nature; the heart of the Irish man or woman is fixed to the native hearth; to the true Celt, money has no meaning, and, let me tell you, Bradley, this place, Silverthaw, farm, ranch, stock, herd, everything, is mortgaged to the nozzle! I've been swindled, ruined, robbed, by those in whom I trusted, and, unless this deal with Boscomb turns out well, I will, in twelve months, be a beggar—absolutely a beggar!"

I was silent from sheer amazement. It was a shock to me to learn that a gigantic business, seemingly secure and supposed to be conducted successfully, was, in reality, a splendid failure. I could not speak, I could only reach my hand to O'Brien and grasp his with heartfelt sympathy. "Things may turn out all right," I said, at last.

"Yes," said the owner of Silverthaw, eagerly, "I hope, under this man, Patsy-Boy, things will improve. If I had had him when I first started, I would now be independent; but, as it is, I am pretty well swamped—and," his voice lowered, "unless the lawsuit now pending between"—he paused a moment—"myself and the claimants in Ballybroken is decided in my favor, I am ruined!—ruined, Bradley, unless I beat Patsy-Boy in this lawsuit, and the Kerry estates fall into my palm!"

I turned to O'Brien and said: "You will tell Patsy-Boy who you are, will you not?"

"What do you mean?" was the answer. There was a note of fierceness in the tone, the fierceness of an aggrieved animal.

"I mean," I said, distinctly, "will you tell Patsy-Boy that you are his kinsman—and rival claimant to 'The Place'?"

"Do you think it necessary?" sullenly.

"I think he should know who you are," I said. "It is only right that he should understand the position in which you stand to one another. You remember," I went on, "he spoke of his unknown rival as 'an impostor,' a moment ago; you have been kind to him, he will at least know that his supposed enemy is his friend."

I saw O'Brien color deeply. He bit his lip and struck the ground again and again with his cane. "I shall tell him that his case is hopeless," he said, in an angered tone. "Better, much better, for him to give up the unequal struggle—the idea of redeeming The Place is absurd. Better for him to give up the unequal fight, and then carve out his humble way in this new land. He is young—and strong—and —and——"

The Colonel broke off suddenly, and I repeated once again: "Tell Patsy-Boy who you are, anyway. You will only be acting honorably by so doing,

and I am greatly mistaken in the man's character if he does not regard your confidence in a friendly light!"

"I do not require his—friendship," said O'Brien, haughtily, turning upon his heel with a swift, proud gesture; "I shall tell him who I am,—he is my servant, after all,—and, if he feels aggrieved, or looks upon me as his enemy, then we are better apart."

I did not like this new attitude of my friend, but I had strong faith in the big heart of Patsy-Boy. I thought his generosity of soul must overcome the sourness of his master's mind. We walked back along the trail and came upon the Irish boy-man, standing up now, and surveying with satisfaction the mended harness. At our approach, he turned to leave the spot, gathering up his working tools, but the Colonel went up to him, saying, gaily, in a forced way:

"Well, Patsy-Boy, how is this—I believe we are kinsmen, as well as —companions. Won't you shake hands with me?" as the man, blushing to the roots of his hair, looked up in his master's face with a respectful, shamed look, that said as plainly as words might: "You've been drinking, but I won't take advantage of you."

"Why, thin, sor, I dunno phat ye mane at all, at all," said Patsy-Boy, in a bewildered way, running his awkward fingers through his shock hair, and turning his eyes to me, inquiringly.

"Well, then," said Patsy-Boy's master, coloring deeply, as he spoke, "we are—relatives—I believe; I am Patrick Gorman O'Brien, the owner—the claimant—" he corrected, "to the Ballybroken property, and you are, I think, Patrick Gorman O'Brien, the tenant—or holder of The Place."

I saw the face pale, then whiten, as Patsy-Boy listened unbelievingly. His eyes lifted with such a swift, keen, yet honest, sweep of glance, that the eye of the man, and master, facing him, dropped, nor did he return the look while that penetrating gaze lasted. I saw a wave of feeling rise in the mind of the man; he lifted one arm, and, with the rough sleeve of his smock, he wiped away the great beads of sweat that had started upon his broad brow. He said, slowly and hoarsely: "Sor! are—oo the—man who—tur-r-ned—me owld—father—out av' the cabin—he was—bor-rn in,—an' whin he—died—be the—roadside—raached no hand—to' his—childhre?"

"Pooh, pooh!" said the Colonel, laughing, uneasily, and stepping forward to place a friendly hand upon Patsy-Boy's arm. I saw the rough fingers clench, and the arm tremble, as the veins in the hard-worked hand knotted with the almost overmastering desire to strike. "That was among those rascally lawyers," went on O'Brien, seeming not to note the rising passion in the face before him. "All's fair in love and law, you know——" Suddenly he stopped speaking, moved back a step, and drew in his breath sharply. Patsy-Boy's face had assumed a look of terrible earnestness; his blazing eyes fixed upon his master's face, with unflinching stare, a giant power of anger and rebuke, as he repeated once more the question: "Are—oo the—scoundhrel who tur-r-ned me owld father out av' the cabin he was—bor-r-n in—an' whim he died be the roadside—raached no helpin' hand t' his childhre?" Then, with a burst of anger: "Answer me that, sor, as man t' man!"

Ere the answer left his master's lips, the man let fall the tools he held, and, turning a proud heel, he said, with scorn: "Thin, another sthroke av' wor-r-k I'll not do fer ye, as long as me name's O'Brien. Ye've hindered me an' mine fer manny's the long day —ye've made me owld mother's age thried an' thrubbled wid law an' lawdoin's—may God forgive ye—fur that same—fer I—nivir—kin!"

To be continued.

SENATOR WOLCOTT'S EUROPEAN MISSION.

PIERRE HUMBERT, JR.

The mission of Senator Wolcott abroad as the special envoy of the Administration to ascertain the public sentiment of Europeans in regard to establishing international bimetallism is a matter of the gravest moment at the present time. The excessive convulsions that have attended all efforts to liquidate the series of credit panics in gold standard countries, beginning with the Baring troubles in London in 1890 and climaxing in New York in 1893, have clearly demonstrated how utterly inadequate have been the means adopted to stem the frightful distress, or even to alleviate it. The disease has shown itself to be deep-rooted, while the remedies applied have been superficial.

The effort now being made to re-establish international bimetallism goes to the root of the disease. It is not only prudent, but essentially honest and humane in character, and it is supported by the vast majority of those who have been, or are, subject to the pending disorders. But, unfortunately, many well meaning people have been easily misled as to the nature of the proposed change, owing to a lack of the simplest elementary knowledge of the question. I will try, in as brief and clear a manner as I can, to set forth the fundamental principles which underlie this important factor of industrial life.

There is no one subject of more vital interest to the welfare of the community than a clear understanding of the nature, duty and value of money in our complex system of modern civilization.

For nearly four years we have been groping in the maze of a colossal disturbance of the instrument of exchange — money — which is rapidly sapping the life from our whole social system, without determining its course or elaborating the necessary remedy.

Money is a function or relation, not a commodity; its value cannot be intrinsic under any circumstances, nor due to its first cost of production, as is the case in the general range of commodities; but is clearly expressed in what it exchanges for, i. e., the general range of commodity price.

"The value of money is to appearance an expression as precise, as free from possibility of misunderstanding as any in science. The value of a thing is what it will exchange for—the value of money is what money will exchange for—the purchasing power of money. If prices are low, money will buy much of other things, and is of high value; if prices are high, it will buy little of other things, and is of low value. The value of money is inverse as general prices falling as they rise and rising as they fall."—John Stuart Mill.

The value of money is not, and cannot, in the very nature of its functions, be intrinsic. Therefore, dear money is expressed in a low range of prices, while cheap money attends a high plane of general prices. Contraction is the compression of prices to a low level, always attended by dear money, while inflation is the expansion of prices to a high level, finding expression in the term cheap money. Falling prices is the sure index of a rising value of money, while rising prices is the exact reverse, or an indication of the decreasing value of money.

The stability of money is the all-essential of an honest standard of value, and is of inestimable worth in maintaining the equilibrium of civilized effort and the equitable distribu-

tion of the wealth produced. Unstable money—one that is either appreciating or depreciating in value, is thoroughly dishonest, and the true cause of the greatest possible disturbance and derangement in the equipoise of exchange, destructive of the efficiency of the instrument of exchange, and a curse to mankind.

During the past twenty-three years, or beginning with a time exactly coincident with the demonetization of silver by the leading commercial nations, we have had a direful illustration of this instability in the instrument of exchange. The prices of all commodities have wilted in a persistent blight of unexampled severity, while the whole history of the times denotes an unprecedented epoch of record-breaking tendency in price, naturally resulting in a continuous destruction of values and a phenomenal disturbance in productive enterprise and commercial intercourse. Sir Robert Giffen, the able statesman of the British Board of Trade, justly describes the enormous shrinkage in price since 1873 as "due to a change in money of the nature or in the direction of absolute contraction." The last twenty years have recorded a general fall of fifty per cent. in values. The next twenty years must, for the same general cause, add at least another fifty per cent. of decline to prices and values, already the lowest of the century; or improvements in machinery and transportation must be arrested at their present standard of development. The rise in the value of gold is quite constant, and shows an increasingly rapid divergence between it and the commodities' value which it was created to measure.

Yet it is not the low range of prices to which all values would in time adjust themselves upon an equitable basis, even though at marked inconvenience and loss to the community at large, that causes alarm, but the constant recession, the continued and persistent decline which necessitates constant readjustments and keeps the community in a ferment of anxiety and liquidation towards a constantly lowering plane of values. Stability of prices is the foundation of confidence. It restores business energy and enterprise; giving, as it does, by constant and continued employment to labor, instead of intermittent production and resulting spasmodic consumption, the ability to exert freely the forces of supply and demand upon commodities, with the resulting interference from instability of price. It is this record of persistently growing instability of price which is the main source of dissatisfaction resulting from the experience of twenty-three years with the gold standard since 1873.

As relating to the constant shrinking of prices, the ruling condition of the twenty-three years following silver demonetization in 1873, the theory of over-production has been revived from its long slumber, since it was seriously advanced in England, to account for the phenomenal contraction and paralysis attending the change of standard and the resumption of specie payments in gold in 1821 in that country.

No theory has, however, less foundation in fact to rest upon, and none has been so thoroughly exposed and discredited, so that it seems almost absurd to have to refute it at the present day.

Production is wealth, and to assume that by producing too much wealth a disorganization of industry can be brought about is certainly paradoxical in the extreme.

"The argument against the possibility of general over-production is quite conclusive, so far as it applies to the doctrine that a country may ac-

cumulate capital too fast, and that produce may, by increasing faster than the demand for it, reduce all producers to distress."

"A want for a market for one article may arise from excessive production of that article, but when commodities in general become unsaleable it is from a very different cause; there cannot be excessive production of commodities in general."—John Stuart Mill.

Among the first to forcibly attack the fallacies of the over-production theory was Mr. Mill, who thus defined the law of supply and demand: "A commodity which is the instrument of demand is always at the same time a commodity added to the stock of supply. Of two men who form an exchange the one does not come with only a demand; each of them come with both demand and supply. The supply which one brings is the instrument of his demand, and his demand and supply are of course exactly equal to the other. But if the demand and supply of every individual are always equal to one another, the demand and supply of all the individuals of the nation, taken aggregately, must be equal. Whatever, therefore, be the amount of the annual produce, it never can exceed the annual demand."

This, probably, is the clearest definition of the law of supply and demand in the English language; and yet every line in it annihilates the claims of the over-productionists to account for the existing condition.

Professor Nicholson, late of Trinity College, Oxford, Eng., says:

"What is demand? Demand is the offering of a commodity which we have in exchange for one which we want. What is supply? Supply is the commodity itself, which we offer in exchange. Can demand, as we define it, exist without supply, or supply without demand? Certainly not."

Money, however, in its functions of a medium of exchange, is subject to the sum of the demand made upon it by the exchange of commodities, etc., while restricted in supply by law to the output of the mines, so that while supply and demand are allowed full scope in the exchange of commodities, they are hampered by law in regard to money.

A constantly growing discrepancy, therefore, between the untrammeled supply and demand of commodities in general exerted on a restricted supply of money is positively evidenced by a decreased value of commodities or an appreciation of the value of money, as witnessed in the last twenty years. It can only be held that commodities are redundant by maintaining the discredited over-production theory; but it is far more accurate to describe this phenomenon as an increase in the value of money, due to the restriction of its volume of supply by law.

Of the effect of such a condition, Professor M. De Lavalaye, late of the University of Brussels, says: "It is in the shadow of a shrinking volume of money that disorders, social and political, gender and fester, that communism organizes, that riots threaten and destroy, that labor starves, that capitalists conspire and workmen combine, and that the revenues of government are dissipated in the employment of laborers or in the maintenance of increased standing armies to over-awe them."

These conditions are already sufficiently developed to warrant the calling of a halt in the line of policy established in 1873 by the adoption of the gold mono-metallic experiment, the final result of which, if persisted in, must inevitably reduce all producers to infinite distress in the near future, as predicted by Baron Rothschild, the great banker. He said: "Gold is every day appreciating in value, and as it appreciates the lower become

prices. It is not impossible that the causes which thus effect the change in value of the precious metal, in its resulting oppression of the industries of the country, and by the continual fall of prices, will lead to infinite trouble and loss in the future."

It is far too generally believed, however, that the tendency of decline is due to the cheapening of the cost of production by the introduction or greater use of labor-saving machinery and improved methods of transportation, and is, therefore, not an evil, but rather a benefit to the community.

But if these are the true causes, it is evident that all hope is at once removed of attaining even a reasonable degree of stability in price and values, a factor absolutely essential to the healthy and normal development of legitimate business.

The arrest of improved methods is not only impossible in execution, but would be undesirable in result. Improvements will continue in production and transportation; and if they constitute the cause of decline in prices, values must continue to melt in a truly alarming manner, notwithstanding the present low ebb, and therefore from this standpoint alone the cost reduction theory seems untenable.

But these so-called economies in production are not alone the product of the last twenty years; they are, and have persistently been, at work during the whole of the century, and at no time in this period to any greater degree than from 1853 to 1873, when prices and values were actually rising notwithstanding this theory. If it be true that like causes produce like effects, it is evident that any one cause cannot produce two entirely different effects, i. e., an appreciation of prices during one score of years and a depression in the following period of time. So, if the cost reduction theory be resorted to in explanation of declining prices since 1873, it must have been at work in a truly quixotic fashion previous to this date.

And, again, from another standpoint, if the cost of production and transportation is to account for the reduced prices of commodities, it must have been equally effective, or proportionately so, on the cost of producing gold, which latter would have been cheapened by the same agencies and in the same proportion as commodities, for the reason these agencies have been quite as largely operative i the mine as in the field and factory. Commodities and gold would then exchange for like amounts of each other at all periods of time; or, in other words, general stability of prices would exist, instead of a rise in the price of commodities prior to, and a decline since, the year 1873.

As a matter of fact, the cost of producing gold has been cheapened by the cheapening of commodities and the improvement of transportation fully fifty per cent.; at the same time commodities' prices have declined a like amount in average, so that gold should now be exchanging on this theory for a like amount of commodities, while, in fact, it purchases twice as much.

Clearly, therefore, from whatever standpoint this cost reduction theory is viewed, in accounting primarily for the present constant decline in price, the arguments based on the theory are decidedly illogical and unsound, and of a par with the assumptions based on the over-production theory. But if neither the over-production theory nor the cost-reduction theory will account for the phenomenal decline in prices recorded in the last twenty years, to what, then, is this condition of decline to be attributed? Mr. Courtney, a member of the Royal Commission of the House of Commons, reporting, in 1886, on the value of the precious metals, held that the

greater part of the fall in the prices of commodities resulted from causes touching the commodities themselves, rather than from an appreciation of the standard, since which time, however, his views have completely changed, for he now writes: "It is a dream to suppose that gold is stable in value. It has undergone a considerable appreciation in recent years, and industry and commerce have been more hampered by its movement than they would have been had silver been our standard. Whether the appreciation will be maintained undiminished is uncertain, but every step taken toward the further demonetization of silver must tend to the enhancement of the value of gold."

This, then, is the true cause of the world-wide credit panic and disturbance now prevailing.

But this measure of dishonesty exhibited in the record of the gold standard does not stop with the combined decline in the price of production and the resulting decay of industry under the blighting influence of the appreciation or enhancing of the value of the standard.

Money in modern economic functions in the field of exchange, is a medium of exchange, and in the field of credits and debts is a measure of expression of future values.

While the alteration in the value of the medium may be condoned in a measure by the fact that exchanges per se are made at the relative value of commodities and money at the time of the exchange, and it is held that no one ought to be defrauded by any change in the value of money, the same argument does not hold good for the measurement of long time contracts as expressed in bonds, mortgages, notes, etc., maturing at a stated period of time long after they have been contracted. In all these instruments a palpable fraud is committed when money, in the terms of which the debt or credit is contracted, in any way alters. Taking the period of gold monometallism, commencing with 1873, under review, we find that the medium in which debts have been contracted has enhanced in value over eighty-three per cent., so that a condition is being rapidly evolved which must not only destroy all equities subject to prior debts, but subject the debtors, as well, to early repudiation if this increase in the value of the standard continues any further.

The question of meeting so-called fixed charges on capital from the profits of productive industry is gradually developing such a grave and general condition of failure as to arrest economic thought, and propound the question as to where this dishonesty of standard is to lead. What is the ultimate outcome of such a distinctively appreciating standard as gold has proven to be in the past quarter of a century? The whole strength of the movement to restore silver to its time-honored position as a money metal alongside of gold, bearing equally the burden of redemption with gold, is founded on the constantly increasing value of the latter since its sole use was decreed in 1873, and it must be evident that the demand must increase rather than diminish as long as gold continues, by its upward flight, to impose ever increasing burdens on industry. Many who are not bimetallists this year, will, by force of events, become so next year, and the converts will grow in number as gold continues to appreciate.

What the final outcome of the experiment of gold monometallism will be, rests entirely on this dishonest enhancement of the value of the gold standard, as admitted by such authorities as Baron Rothschild, Earl Beaconsfield (Disraeli), Sir Robert Giffen and the members of the Royal Commission on the precious metals.

Industry cannot much longer sur-

vive the oppression of gold monometallism. The debts of the world, as well as our own, cannot be met and liquidated on an appreciating standard. A halt will have to be called sooner or later in order to prevent general bankruptcy and industrial disaster of such a general nature as to require drastic measures of relief.

The industrial changes from the competitive stage to the formation of competition evading trusts, and the recent attacks upon the latter by legislative enactments is a phase of the industrial problem at present developing, which may safely be charged to the necessities of the times and the revolt of the masses of producers against conditions already grown unbearable by reason of the tension and struggle developing under the gold standard of values.

I conclude by summing up the situation thus:

1. Prices in gold standard countries have suffered an almost constant decline, due chiefly to the appreciation of the gold measure, and not to the causes to which this decline is often superficially credited, viz: over-production or reduced cost of production.

2. Silver and commodities generally have not declined in value except when translated into terms of gold or in exchange for gold.

3. The debt paying power of productive industry expressed in gold has shrunk fully fifty per cent. by reason of the appreciation of the standard since 1873, and this shrinkage has unjustly accrued to accumulated wealth. Every credit obligation, bond, mortgage or note, and all the borrowed capital of states, municipalities, railroads and private concerns has thus been doubled in the first twenty-three years of the gold monometallic experiment.

DAWN.

JOHN C. CONNOLLY.

Hail! herald of the day. Thy gladdening gleam,
That decks the Eastern hills in robes of light
And banishes the vanquished shades of night,
Brings us a solace on its every beam.
Sweet hour of hope! 'Tis then we love to dream
That in the skies with roseate hues bedight
We see a harbinger of futures bright —
Fair hope that gilds each ripple on life's stream.

Tho' long and drear the night, tho' not a star
Has pierced the darksome gloom with cheering ray,
Yet look we heavenward, longing for the morn;
Until from out the Eastern skies afar,
Our hopes spring into being with the day —
For light and hope are kin and heaven born.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

MINNIE MARY LEE.

The morn was sweet one springtime fair ;
O'er Judea's vales soft sunlight fell ;
O'er earth and sea and ambient air
Was woven wondrous spell.

More beauteous far than bird or flower
The sinless maiden-Mary stood ;
Just past (oh, woman's loveliest hour !)
From girl to pensive maidenhood.

Filled with a glory was the place
Where worshipped Mary 'neath the palm,
Fair as a pearl her pure pale face
Unruffled, wore a saintly calm.

A fillet blue bound golden hair
That 'neath its folds came rippling down,
Ah ! was it sunshine weaving there
O'er Mary's brow a starry crown ?

Her lips half-parted, ear intent,
Aglow with faith her pious eyes,
As if unconsciously she felt
Fulfilment's hour of prophecies.

At once was stilled the murmuring stream,
The joyous birds had ceased to sing,
Nature was hushed as in a dream ;
Hovering anear was angel's wing.

Brighter than sunlight's mystic sheen,
Or diamond's scintillant glow,
The radiance that from Gabriel gleamed,
As near the maiden knelt he low.

Ave Maria ! Full of Grace !
Thrice this did he thus softly sing,
While shielded was his shining face
By veiling of his heavenly wing.

Ave Maria ! blest art thou,
Above all women truly blest —
The Lord is with thee — on thy brow
Doth seal of benediction rest.

Mother of a Son thou shalt become,
Jesus his saving name shall be ;
The Father and the Holy Ghost,
Lo, Mary ! overshadows thee.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Dr. Allen was born at Tewksbury, Mass., 38 years ago, his parents being Irish-Americans, and his father a farmer. The future bishop was one of a large family, and to help his parents in the support of the house he went to work at an early age in the cotton mills at Lowell. He always had the desire to devote his life to the priesthood, and after his day's work was ended he studied as best he could at home, and was encouraged in his course by the Oblate Fathers, who have charge of several churches in Lowell, and who aided him materially. At length he was enabled to enter Mt. St. Mary's College, where he made a very creditable classical course.

Aug. 26, 1880, he received minor orders from Right Rev. John Watterson, Bishop of Columbus, O. In September, 1881, subdeaconship and deaconship were conferred upon him by Right Rev. Jeremiah F. Shanahan of Harrisburg, Pa., and in December of the same year he was ordained priest in the Mountain Church by Right Rev. Thomas A. Becker, present bishop of Savannah, Ga. After his ordination Father Allen remained at the college as professor, until called home the follow-

RT. REV EDWARD P. ALLEN, D. D.

DR. STAFFORD.

ing spring by the Archbishop of Boston. His first appointment was to the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, as assistant, and later on he went to Framingham, Mass.

In the vacation of 1883 he returned to the college to take charge, while Dr. Byrne, vicar general of the archdiocese of Boston, Father Mackey of Cincinnati and others were collecting for the institution. In the spring of 1884, at the urgent invitation of the president and faculty of the college, Father Allen again returned to his alma mater, to make his home there. In June, 1884, he was elected vice-president and treasurer.

At the close of the first scholastic year he was chosen president.

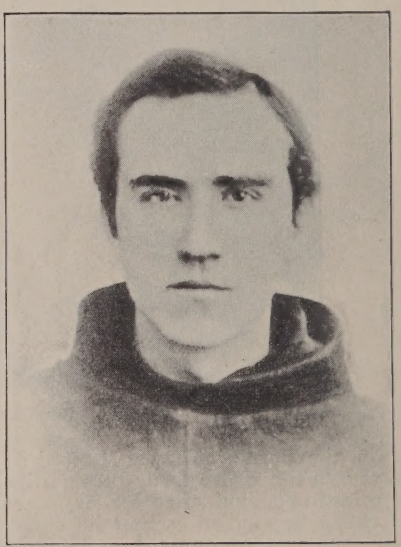
During the 11 years of his administration many improvements have been made in and about the college.

Although a strict disciplinarian, Father Allen is loved universally by the students and graduates of the Mountain. His many charitable acts, unknown and unpublished to the world, have created a warm spot in many a priest's and layman's heart. But the quality for which he is, perhaps, the most esteemed is his fairness and straightforwardness in all his dealings. Every student, from the smallest boy in the preparatory department to the first member of the graduating class, can approach him fearlessly, certain of procuring an interested and impartial judge of his case.

Higher honors may await Father Allen in the ecclesiastical world, but no honor, however great, will ever supersede that one which universal devotion has attached to his name, "a fair, honest, straightforward man."

Dr. Stafford is at present professor of elocution and oratory in the Catholic University, and during his residence in Cleveland, O., was professor of elocution, oratory and Christian history in the Cleveland Seminary; also one of the examiners in theology. His brother, John J. Stafford, M. D., is a member of the faculty of the medical department of Georgetown University.

Dr. Stafford possesses an unusual knowledge of Shakespeare, his conception of that author's work being profound and poetic. He has one of the finest Shakespearean libraries



REV. FATHER UBALDUS DA RIETA, O. S. F.
Rector of the church of St. Leonard of Port Maurice, Prince St., Boston, Mass.

in the country, and makes a specialty of lecturing upon subjects pertaining to that great master.

On one occasion, when Dr. Stafford delivered a charity lecture in the Baltimore Cathedral, 2,000 people were turned away, while the building was crowded from the vestibule to the sanctuary.

each of his sermons appears to be fresher and more powerful. He is thoroughly in love with his work, and no one can spend an hour in his presence without catching the spirit of his enthusiasm.

Dr. Stafford's methods of preaching are similar to those of Pere Lacordaire, the great Dominican orator of France.

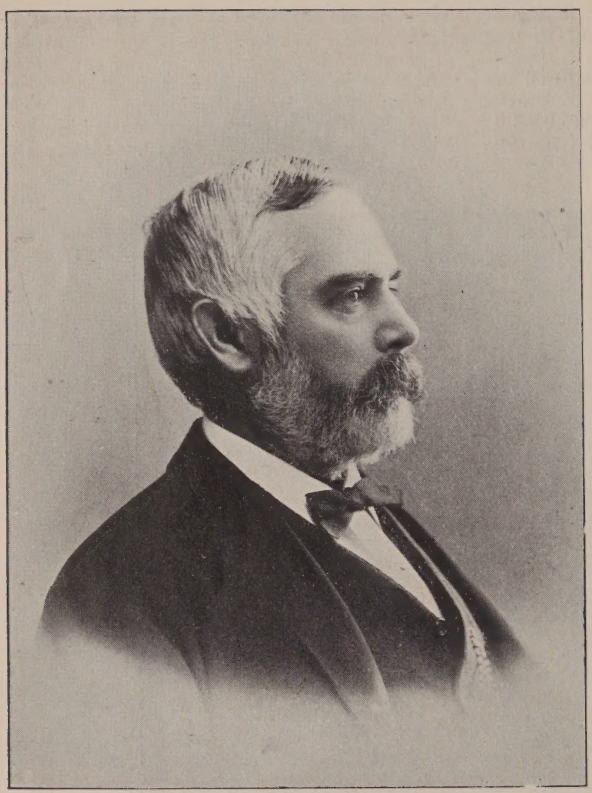
ASSOCIATE JUSTICE EDWARD DOUGLASS WHITE.

In personal appearance Dr. Stafford is extremely prepossessing. He is young and handsome, and seems to possess all the qualities that go to make up a wonderful man. He has a marvellously sweet and powerful voice, over which he has absolute control, and is a master of expression. He is a profound thinker and a perfect elocutionist, and is graceful in all his manners. It has been a wonder to his friends that Dr. Stafford in all his sermons and lectures has not lost some of the fiery ardor of his earliest days in the work, but

Everybody who loves St. Anthony—and who does not?—will be interested in a sketch of the Franciscan priest, who is doing so much to spread throughout Boston devotion to this saint.

Father Ubaldus, rector of the Church of St. Leonard of Port Maurice, located in the very heart of the Italian quarter, by his priestly career, his missionary labors, and his charitable deeds, has won the esteem of all.

Quiet and retiring, sedulously avoiding personal attention, the zealous priest has



WILLIAM DILLON, EDITOR OF THE NEW WORLD, CHICAGO.

The Catholics of the United States have reason to be grateful to Mr. William Dillon for his little volume called "Bequests for Masses." This book is "an examination of the present condition of the law in this country regarding the validity of bequests for masses for the souls of deceased persons." The author is a member of both the American bar and the Irish bar. He is also editor of The New World, Chicago.

Judge Clifford of the Circuit Court of Cook county, Illinois, declares that Mr. Dillon has treated the subject in an exhaustive and admirable manner. The book contains precise directions as to how bequests of this character should be framed. It very frequently happens that through errors in making their wills, the bequests of Catholics for masses to be said for the repose of their souls are declared invalid. Mr. Dillon's little book makes mistakes in this respect impossible with those who are wise enough to profit by his experience.

In 1874 Mr. Dillon was called to the Irish bar and continued to practice in Dub-

overlooked the fact that the merit of his work must win for him the recognition from which he shrinks.

A classmate and friend of Archbishop Martinelli, it was meet that on the recent occasion of the papal delegate's visit to Boston, Father Ubaldus should have been especially favored by entertaining the illustrious prelate.

The mention of Mount St. Mary's this month—the famous Maryland college having graduated the new Southern bishop, Dr. Allen—recalls the fact that this institution is notable also on account of its having educated many distinguished laymen. Among them is Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court Edward Douglass White, the learned Catholic jurist of Louisiana.

Mr. White studied first at the Jesuit schools of New Orleans, then at Georgetown, and finally at Mount St. Mary's, Emmetsburg.

He was United States senator from his native state when President Cleveland elevated him to the Supreme Bench.

HON. BOURKE COCKRAN.

lin until the end of 1879, when he was obliged to give up practice, owing to failing health. He came to the United States, and after a short stay in Chicago, went on to Colorado. There he lived on a ranch for three years, and having quite recovered his health, returned to the practice of the law in the county town of the county in Colorado in which he had been living. In the summer of 1893 he came on to Chicago, intending to take up the practice of law in that city. But in the spring of 1894 he was offered and accepted the post of editor of The New World, the official organ of the archdiocese of Chicago and province of Illinois.

THE LITTLE KING OF SPAIN, ALFONSO XIII.

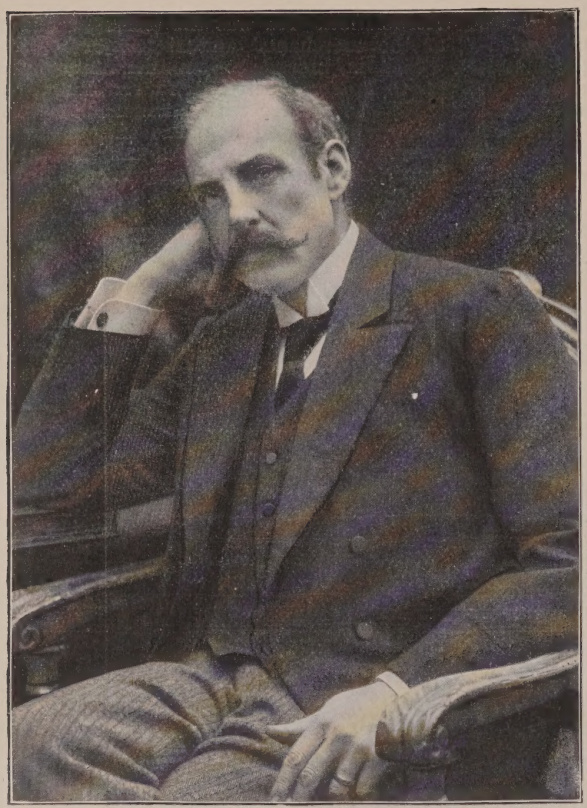
A rousing reception was accorded Hon. Bourke Cockran by the Boston Merchants' Association. He was the guest of honor at the merchants' annual banquet.

Seldom, indeed, has an after-dinner orator in Boston created such a sensation.

He was greeted with a tremendous roar of long-continued applause that made it seem as though through all that had gone before the company had only been waiting for the moment when the Mark Antony of Tammany Hall should be on his feet.

Before he had been speaking one minute he had the rapt, breathless attention of the association, and within five minutes the wide entrance to the dining room and the corridor beyond was crowded with men and women, who stood for more than half an hour listening to the ringing words that fell from his lips.

His figure of itself is impressive, broad,



MARION CRAWFORD.
By permission of The Macmillan Co.

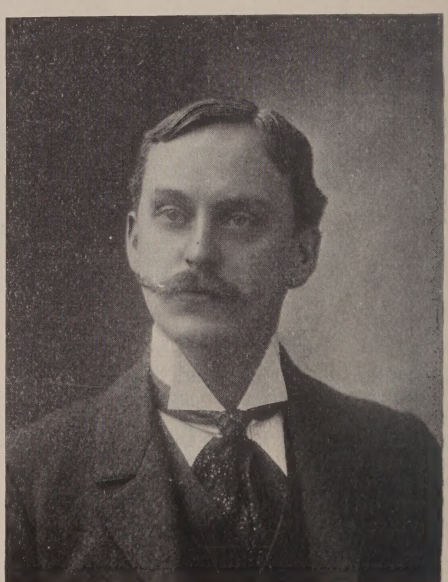
square-shouldered, well knit, topped by a massive, well set head. This effect is heightened by his erect attitude and powerful gestures as he thunders forth his Titanic periods in stentorian tones. He has a peculiar way of winding up a period, as it were, by swinging his right hand in a circle, faster and faster as it approaches termination, until he clinches the point by bringing his hands together with a clap that sounds like the report of a gun.

"Moral and Material Prosperity of the United States" was Mr. Cockran's topic.

The youngest king in Europe, little Alfonso XIII., is perhaps the most profoundly interested person at present in the many turmoils which disturb the Spanish dynasty. They are apt to curtail his income. The greatest shock a Madrid ministry ever received was when, on the death of Alfonso XII., Queen Christina refused to accept the income of $200,000 a year to which she was entitled. Such an act was unparalleled in the annals of the land of bull fights and serenades; but Christina told her ministers that she thought Spain was not in a position to pay both king and regent; therefore "Bubi," officially known as Alfonso XIII., draws from the royal treasury $1,400,000 a year, his sisters, the Princess of Asturias and the Infanta, $100,000 and $50,000, and Queen Christina—nothing at all.

Marion Crawford is always doing something to attract the attention of the artistic world. He has just turned playwright, and has put "Dr. Claudius" on the New York dramatic boards. Again, his latest story plunges into the divorce question, and Mr. Crawford does not hesitate to show upon which side his sympathies tend. He makes his heroine stand by her husband against the most stupendous odds. She had every reason to divorce her spouse, but steadfastly, heroically refused.

The Knights of Columbus of Massachusetts have



EDWARD L. HEARN, STATE DEPUTY OF KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

INFANTA EULALIE.

chosen wisely in their newstate deputy.

Edward Leo Hearn was born in Dorchester, Aug. 2, 1865. He received his elementary education in the public schools of that place. His family moving into southern Middlesex, he finished at the Hopkinton high school, standing high in his class.

He has resided in South Framingham for nearly 15 years, and about as soon as he arrived at his majority he became a member of the local Democratic town committee, and served as secretary of the organization for several years. He was also captain of St. Stephen's Cadets, a crack independent military organization connected with St. Stephen's T. A. Society, in the palmy days of the latter organization.

When the Knights of Columbus received a great inflow into its ranks of leading and progressive young Catholics of Massachusetts, three years ago, Mr. Hearn became affiliated with the organization, and took his initiatory degrees with Natick Council in the fall of 1893.

Being of an active disposition, he was not content until he had South Framingham Council instituted a few months afterward, and was unanimously chosen grand knight, which office he held until this year, when he declined another re-election.

He was chosen in 1895 state delegate to the national body by the Massachusetts state council, and soon found a place on the national board of directors, at which he was chosen assistant national secretary.

He was re-elected again to the same body in 1896. His flattering vote for state deputy is a significant token of his standing among his fellows in the K. of C.

At home he is very popular, and is a member of the Framingham Club, the leading social organization of the town. He is also secretary for the White Mountain Commercial Travelers' Association, and his associates on the road speak in the highest terms of him.

American sympathies will be largely with the charming Princess Eulalie, no matter which way the Spanish dynasty totters. The Cuban insurrection bids fair to change the face of royal politics at Madrid in a very radical manner during the next few months, and the little Catholic King

MARION BRUNOWE.

MINNIE GILMORE, DAUGHTER OF PATRICK SARSFIELD GILMORE.

Alfonso may be called upon to alter the personnel of his household to a considerable degree. But whatever shift of the scenery may come, the people of the United States, with reminiscences of the gracious Infanta's visit still lingering lovingly in their memories, will wish for her the happiest kind of good fortune.

Marion J. Brunowe, well known as the writer of delightful stories for children, is Miss Mary Brown, the daughter of Dr. Brown of Yonkers-on-the-Hudson. Though still quite young, she has already published a number of books, among which "Seven of Us," "A Lucky Family" and "The Sealed Packet" are the best known. She is a regular contributor to the pages of the Ave Maria, Rosary, Catholic World and other periodicals, and is known as the "Catholic Miss Alcott."

Miss Brunowe's style is easy and delightful, with a breezy freshness peculiarly suited to juvenile work.

Someone says if one can write a good child's story, one can do anything, and Miss Brunowe has only to try her wings in another field of literature to prove this true.

One hopes she will not, however, for so many people write "grown-up stories."

"Reflected light is my only passport as yet," is Miss Minnie Gilmore's modest way of speaking about her claims to fame. But she has done some very clever things in literature, has this charming daughter of the great musician Gilmore. Her "Second American Pilgrimage to Lourdes" attracted considerable attention, and her several other productions are remarkable for their versatility and sprightliness. Among Miss Gilmore's most notable books are "Pipes from the Prairie," "A Son of Esau" and "Songs from the Wings," a volume of stage verse for recitation.

Miss Gilmore naively speaks of herself as "a Bostonian by birth; a New Yorker by adoption; a cosmopolitan in consideration of a life of professional 'touring,' and a Bohemian at heart." She finds a happy home at the pleasantly located "Evans Cottage," Lakewood, New Jersey.

Talented Miss Mary M. Redmond, presented this month by People in Print, is a sweet singer from Ohio. Perhaps chiefly

MARY M. REDMOND.

to Editor James Riley of The Weekly Bouquet belongs the distinction of having discovered this new literary star.

Miss Redmund writes on both prose and poetry with a power, ease and grace indicating a future success which will be a credit to literature. She is still very young, and to her other accomplishments adds a rare proficiency in music. Miss Redmund lives at Tiffin, O.

ENGLAND'S ROBBERY OF IRELAND.

GEORGE MCSWEENY, B. L., Dublin.

One of the most important subjects which the British Parliament will have to consider during the present session will be the report of the Royal Commission on the Financial Relations between Great Britain and Ireland, which was presented during the recess. The Commission was appointed by the Liberal government in connection with the financial proposals of the Home Rule bill introduced by Mr. Gladstone in 1893. Objection was taken by the Irish representatives to the original draft of the finance clauses in that measure, and the Commission was issued by royal warrant to inquire as to the just proportion of the general taxes which should be borne by Ireland. Previous efforts had been made by Irish members to secure an investigation on the same subject, and the previous Tory administration had consented to a partial inquiry by a committee of the House of Commons, which, however, had barely begun its investigations when Parliament was dissolved. Thus it will be gathered that both political parties were prepared to think that there was something wrong with the Irish taxes. But none were prepared, if we except the Irish, for the revelations which commenced almost immediately when the Commission commenced its investigations. Many Irishmen, too, had no conception of the extent to which the robbery had been carried on, and amongst these were notably the landlords, and generally the Irish opponents of Home Rule, who had been nursed, or had nursed themselves, in the idea that British rule was wholly beneficent and could do no wrong. The British government had always, indeed, aided the landlord and Protestant party in Ireland in their conflict had, nevertheless, not neglected to rob all impartially in the matter of taxation. The minority in Ireland who possess a great portion of its property and its wealth were awakened as from a dream by this discovery, and we now find them foremost in the agitation which has spread from end to end of Ireland, and which, for the moment, has made the question even of Home Rule assume a second place.

Some of the Irish peers have made the strongest speeches on the subject. Lord Castletown, speaking at Cork, referred to the action of the Americans of the Revolution in throwing the tea into Boston harbor as one which Irishmen might be justified in imitating. In Limerick Lord Dunraven, whose name has become familiar in America, presided at a meeting where the Catholic bishop proposed the chief resolution, and where one of the other speakers was John Daly, who had only recently emerged from fourteen years' penal servitude for treason and felony. In Dublin the Catholic Archbishop proposed the Lord Mayor to the chair, and the Protestant Archbishop, Lord Plunkett, proposed a resolution and made a strong speech. No greater unanimity has ever been shown on any subject in Ireland. In the midst of strife and turmoil and wrangling upon miserable issues one subject has been thrown into the forum upon which the whole nation speaks with one voice, and with one voice demands justice.

The Financial Commission, whose report has had this magical effect, was one of rare authority on finance. It included Lord Welby, an ex-Financial Expert of the British Treasury; Lord Farrer, a well-known financier; Mr. Bertram Currie, another financier and brother of Sir Philip Currie,

the British Ambassador at Constantinople; Mr. Childers, late British Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir Robert Hamilton, one time Under-Secretary of Ireland, and Mr. W. A. Hunter, a well-known member of Parliament, who has devoted attention to questions of taxation. I select these names for the reason that they are all Englishmen, and they have all come to an unanimous conclusion as to the over-taxation of Ireland. The Irishmen on the commission were the O'Conor Don, Mr. Thomas Sexton, whose name is familiar to the whole Irish world; the Hon. Edward Blake, M. P.; Mr. John Redmond, M. P., the leader of the Parnellites; Mr. Thomas Slattery, the chairman of the National Bank, and Mr. Wolff, one of the members for Belfast, a Unionist and well known as the owner of the shipbuilding yards from which the White Star ocean line of steamers were launched.

These ten commissioners, after examining evidence which was nearly altogether that of officials (fifteen out of the eighteen witnesses were paid crown officials) came to the conclusion that Ireland was annually over-taxed at an amount which, taking the figures of the current year, represented £2,750,000, or $13,750,000. They found, in other words, that while Ireland was at that moment paying one-eleventh of the taxes of the United Kingdom, the largest proportion which, in the opinion of any one of the commissioners, she ought to pay, is one-twentieth! This over-taxation has been going on since the union, and the estimate of nine hundred million dollars is the smallest made of the total sum of which Great Britain has robbed Ireland during that period.

The commissioners went fully into the historical circumstances under which these burdens were imposed. The injustice began with the Act of Union, but, curious to say, that infamous document is in its way, a charter of Ireland's rights at the present moment. The Act of Union fixed a tax contribution from Ireland which it was entirely beyond her means to pay, but, at the same time, it expressly recognized Ireland's right to revision and separate financial consideration. By the Act of Union Ireland was to contribute one to fifteen, or two-seventeenths, of the taxes for twenty years, and after that there was to be a revision. Ireland had at that time a separate system of taxes, separate duties on articles of consumption, separate tariffs on articles of importations. The whole of her revenue, however, was not sufficient to produce the two-seventeenths that England demanded of her. England added the deficit to the Irish debt, and continues to charge it against her. The revision of taxes which should have taken place in 1820, never took place at all, for in 1816, four years previously, an act was passed to consolidate the Irish and English Exchequers. In a short time the separate systems of taxes were abolished, and "fiscal unity" began to characterize the relations of the two kingdoms. The arrangement of the Act of Union was bad enough, but the new system deprived Ireland absolutely of any hope in a financial way. Had the Irish proportion of taxes been revised and the separate tariffs preserved, Ireland might have gained a great deal in prosperity. The finance between the two countries would, in time, have to be adjusted on a basis of fairness, and the separate systems would always exhibit to the general eye any irregularities from which Ireland suffered. But once the system of indiscriminate taxation was adopted Ireland was doomed. The Act of Union, indeed, had said that special consideration was to be given to Irish ability to pay. But John Bull argued, as he is trying to argue still, that the individual Irishman paid the same taxes as the individual Englishman, and therefore that

there is nothing to worry about. Mr. John Morley, one of the authors of the Home Rule Bill of 1893, has, however, very ingeniously shown that individual taxation and national taxation are two different things. England and Ireland are two nations who correspond to a rich man and a poor man, who agree to live together. The rich man has an income of $5,000 and the poor man an income of only $500, and it is agreed that to the expenditure the rich man shall contribute $3,000 and the poor man $300. After a while the rich man thinks well to spend $5,000, as his income is increasing, and insists that the poor man shall expend $500 or $600, although his income has gone down to $400. This is exactly the case of Ireland and Great Britain. During the present century Ireland has been losing in trade, in population and in capital. Great Britain has been increasing in all three. During the first sixteen years of the century the average taxation of Great Britain was £4 13s. 4d., or a little over $23 per head of population. At the end of the century the amount is $11. During the same time the average tax of the Irishman has ascended from $3.50 to $7. In other words, the Englishman pays less than half; the Irishman pays double. All the time the English chancellors have been piling on the taxes. In 1853, after the famine had decimated Ireland, the income tax and the increased whiskey tax were added to her burdens, and the ruin was completed in the same period by the effect of the corn laws, which, while they brought prosperity to England, irretrievably injured Ireland, which was, and is, purely a food producing and food exporting country.

An attempt is made in some British quarters to apply what is known as the "whiskey argument" to this question. This "argument" runs thusly: The over-taxation of Ireland is due to drinking spirits; cease to drink spirits, and the injustice will disappear. One might as well have said to the British workman: "You drink too much beer; drink Irish whiskey, and the taxes will be equalized." But, as a matter of fact, the Britisher does his own part in the consumption of alcohol. According to the tables given in the Commission's report, one gallon of spirits and thirty gallons of beer are consumed by each Englishman, and one gallon of spirits and sixteen gallons of beer by each Irishman; so that the average Irishman only drinks half the beer of an average Englishman, and only the same amount of spirits. But, as beer is taxed more easily than whiskey, the Englishman has all the advantage of the transaction. Spirits are taxed by alcoholic strength and beer by specific gravity, so that the Englishman, for every hundred dollars spent in drink gives the state only a little more than the Irishman does on the same amount.

The "whiskey argument" is, of course, beside the question; but even if we argue it on the English assumption, Ireland has, as we have seen, the best of it. The real gist of the case is, however, that England has no right to segregate or ear-mark the whiskey tax as that which represents the excess of which Irishmen complain. England wrongs Ireland in the £7,000,000 odd of taxes which she takes every year from various sources by $2,750,000. The Irish people demand, not merely that this shall stop, but a refund.

If we examine the annual resources of the Irish people and their poverty, as compared with England, we get a still more vivid picture of the injustice which she suffers. The Commissioners agree that the total income of Ireland, that is to say, the total of wealth produced or made available within the country in a year, is not more than £76,000,000, or $380,000,000. Sir Robert Giffen, a well-known statistician of the English Board of Trade, says the amount is £63,000,000. Taking £70,000,000 as a mean, we are

able to calculate exactly what Ireland can afford in taxes. The experts examined by the Commission say that £12 per head of the population is the minimum living allowance. When we allow every Irishman £12 for bare subsistence, we find that he has only left £3 to pay rent, clothing and luxuries and the British taxes of £1 18s. Mr. Sexton has calculated that the British taxable income put at its lowest, after making allowance for subsistence, is £1,076,000,000, and that of Ireland £30,000,000, the proportion that Ireland ought to pay being one in thirty-six, instead of one in eleven, which is the present rate. The Englishmen of the Commission put the proportion, as already stated, at one in twenty, and if the taxes are reduced to anything like that amount, Ireland, we suppose, will have reason to be grateful. As the matter stands at present, Ireland is being bled to death. Out of the £30,000,000 which remains after bare subsistence, over £7,000,000 goes in imperial taxes, over £5,000,000 are expended on local taxation, over £6,000,000 go to England in the shape of absentee rents and about £2 per head of population remains. In other words, after the Irishman has paid rent and taxes his balance for living, clothing, education—for schools are not yet free in Ireland—and saving is £14 per annum. A nation in that condition, of course, cannot increase its capital. As Mr. Sexton has proved, its capital is dwindling away. There is no increase of industry, no new projects, no progress in arts, commerce or manufactures. The losses in crops in the present bad season are estimated at £2,500,000. The poor peasant has to face on the one hand the landlord, on the other the tax-gatherer, and between them the roadside or the poorhouse. This is the great problem that the British Parliament has now discussed. The landlord and peasant have, for once, a common platform. The wishes of all America will, I feel sure, be with them in the just battle which they fight. I have in this article only summarized a few of the facts upon which the just cause rests, but they are, I think, sufficient to show that the Irish are suffering from one of the greatest and most terrible injustices that has ever been the lot of one nation to bear at the hands of another.

LOVE.

JULIA TERESA BUTLER.

There's a something born of realms above,
Synonymous with God, its name — Love.
Without it riches are vain and cold,
With it poverty triumphs o'er gold;
It builds its glorious, holy fires
From sacred, heaven-inflamed desires,
And from its arduous, chastening heat
Its incense issues in fragrance sweet.
O, this is Love, quenchless, sublime, real, —
The grand, all-powerful Ideal
Which, though we are creatures of earth's sod,
Lifts us to the heights divine of God!

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

With joy and pride Catholics turn towards Rome to offer heartfelt felicitations to the Holy Father, who, in this month of March rounds out another year of a life brilliant in achievement of the noblest aims of humanity. The eyes of the world are watchful of the venerable pontiff, and his utterances are heeded by all nations. His marvelous knowledge of affairs, and the wisdom of his counsels have won for him the admiration of leaders of men.

Even those opposed to his rulings, and differing from him in belief, pay tribute to the acumen that marks all Leo's decisions on matters of church or state. This remarkable virility of mind is in sharp contrast to the frail physique, and the faithful tremble lest it tax too severely a constitution weakened by advancing years, many cares, and unwearying vigilance in guarding the Catholic fold. May the shepherd long be spared.

* * *

Are we to get ready for prosperity? The business world is anxious to know; it takes some time to get used to a novelty. There be pessimists abroad who prophecy that we needn't look for it until 1900 dawns upon us. There be optimists abroad, who are even now prinking themselves and studying the smile with which on the 5th of March they will greet "Good Times," and we fear there are a few transcendental mortals who will be disappointed if the 4th goes over without a striking indication of a boom.

We opine that time alone can tell, and so refrain from indulging either in overjoyous expectation or dismal croaking. Incidentally we would advise caution in contracting debts on the strength of immediate prosperity, and would warn the unwise against lavish expenditure of the shekels remaining in their coffers.

Claiming our privilege of American citizenship we pay our tribute of respect to the Nation's ruler. Republican or Democrat, a president is the chosen head of the American people, and, as such, on the 4th of March, all parties, irrespective of politics, will honor William McKinley.

* * *

Legal activity tends towards the extermination of trusts. The war is being pushed by the lawmakers, and with the enactment of more stringent measures to control the operations of those gigantic combinations against the development of legitimate trade, must ultimately come a happier economic condition for the masses.

When penalties prescribed for violation of the conditions on which a franchise or charter has been granted are enforced by the authorized powers of a state there will be less temptation to accumulate gains by the employment of dishonest and inhuman methods. That these penalties are severe no one may deny; they provide for forfeiture of rights, impose fines, and pronounce sentence of imprisonment, but how often will they be brought to bear upon offenders?

What has been the penalty paid by victims of trusts? In many cases, death—awful in its suddenness, the suicidal deed of a creature goaded into usurping the prerogative of the Creator; for others the doom of slow torture extending through hopeless years; and for the countless thousands and tens of thousands, long hours of toil, pitiful remuneration, and intolerable environment.

When will these conditions cease? The words "legal activity" offer a contradiction in terms. Legislation is cumbersome and slow, and trusts are mighty. How many years must elapse before justice is done? In the meantime can the toilers exist on reports of the legal fights in the various states?

* * *

The opening of the Lowell textile school is an important event in the industrial history of New England. The need of maintaining a high degree of manual skill is urgent, as it is only through superior workmanship that the New England manufacturing towns hope to remain centres of industrial activity. The Boston Herald, in its graphic summary of Mr. North's address, editorially comments as follows upon the necessity of making operators skilled artisans:

In addition to this, Mr. North wisely insists that the building up of a great class of technically skilled artisans will be of great social advantage. In the first place, the artisan, in this way, becomes a more important man to his employer, and thus lessens the gulf that appears of late to have opened between the employer and the employed. So long as the operative at a machine is hardly more than a machine itself—that is, so long as his knowledge and skill are bounded by the machine he stands before—so long will it be impossible to give to him an important place in the opinion of the great masters of industry. But when the operative changes into a skilled artisan; when it is upon his

knowledge and ability as a man even more than the machine that he operates that the mill owner depends for his success and his profit, then the worker must rise in the opinion of the employer, and, what is of even greater importance, must deservedly rise in his own estimation. What is it, Mr. North pertinently asks, that differentiates the spinner at a machine in India and China from the spinner working at a machine in Lowell, if it is not that the latter is not a slave to a piece of mechanism, but from his thorough knowledge and broader experience is its master?

* * *

In the legislative capital of a certain province there died recently a priest, who for fifty years had labored zealously, toiling early and late in the Master's vineyard. Solicitous for his spiritual children, neglecting none, his great heart throbbed in sympathy for the woes of the unfortunate, and was ever responsive to the plaints of the needy. Sunday after Sunday he turned to his congregation and addressed to them words of counsel, simple, homely words that all heard with reverence. When the prayer was said, legislators, university and normal school students, officers in uniform, quiet townsfolk, and gaily-attired Indians, made the sign that marked them one in faith, and passed out strengthened for what the week might bring. The thoughtless among the students regarded the Indians merely as a picturesque element unusual in a church assembly. It interested them to watch the canoes drop down the river, and to note the silent movements of the dusky worshippers as they entered the church and filed to their chosen place, the open space near the sanctuary, right under the "Black Robe's" gaze. Very dear to the pastor were these wronged ones of his flock, so dear that when death came to him, from the little worldly all of a servant of God, he set aside a share "to provide somewhat for the comfort of the Indians at the Christmas season."

The making of his will was a matter of little moment, a provision for his poor, and a touching bequest to the children of the forest. He had nothing more to leave.

Fifty years of self-abnegation, of unremitting toil, and such was the material reward.

Surely there is a lesson in this.

* * *

The North American Review in "Notes and Comments" discusses the benefit derived by change of scene and occupation. The writer, Eugene Coleman Savidge says:

"It is a law of mental impressions that they wear themselves out and become altered by continuance. The popular melody grows odious in time. Bury it long enough, and it is heard again with pleasure almost pristine. And this explains the wonders wrought by change of scene and climate. The old ruts through which wearied nerve force runs without change are temporarily abandoned for new-made grooves which give vivid impressions like vigorous electric sparks. The old ruts, meanwhile, freshen up like furrows on the finger when rings are laid aside; and returning to duty is like resurrecting the pristine melody.

"We have only to recall personal experience to realize the force of intellectual stimulation. The interest of sport will sustain men without fatigue for distances they otherwise could never traverse. The excitement of strife will often mask the presence of wounds. Self-forgetfulness in all the walks of life, under the stress of love, chivalry, or accepted duty, doubles human endurance and brings results that surprise the poor doer himself when back in monotony. Self-consciousness distracts one from worthy purpose to unworthy self, and with its blushes and confusion robs of even routine abilities. Success gives new vitality, new powers, and this is another name for new life. Misfortune imposes blight, self-consciousness, inactivity, and what is this but lessened life? The history of war, shipwreck, tempest, shows a larger percentage of the survivors from the men of brain, who outlast the men of muscle—the men with no power of self-detachment, with no purpose, no philosophy."

* * *

In "ye good old times" toward the middle of the eleventh century, so runneth the story, men were mannerly to a degree unknown in the present. Ladies fair swept into the banquet room and took possession of the choicest seats, while their cavaliers meekly took the space left them at the inferior end of the board.

Alack-a-day! cavaliers have passed from the ken of man, and the practice of manners among their sex is fast becoming obsolete. The rule of individual right holds sway, and is nowhere more brutally demonstrated than in city travel. The man who pays for a seat in street or steam car generally makes up his mind to have it, let who will be in greater need. We do not deny his right, and when he asserts it boldly, glaring defiantly at the woman whose tired face seems to reproach him, we confess that we rather admire him as a consistent speciment of the hog genus. He isn't an animal we would care to associate with,—but let him pass—there are worse

things than living up to one's character. We prefer him to his neighbor, who shoots furtive glances from behind his paper at a woman acquaintance in the aisle. She may expect him to give up his seat, "Paid for, Sirs," but if he can remain seemingly oblivious he may retain her respect without sacrificing his comfort. Let him have the latter, by all means, even if it necessitate spreading his knees to include a foot more space at each side, or thrusting a muddy boot against the gown of the girl clinging to the strap above him. Serve her right, the saucy obstructionist! Didn't she almost gouge his eye out when the last jerk of the car sent her off her feet?

Seriously, for the honor of our sex, we protest against the churlish habit growing ever more in evidence, the expression of the spirit of selfishness causing strong men to retain seats while women stand. Every day cars pass through the business sections, carrying their freight of humanity, and it is a sight to rouse a man, a real man, to anger to see how women are allowed to stand, jostled about, and bumped against, while those better fitted by nature to endure such discomfort, stolidly refuse to yield the right they have purchased for five cents.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Prize Contest.

"I turn to the pages that have always kept me in touch with things that I am too busy to read of in the daily papers, and there get a summary of all the principal events of the month," declares a sprightly Worcester correspondent. "All the things that are being talked about, fought about and read about." Wee Marjorie, whose solicitude for mamma was so characteristically expressed, owes more than she wots of to the writer of the little homily in the Women's Department. We trust, though, that our Worcester friend will pardon us for doubting that even in their most aggravating moments the darlings of her heart ran any great risk of being "put slowly through the wringer." We have in mind another mother, who also felt at times that her burden was greater than she could bear. "I can't eat anything myself," was her daily complaint to her husband. "By the time the children are satisfied my appetite is gone." The wise man was silent till one evening, when his chance to speak came. It so happened that only the baby sat at the board with its parents, the other children, five in number, had gone out for the first time together to attend a cousin's birthday party.

"You've a good chance tonight, Lizzie," said papa, cheerfully, "make the most of it."

"It's—so—lonesome. I can't—eat—without the—children," wailed the mother.

"I'll go after 'em," was papa's obliging answer, and to this day he can't imagine why the little woman called him "unfeeling."

"I like good, common-sense articles," writes a Boston reader, "and Tom, my little brother, says 'please, sister, tell Mr. Editor I want him to put in more history and vessels.'" Our friend Tom may consider his wish granted, the ships are on their way to port, and will fly their colors before Tom is much older.

From Covington, Ky., comes the complaint that the Women's Department is too short. "One gains so much from it that women all over the country are selfish enough to wish it longer," this friend so kindly says.

"The pictures of the different priests give me more pleasure than any others, as among them I often see the picture of an old friend or acquaintance," writes a Canton subscriber. It is very pleasant to know that our engravings are so thoroughly appreciated and that for many they arouse happy memories of other times and scenes.

From Grand View comes convincing proof that women find interest not only in the stories and poems, but also in very weighty papers, treating of "science, literature, and politics." The writer who likes

to read such papers, draws a vivid picture of her delight when first she was given copies of Donahoe's, a gift that brightened the routine of life in "N. W. Texas, far away from a Catholic atmosphere."

There is a thought in this for readers, who breathe a Catholic atmosphere every day, and have the happy privilege of dropping into church for a few moments whenever they desire. Why not help those who live so far from church that visits to it must be rare indeed? We can keep them informed on Catholic events, and make them acquainted with Catholic leaders in church and state by forwarding to them the Catholic magazines and papers we have read and laid aside. Every one of us must know some one who would hail them with delight, and lack of thought on our part deprives others of much pleasure.

More praises for the Reviews and the Catholic question box! And further requests for more space! In the February issue we deplored our helplessness in contending against the powers that be, but the appeals of readers may be more potent, and perhaps more space may be allotted to these departments. This will be good news for our Mansfield correspondent, and for many others.

We are glad that our Chicago friend found pleasure and profit in reading the article on the Cuban outlook; it has caused much favorable comment.

Praise for the Rev. William Dollard's "Ballad Poetry," comes to us from many parts, the theme was a happy one.

The Springfield subscriber who was so pleased with Madame Barat's picture, will, we hope, be equally well satisfied with the March cover. We wish this friend many happy returns of the 17th. St. Patrick's day is a birthday to be proud of.

"I enjoy the Women's Department, and suggest that you give space for an exchange of ideas from homemakers who do their own work," suggests one North Dakota friend, and we are pleased, indeed, for the suggestion. If we have any fault to find with our women readers, it is that they do not write to us more frequently. It would help the department materially if practical hints on all matters pertaining to the home were contributed by those who know most about home requirements. A similar request comes from N. Wilmington, together with the assertion that matters of the household are of first importance, an assertion that is borne out by the testimony of another friend in St. John, N. B., who declares "well-being of the home rests on the poor shoulders of the ladies of the family."

Despite the weight of her individual share in the work of making home attractive and happy, this writer finds time to offer many valuable suggestions, and concludes by expressing the earnest conviction that "I speak for thousands of home-rulers, and feel sure my suggestions will be endorsed by every woman in America.

Home-rulers in St. John have no need of employing agitation, coercion, or any other unpleasant measure; the forces they marshal are in thorough accord, and a "division in the house" is unheard of, though it frequently happens that there is more than one "speaker."

A very interesting contribution to the contest comes from Leadville, Col. The writer makes us very happy by telling us that Donahoe's helped her to a knowledge of the Catholic faith. In a very felicitous strain she enumerates the numerous benefits derived from reading our publication, and concludes with a wish that one day

"One Shepherd shall gather, shall lead and shall hold
All the peoples of earth in His beautiful fold."

From Chicago comes the request for sketches of "Erin's poets and bards, and noted characters in Irish history," and is it possible? the one who prefers the request is a boy—a boy of fourteen years. Come right in; you are heartily welcome, and don't mind if the girls do stare a little. They really can't help it, you have taken them so by surprise. To think that a boy would spare time to write such a thoughtful letter, so clearly expressed! Well, we always did say that boys could do anything they felt like doing.

"There is no greater pleasure in this world than that derived from good, wholesome reading," says a Lawrence friend. "I have received great assistance from Donahoe's, and only regret that a greater number of books are not received each month, the criticisms are so truthful and valuable!"

There's another argument in favor of extending the Review Department. Who says we won't win?

Picking up our North Dakota letter we chance on this pitiful little plea: "please, Mr. Editor, let us have politics in small doses." We'll pass that request on with pleasure, and—let it be said softly—we hope and trust our young friend's prayer will be granted.

The contest closes March 1st, and the prize-winner's name will appear in the April issue. Where will that tea-set go? We don't know yet, there are still some contestants to be heard from, but we are already beginning to feel sorry that there are not more prizes to be awarded. So many deserve them!

Thoughts.

Blessed Sebastian Valfre said, "Crosses borne with patience are like storms at sea, which seem to swamp the ship, which they are really bearing toward the shore. Life without a cross is the heaviest cross of all."

Old Marcus Aurelius was a very different man from the holy Italian who was called the Apostle of Turin, yet he said much the same when he wrote, "That which does not make a man worse than he was, also does not make his life worse, nor does it harm him either from without or within."

A greater than either of these two great men said: "Fear not them that kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul."

Crosses, trials, temptations, what are they but the soul's bridges to everlasting joy?

A penitent asked her confessor for a book to read; something to make her more earnest in Christian life and work. He gave her a book on "The Blessedness of Heaven." "I wanted something practical, Father," she said. "My child," he replied, "you are not likely to want to go to Heaven unless you know and realize its blessedness. Understand that Christian life and work is nothing but preparation for Heaven."

Somebody says "Temper is nine-tenths of Christianity!" Do you suppose it is meritorious to know Sanscrit or the language of the Pyramids if you do not know how to be pleasant and agreeable? A cross word, a sour look at the breakfast table can start the day wrong for a whole family. Is it possible to imagine any one "cross" in the carpenter's home at Nazareth? M. F. N.

The Ethics of Joy.

"I wonder that a child of God should ever have a sad heart, considering what God is preparing for him," writes a holy man, and considering not only what is to come when we realize all the transports of the Beatific Vision, but also what we actually have, joy ought to be an important factor in our daily existence.

Did you ever stop to think over all your blessings? Make a list of all your woes, real or fancied (and the latter are much the worse for nervous temperaments), and then make a genuine list of your blessings and see if they do not—after all—outweigh the griefs. As the old darkey said: "Count yo' marcies, chile, count yo' marcies!"

Was it ever your great good fortune to meet a person who remembered that there was such a command given once in the Holy Scriptures as "Rejoice in the Lord always?"

If you have known such an individual you know he was a perfect delight to every one with whom he came in contact.

Everybody looked pleased to see him and sorry when he went away.

I know a woman like that. "Oh, well!" I hear you say, "she was born that way. A cheerful disposition is a very nice thing to have, but I haven't got one."

Then get one! Unfortunately there is not a disposition counter, though there's everything else in the department stores, but you can make a new one if you try. A nineteenth century woman can make anything from a steam engine to drawnwork.

As for my friend, she wasn't born anything in the least abnormal. She had the usual number of arms and eyes, with a fair supply of pains and aches, and just as warm a heart as you, my doleful friend, and quite as many chances to have it stabbed.

She was set down by Almighty God in a circle of people, who, loving her, after their fashion, yet totally misunderstood her character and everything she did. They called her cold because she was undemonstrative, insincere if she tried to please, and selfish if she didn't.

Moreover, she was born with a grinding Calvinistic conscience which shrouded her in unutterable gloom over what she fancied were her iniquities; in fact, her mouth turned down at the corners.

One day she found—by the especial Providence of God, a confessor who, amongst other very common-sense texts, preached on the "Ethics of Joy."

"Smile," he said. "Learn to smile, my child. Take the world laughingly. Be sure it has woes enough of its own, and has no desire to hear of yours."

"How can I smile when I don't feel like it?" she asked.

"Feel like it! That has nothing to do with it. Simply do it. 'The fruits of the spirit are love, joy, peace.' Love comes first. If you love our Lord, the joy and peace follow."

"But I'm afraid I don't love him as I ought. I don't feel as if I did," very mournfully.

"Feeling has nothing whatever to do with it," he repeated. "I didn't say 'feel joyful,' I said 'be joyful.' Act exactly as

if you loved our Lord and felt joyous. Try to please Him and the love will come, and remember, you please Him best by smiling."

She began to try to smile. Of course, it was not easy. It never is easy to be unselfish, but it's surprising to find how soon it becomes a habit.

Here is a receipt given by one of the holiest people on earth. He is also one of the most agreeable and joyous.

When you find it hard to smile, go and look in the glass. There you will see your forehead in a knot, your eyes dull, your mouth dragged down at the corners, and you'll be surprised to find out how ugly you are. Stand there and look at yourself until you are tired of being ugly, and then, smile! Deliberately smile at yourself in that mirror until you laugh at your own absurdity, and you will go away smiling at everybody else.

There is a beautiful woman, whose silver-gray hair crowns a face in which intellect and sweetness are blended so as to make her remind one always of the lines:

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command,
And yet a spirit, fair and bright,
With something of an angel light."

Those who know her intimately, and realize a few of the trials of her life, wonder at the smiling serenity with which she bears "the ills the flesh is heir to," and worse yet, those of the spirit as well.

She has within her heart the love for our Lord, which is the first of those beautiful fruits of the Spirits which ripen upon the Tree of Life.

Yet she is a practical soul, with all her artistic grace and love lines, and she has over her mirror a little reminder in the shape of a motto, quaint, and daintily-fashioned in golden letters upon a broad satin ribbon.

"I give back frown for frown and smile for smile," says the screed over the glass, and how true it is with the world in general, that we get what we give; smile and frown.

Try the system of joy and you will astonish people with the change in your disposition. You will also surprise yourself, and before long, it will become a fixed habit for you to be cheerful and smiling.

People will say, "Do let's have that nice Miss ——. She's always so pleasant!"

Of course this will not happen in a minute.

You'll have a good many fits of "blues."

Occasionally you'll break down altogether, and perhaps you may indulge in a genuine "wail" some day to somebody who will say, "Why, I didn't know you gave up like anybody else! I thought you were always happy."

But a clever person says "Blues are either rasped nerves or unmitigated selfishness," and you finally realize this, and spend a great many minutes before the glass, smiling at your sour face. Say to yourself determinedly, "I am going to study the system of joy!" and begin by deciding to be smiling—no matter what comes—for a whole week.

Renew the system at the end of the time and if it ever fails, say serenely: "It's not the system's fault, but mine," and begin over again.

Its the easiest thing in the world to form habits, and why not form a good one occasionally to off-set the bad ones which seem to form themselves? Think of the "Ethics of Joy," and then try the "system." MARY F. NIXON.

Working-Women.

No class of labor is as poorly protected as the working-women. Men band themselves together into unions, and in this lies their strength. Women are more timid by nature, and submit to many exactions and injustices because of their lack of organization and their fear of antagonizing their employers. If they are unjustly treated they cannot engage a lawyer to defend them, because that costs money; they must suffer in silence.

In New York there is, however, a society from which redress can be asked; it is called the "Working-women's Protective Union," and Mr. John H. Parsons, one of New York's ablest lawyers, gives his services free to all who need him. Women who work for wages—writers, actresses, governesses, seamstresses, factory and shop girls—may bring their grievances to the notice of the society. The case is thoroughly investigated, and the employer who unjustly withholds the money of the wage-earner is forced to pay what is due. There is not the slightest charge made for services, and even if money were proffered it would be refused.

It is a great pity that such a philanthropic institution does not exist in every city; the New York institution was founded by several benevolent men.—Godey's Magazine.

How to Laundry Lace Curtains.

Housekeepers generally regard the laundering of lace curtains as a difficult task, beyond the ability of the home laundress, hence incur an unnecessary expense in sending their curtains to a professional

hand every spring. If attention is given the work, it may be done at home very satisfactorily, by any ordinary workwoman, under the supervision, of course, of the mistress of the house. After taking the curtains down from the windows, shake them well to remove the dust and loose dirt. Everything should be in readiness, and a dry day selected for the work. Soft water and good soap must be used, the rubbing done with the hand. Fill a tub nearly full of warm water, add a bar of Ivory soap to make strong suds, put in the curtains, and wash carefully until clean; rinse first in clear water, and then in blue water, to which add a little thin starch. Squeeze with the hands, but do not wring or handle roughly.

Pin clean sheets over the carpet in a room not much used, stretch the curtains over them, pin securely, taking care to smooth out the edges. Open the doors and windows to let in the air, and in a few hours the curtains will be ready to hang, and will look quite as well as if fresh from the hands of French laundries.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

A Pretty Device.

The old-fashioned cupboard closet, opening into the parlor, which is found in many old houses and was considered an eyesore by the thrifty matron of the last generation, is being fitted up charmingly by some modern housewives. A description of one of these cupboards may give ideas to one who has such a closet to decorate.

The room into which it opened was the best room of the house, an old-fashioned, low-ceilinged room, with broad window seats and double doors opening out on a large porch.

The prevailing colors of the room were cream white and a light, artistic blue. The closet, which opened into it, had been hidden by two narrow doors and held five shelves. The doors were taken down, and from the top of the doorway was suspended a Moorish fretwork, a foot deep, painted cream white, with dashes of gold. A cord curtain of the same depth might be substituted, and is easily made if the fretwork is not procurable. The two highest shelves were lightly padded and covered with China silk, the upper with blue, the lower with a cream tint, and to the front of each was fastened with brass-headed tacks a four-inch ruffle of blue China silk. From the second shelf hung a silken curtain, an artistic design in light blue on a cream-tinted ground, making a delightful place for storing magazines, catalogues and books hardly nice enough for a more exposed place. The two highest shelves held bric-a-brac.

Tasty Dishes.

Buy a calf's head with brains and tongue for twenty-five cents, cover it with cold water and let it stand for half an hour to draw out the blood.

Pour off the cold and put on boiling water, cooking for an hour. Keep tightly covered, and enough water to cover the meat, and when done the meat can be picked from the bones with a fork.

Set aside the water it was boiled in for soup stock and cut the meat fine.

Put it into a saucepan with a little water, a tablespoonful of butter, a dash of cayenne pepper, and salt to taste.

Let this simmer gently, and add a quarter of a teaspoonful of grated lemon-peel, and several sprigs of chopped parsley.

Thicken with tablespoonful of flour wet up with water, cook until smooth, and add a little black pepper. Boil two eggs hard; slice one into the stew and garnish the dish with the other when you serve. If desired, a tablespoonful of sherry may be added, and it improves the flavor. This dish is called Calve's Head Ragout.

A pretty luncheon dish is made by boiling a small tongue in a little salt and water. Serve sliced, cold, with currant jelly.

Another palatable dish is made from calf's brains prepared as follows:

Throw them into cold, salt water for half an hour to draw out the blood. Then tie up in a cloth and boil for three-quarters of an hour; remove the cloth and spread brains on a platter to cool.

Cut out the dark places and veins and beat to a smooth paste.

Add the yolks of two eggs beaten stiff, desertspoonful of butter, a dust of cayenne pepper, a pinch of grated nutmeg and salt and black pepper to taste. Stir these well, add chopped parsley and beat together with half a cup of sweet milk. Last of all, beat whites of two eggs and stir into the brains; put teaspoonful of melted butter into the skillet, and cook the brains in this, stirring until they are the consistency of scrambled eggs. Serve hot on rounds of buttered toast, and garnish with sliced lemon. M. F. N.

Feed Them Properly
and carefully reduce the painfully large percentage of infant mortality. Take no chances and make no experiments in this very important matter. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has saved thousands of little lives.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"Haven't Time."

Our girls may find a moral in this little story from the Sunday School Times:

Mehetabel is one of the little girls of whom we sometimes read who "haven't time" for the things which they are occasionally expected to do—washing dishes, setting the table, rocking baby, etc.

One night she lay awake a long time trying to go to sleep. Suddenly she felt exceedingly light and airy, and everything looked very bright, and then, in a trice, she found herself in the most delightful place imaginable. It was just one big picnic grove, with swings and hammocks, and a lake and boats, and croquet grounds, and the loveliest chance to do all the things that she liked to do.

And, just as she began to realize that she was really there, the most gentlemanly of boys approached her, and asked if she would not like to swing. She intended to smile and say: "Thank you, I shall be delighted"; but, instead, her mouth pulled down at the corners, and these words fell in whining tones from her pouting lips, "I haven't time!"

The nice boy looked rather surprised, but made no comment as he walked away; and soon a bevy of laughing little girls danced along, and asked her to play croquet. She expected to say, enthusiastically: "Oh, I shall like it so much!" But she only made a dismal grrmace, and her obstinate tongue repeated the words to which it was best accustomed: "I haven't time."

The little girls looked blankly at her and then at each other, and walked slowly away, wondering what she had to do. She certainly didn't look very busy.

Next a charming lady came and asked her to take a ride in the little sailboat that lay rocking lazily on the sparkling waves. Now, of all the things in the world that Mehetabel liked, sailing was the thing she liked best. And she was just going to say so, when her lips parted, and out popped, this time with a positive snarl, "I haven't time!"

The lady lifted her eyebrows a little, and said she was very sorry as she turned away; and in a few moments Mehetabel saw her helping the little girls and the polite boy into the boat.

Poor Mehetabel's head was in a whirl. What could be the trouble? Who was to blame? Trying to think made her so dizzy that she lost her balance, fell over into the lake with a great splash, and—awoke!

Then she lay really awake for a long time, meditating very hard. And since then she has had a great deal more than ever before to do—things for other people's pleasure.—Sunday School Times.

The White Trout Legend.

In County Tipperary there is a holy well in which swims a white trout with a red spot on its side. The following legend is how this strange fish originated: When Cromwell's army was passing through Ireland, it bivouacked in the neighborhood of this well. A soldier, hearing of the splendid white trout in it, swore he would have it for his next meal. With a scoop net he managed to capture the fish, and when he reached home laid it in the frying pan. Immediately it leaped out on the floor. Several times this was repeated. Finally the soldier put the lid on the pan, and a great stone upon it to hold it down. When he thought the fish cooked, he transferred it to a plate. The moment, however, he stuck his fork into it there was a great shriek, the trout leapt to the floor, and there, instead of a fish, lay a beautiful young girl, with blood streaming from her side, where the fork had entered. The girl reproached the soldier for his cruelty, and commanded him to put her in the well, where she was obliged to stay until the last day under the spell of enchantment. This the soldier did, and the enchanted one is still there, in the form of a white trout, with a blood red mark upon its side. This legend does not tell what became of the soldier.

Boy Heroes.

Here are some tales of heroes that may interest our boys:

There have been young heroes in great number.

The young Hollander, who, when he discovered a tiny leak in the dike, which he knew would quickly increase and inundate the town, thrust his finger into the aperture and stayed there from early evening until long after dawn before help finally came, shows us what boys can do.

Then, do you not remember the German peasant boy who asked his father what he should do if a wolf came while his parents were away?

"Thrust your arm down his throat and choke him to death," replied the father in jest.

One night the boy was left alone in the hut, and a wolf did come. The gaunt creature was about to spring upon the sleeping baby, when the boy sprang between them. With one fierce growl the wolf threw itself at the boy, with open jaws, and he, without a thought of fear, thrust his hand into the gaping mouth and held it there till the brute fell back breathless and dead.

And the drummer boy of France?

He was scarcely 12 years old. The Royalists had won the day, and on a little elevation, surrounded by the dead bodies of his comrades, the valiant lad stood alone facing a score of rifles.

"Cry 'Vive le roi' or die!" commanded the soldiers.

"Vive la republique!" cried the boy, waving his drumsticks proudly, and fell, pierced by a dozen bullets.

And that incident of Ratisbon. It was the simple account of a young ensign, not more than a boy in years, who rode up to Napoleon, and, springing lightly from the saddle, reported the capture of the town.

"You're wounded, boy!" cried Bonaparte, seeing that the lad kept his lips pressed tightly, while vainly trying to keep the blood back.

"Nay," said the boy, his pride touched to the quick, "I'm killed, sire!" and the young hero fell dead at his Emperor's feet.

All about Frogs.

A frog is something like a toad,
Only he lives down by the road
Where there's a pond and lily pads,
And toads, they live in folks' back yards.

A toad is fat, a frog is lean,
The suit he wears is always green,
Except his vest, and that is yellow,
And he's a mighty funny fellow.

Sometimes I poke him with a stick
To see him jump, he goes so quick,
So very quick, I do declare
You cannot see him in the air.

But some bad boys throw stones at him,
And he gets killed, if he don't swim
Down out of sight, and quiet stay
Until the bad boys go away.

—From "Pebbles and Shells," by Clarence Hawkes.

Answers to Puzzles.

Donahoe's Magazine is the answer to one of the puzzles in the February number. A great many young people solved it correctly, but Annie Ratigan has the honor of being the first to send in the correct answer.

The other remains still unsolved, not one giving the right answer. Try again, young people, and better luck next time.

Here is a flower puzzle. Who will supply the most words?

Supply the missing words.

Fair —— a maiden, —— —— was her lover.
Their path was twined with —— ——; it did not run through ——.
The —— —— raven were, her cheeks a lovely ——;
She wore fine —— —— to warm her small —— toes.
Her —— was an ——, who had a —— of gold,
An awful old —— —— to make one's blood run cold.
His temper was like —— ——; his daughter's heart he wrung
With words both fierce and bitter—he had an —— ——.
The lover's hair was like the —— of pure Germanic type.
He wore a —— ——; he smoked a —— ——.
He sent —— —— by the pound and choicest —— ——.
She painted —— —— —— the bluest ever seen.
He could not serenade her within the —— —— dark,
For every —— he tried it her father's —— —— bark.
And so he set a certain day to meet at —— ——.
Her face was pale as —— ——, and whiter than her frock.
The lover vowed he'd —— and die if she should say him no,
And then he up and kissed her beneath the ——.
My love will —— ——; my sweet, will you be true?
Give me a little —— ——; say only I love ——.
She faltered that for him alone she would —— —— wear;
Then swayed like supple —— and tore her —— ——.
For —— than a hornet before them stood her pop,
Who swore he'd —— the fellow until he made him ——.
Oh, quickly up —— ——. She cried: "You'll —— the day, most cruel father.
Haste, my dear, and —— flee away."

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this Department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the first of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass." As a guarantee of good faith, every letter must give the full name and address of the writer, which will not be published. In future no unsigned letters will be answered.]

L. G. inquires as to the latest moment when a person can arrive, and the earliest moment at which he can leave, and still hear mass.

The proper way is to be present at all the mass, from the beginning to the end. Still, circumstances or necessity may at times render this impossible. In this latter case it should be known that absence from a considerable part of the mass is a serious matter. The difficulty is to determine what may be a notable part. The difficulty pertains chiefly to persons who come in late, or who leave before the mass is quite finished. Generally speaking, persons who arrive at or before the Gospel or who leave after the Communion, are not to be regarded as guilty of grievous sin. But these practices are to be in every way discouraged. In case of necessity they cannot be considered as having been guilty of even venial sin. But the question of more or less sin being put aside, the Catholic who values the mass, who understands the desire of our divine Lord to bring to him through the mass infinite graces will make every effort to assist at the entire sacrifice with motives of piety and religion.

The following letter comes from Nova Scotia: I have heard the question of liquor selling discussed more than once, and some say it is a mortal sin to sell liquor. Now, is it or is it not a mortal sin for a Catholic to sell liquor?

We quote from the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, No. 263: We warn our faithful who are engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors that they may reflect seriously on how many and how great dangers and occasions of sin is their business surrounded, though in itself not illicit. Let them choose if they can a more honest way of living. If they cannot do this, they should strive with all their power to remove from themselves and from others the occasions of sin. They must not sell liquor to those under age, nor to those whom they foresee will abuse it. They must keep their saloons closed on Sundays. At no time can they permit within their walls blasphemies, cursings or obscene words. And if by their fault or co-operation religion is brought into dishonor and men to ruin, they must know that there is in heaven an avenger who will visit upon them most severe chastisements. And in another place the council, speaking of the grave abuse of liquor selling on Sunday, says: And we not only direct the attention of all pastors to the repression of this abuse, but we also call upon them to induce all of their flocks that may be engaged in the sale of liquors to abandon as soon as they can the dangerous traffic, and to embrace a more becoming way of making a living.

The selling of liquor then is not in itself sinful. It stands in this regard on the basis of many other things. But the strong, plain language of the fathers of the council indicates the vast dangers and the very great occasions of sin that are inevitably attendant upon that business, and evidently so to us all from the manner of conducting the business. A matter in itself may not be sinful, but when it affords occasion for sin, or becomes a dishonor to religion and a destruction to men, it is time to call halt. "There is a way that seems to a man just, but the ends thereof lead to death." So says Holy Writ, and this way men may persuade themselves to be just, whereas the leading of that way is into mortal sin, the death of the soul, and into those severe punishments, both temporal and eternal, of which the council speaks. The careful study of the language we have quoted should suffice to show how almost impossible it is to live in continual danger, and ever escape sin. Here, as elsewhere, comes forward the truth: "They who love the danger shall perish in it."

Inquirer asks: Was Limbo, where the soul of our Lord went after His death, the same as our Purgatory?

No. Limbo was a place of rest; purgatory is a place of punishment. Limbo no longer exists; purgatory will exist until the end of the world. Now, when a person has paid his debt in purgatory he goes directly to heaven; but this is only since our divine Lord's ascension into heaven. Before that time those who died as the

friends of God were not admitted into heaven, because heaven had been closed by the sin of Adam, and was to be opened only by the second Adam. Those who were ready for heaven were awaiting in Limbo the coming of the Redeemer, and when Jesus ascended into heaven, he then, as the Holy Scripture says, "led captivity captive," he brought with him the just souls who had died from the beginning and were awaiting this moment.

From Querist: What are the different colors of cassocks?

The cassock worn by priests is black, by bishops and prelates, purple; by the cardinals, red; and by the Pope, white. At one period the cassock was the common dress of laymen, but after the incoming of the Northern nations into the Roman empire the laymen began to wear shorter garments, while the clerics continued to wear the cassocks, which so became their distinctive dress.

Christian asks a short explanation of Ash Wednesday.

With this day Lent begins; 40 days of prayer and fasting, in memory chiefly of our Lord's fast of 40 days in the desert. The distinctive ceremony which gives its name to the day consists in the blessing of ashes, and the placing of the same upon the foreheads of the people. The ashes are obtained by burning the palms retained from Palm Sunday of the previous year. The prayers of the day implore God's pardon and mercy for the penitent. At the placing of the ashes on the forehead of each person who kneels before the altar, the priest marks the sign of the cross and says: "Remember, man, that dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return." Thus in most solemn manner is man reminded of the forming of Adam's body from earth, and of the end awaiting us all. The dread thought of death meets us on the very threshold of Lent. As a day of fasting, Ash Wednesday is considered more rigorous than any other day of Lent, excepting Good Friday.

In the beginning the ashes were placed on the heads of public penitents only, and not upon all the faithful. The public penitents appeared before the church door on the first day of Lent, in penitential garb, and with bare feet. There penances were imposed upon them. They were then brought into church before the bishop, who placed the ashes on them, saying, besides the "Remember," etc., "do penance, that thou mayest have eternal life." After an address, the penitents were solemnly excluded from the church. Some friends of the penitents, in a spirit of sympathy and affection, used to join in the ceremony of the ashes. By degrees the number of such persons increased, until at length the present discipline was arrived at.

Artist asks the meaning of the aureole in Christian art.

The aureole in Christian art is the gold color surrounding the whole figure in sacred pictures, and representing the glory of the person portrayed. It is distinct from the nimbus, which covers only the head. The aureole was generally reserved for pictures of the three divine persons, of Christ, and of the Blessed Virgin with the Holy Child.

Juryman asks: What is the doctrine of the Catholic church regarding capital punishment?

The Church has not given any formal decision on this matter, as until recently there has been but little discussion on it, and so the matter has never been brought before her for decision. But her theologians, one and all, declare for the lawfulness of capital punishment. Only the public power has the right to inflict death. This right does not belong to any private person, unless in self-defense, and in the preservation of his own life, the taking of another's life becomes necessary. The state derives from God its authority to take life, and this is laid down in the dictates of man's conscience, as well as in the positive words of Scripture. St. Paul says, Romans xiii., 4, that the ruler "beareth not the sword in vain. For he is God's minister; an avenger to execute wrath upon him that doth evil."

The number of capital offences has varied at different times and in different countries. The good of the community is to be the aim in this determination. If at times the number has been excessive, the principle still remains, as practically upheld by all Catholic teachers, that for her own protection the state has the right under certain conditions to take away life.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are a simple and convenient remedy for Bronchial Affections and Coughs. Carry them in your pocket.

The breakfast is the most important meal of the day, and the thought and care bestowed upon its preparation will do much to make the day happy. Good, wholesome food, pleasantly varied, should be abundantly supplied, and no housekeeper really anxious for the welfare of her family can neglect to place Quaker Oats on the bill of fare. Used with cream, it forms a delightful dish, palatable, nutritious and acceptable to every member of the family.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Literary, Scientific, etc.

A series of interesting and instructive essays written at various times for the Catholic and secular magazines, and touching upon scientific questions, which, absorb, in a great measure, present public interest, has been issued in book form under the appropriate title, "Science and the Church." The author, Rev. J. A. Zahm, Ph.D., C. S. C., formerly professor of physics in Notre Dame University, has long since given signal proof of his ability to grapple with questions of this nature, and his latest work will be read with pleasure and profit by thousands, who have learned to know him as a man of deep erudition, and as possessing the critical faculty in an eminent degree. In no department of knowledge has the intellectual activity of the age displayed itself to greater advantage than in the domain of the inductive sciences. The development of the sciences of biology, geology, anthropology and archaeology during the last few decades has been wonderful, and the results obtained brilliant in the extreme; in fact, so great have been the advances in this field of human knowledge that not a few scientific men, dazzled by the brilliancy of their success, have imagined that their new discoveries have completely overturned the beliefs of humanity, and would persuade mankind to transfer the allegiance which it has hitherto given to the truths of revelation to the new systems, which they have erected upon the ruins of old religious beliefs. The reading of Father Zahm's book will be a safeguard for those who are influenced by these rapid conclusions of scientists. The reader will find that there is a vast difference between scientific facts and the interpretations, conclusions and theories with which scientific men are too prone to surround them; that it has often happened, even in this very century, that a scientific fact, clearly ascertained, which at first was thought to be directly opposed to some dogma of faith, has, on deeper study and clearer understanding, been found in no wise to militate against the accepted teachings of faith. The inevitable conclusion which is deduced from the reading of these interesting essays is that there can be no conflict between the truths demonstrated by science and the truths of faith; for if antagonism appears, it is due either to a misapprehension and false interpretation of the truths of science or to a misunderstanding of the truths of faith. Two of the essays are devoted to an account of the life work of Van Beneden and Pasteur, the eminent Catholic scientists; while a third recounts the efforts of Catholics to found a system for the education of the blind. The attitude of Leo XIII. towards modern scientific and social questions and the bearing of the church, during the past ages, towards men of science, are ably and interestingly discussed in the opening chapters. One of the essays deals with the charge brought against Fra Zumarraga, the first archbishop of Mexico, by historical writers, and repeated by Prescott, Bancroft and others, and completely refutes the calumny that Archbishop Zumarraga ordered the burning of the ancient Mexican picture writings, depriving the world by this wanton act of much valuable knowledge concerning ancient Mexican civilization. The book reveals the wide reading of the eminent author and his extensive acquaintance with writers on modern subjects, and will be read with interest from beginning to end.

Chicago: D. H. McBride Co. $1.50.

Catholic truth lost a valiant champion when Brother Azarias was called to his reward. His mind was stored with the learning of the ages, and the chaste and limpid style in which he expressed his thoughts gave a strength and beauty to his work, which challenges the admiration of all who are endowed with the literary instinct. He was well versed in foreign languages and read in the original the great productions of the European litterateurs, and from his deep delving into the literature of the past he brought forth many hidden and curious facts, which illustrate the history of the progress and development of human thought. Order and method were mental characteristics of this tireless literary worker, and enabled him to classify and arrange his knowledge and to make judicious use of his varied and extensive reading. The latest result of his labors appears in a volume entitled "Essays Miscellaneous," with a preface by his teacher and admirer, Brother Justin. It consists of a series of essays, some of which appeared in the pages of the American Catholic Quarterly, which deal with the educational problem from a Christian Catholic standpoint, to which are added his essay on Shakespeare, another on the "Culture of the Spiritual Sense," with special reference to the Imitation of St. Thomas a Kempis, and one on "The Church and State." All are written in the

fascinating style which belongs peculiarly to Brother Azarias, and illustrated by the varied and versatile learning which characterize his treatment of any subject to which he applied his mind. Particularly striking from a literary point of view is his essay on the "Culture of the Spiritual Sense," and his charming showing forth of the influence which the Imitation of a-Kempis has exercised upon the destinies of humanity. One of the strongest essays in the volume is the last, in which Azarias traces with a master hand the relation between church and state, and the influence each has exerted upon the other. If there are any who still think that the Church had no influence in the formation of modern civilization, or was not the great agent in bringing about the regeneration of the race, even in the natural order, we would advise them to read this powerful and instructive treatment of the subject, As we read these inimitable productions of the gifted author, we cannot refrain from lamenting the fact that Azarias was cut off in his prime, and did not live to reach the full development of those powers, whose unfolding the world had just begun to admire.

Chicago: D. H. McBride Co. Cloth, $1.50.

That portion of Eastern England which extends from the Atlantic inland from Wroxham in the north to Norwich in the south must be a delightful place to spend a vacation, if we are to believe the account given of such a trip by Anna Bowman Dodd, in a volume entitled "On the Broads." The whole country in this part of England, having the distinctive name, the Broads, is intersected by rivers, opening out here and there into lakes and ponds, so that it is possible to traverse the whole section in almost any direction in a yacht. The account of a voyage of this kind is charmingly told in the volume before us. There is enough of historical allusion and romance woven into the narrative to make it interesting and entertaining. With some of the conclusions drawn from history we, of course, cannot agree. The book is capitally bound, and is splendidly illustrated by the celebrated Joseph Pennell.

London: New York: Macmillan Co. $3.

Two volumes in the series of Longman's English Classics, edited by George Rice Carpenter, A.B., professor of rhetoric and English composition in Columbia College, are before the public. One contains the famous speech of Edmund Burke "On Conciliation with America," and is edited by Albert S. Cook, Ph.D., L. H. D., professor of the English language and literature in Yale University; the other has for its subject matter Carlyle's famous essay on Burns, edited by Wilson Farrand, A.M., associate principal of the Newark Academy. Both are preceded by introductions by the editors, setting forth the purposes which students should have in view in studying these masterpieces of English prose, and suggesting directive influences which may prove helpful in enabling the student to thoroughly understand and appreciate these great literary efforts. Subjoined are lists of questions, intended to bring to the reader's attention the literary excellencies which a cursory reader would pass by; while historical tables, giving the chief events which occurred during the lifetime of Burke and Burns give the student some idea of the historical aspect of the times in which these literary workers lived. Neatly bound and well printed, these books should prove a valuable help to students in the higher schools and colleges.

New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

A number of addresses by prominent Anglican and Protestant divines has just been issued from the press under the title, "The Bible and the Child." The authors, accepting all the conclusions of the German school of higher criticism, with reference to the Bible, formulate a mode of procedure to be used in the instruction of children in Biblical truth—a procedure necessitated by their changed attitude toward Holy Scripture and its inspiration. The book will prove useful to those who have determined to look upon the Bible as a mere human production, but cannot have the sympathy of those who view with displeasure any attempt to rob the Bible of its supernatural character.

New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00.

An English translation in blank verse of the last six books of "The Aeneid" of Virgil, by James Rhoades, tells in picturesque and poetic language of the great struggle of Aeneas and Turnus for the hand of Lavinia and the supremacy over the king lom of the Latins. The translation is well done and will be interesting to all who love the classics.

London, New York and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

A beautiful edition of Sheridan's delightful old comedies, "The School for Scandal" and "The Rivals," with an introductory sketch of Sheridan by Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P., has just been issued. The illustrations, by Edmund J. Sullivan, are superbly done, and add to the beauty of the work.

New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

Religious.

"The Chaplain's Sermons" is the title which Rev. John Talbot Smith gives to the admirable collection of sermons which he has just issued in book form. The sermons range over a wide variety of subjects, including the feasts of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, the four last things, the Christian family, the virtues, and are written in the terse, clear style which characterizes Dr. Smith's writings. They are connected together by a natural and logical sequence and thus can be easily preached in courses. They are suggestive in character, and furnish material, orderly arranged, for the busy priest, who finds it difficult to prepare the subject matter of his discourses. The author displays an originality in the treatment of his subjects not to be found in other sermon books, and from this point of view has contributed a valuable and distinct addition to Catholic sermon literature.

New York: William H. Young & Co.

A new edition of the charming life of "Clare Vaughn," by Lady Lovat, has been placed before the American reading public by the Cathedral Library Association of New York. The life of this tender girl, who gave up the world to become a Poor Clare, reads like a chapter taken from the lives of the early saints. Her entire forgetfulness of self, her intense love for the Blessed Sacrament, her joy at the approach of death, appeal strongly to every Catholic heart.

"Love Stronger Than Death," by Josephine Marie, is a dainty little volume in which the Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints is explained and its consoling features portrayed. It is not a dry exposition of the dogma, but a sympathetic treatise, in which the testimony of the inspired writers of the Sacred Scriptures, the writings of the saints and the gems of literature combine to show forth the touching and appealing character of this great Catholic truth. It is handsomely bound in white and purple.

New York: Cathedral Library Association.

"A Wonderful Conversion" is the title of a pamphlet issued by Hoffman Bros., in which a priest relates a singular event, which came under his experience. The evil of mixed marriages is the lesson which the author intends to convey.

Milwaukee.

Miscellaneous.

"Bequests for Masses," by William Dillon, LL.D., is the title of a little book, in which the law in the United States regarding the validity of bequests of this character is examined, and copious extracts of decisions given by different courts are given. It will prove useful to Catholics, who wish to be informed on this important matter. Chicago.

The Macmillan Company are issuing in handy book form the plays of the old English dramatists. Two of these, neatly bound in flexible cover, are before us. The first, "Edward the Second," is by Christopher Marlowe; the second, "The Duchess of Malfi," by John Webster. A glossary and notes are appended to each play. New York.

"My Crucifix" is the title of a small volume of verses on religious subjects by Caroline Harris Gallagher. These short poems are simple and touching, and inspired by Catholic faith and devotion. Baltimore: Gallery & McCann.

"The Youthful Exploits of Fioun," written in the original Gaelic by David Comyn, will interest all lovers and students of the Irish language. Notes and a vocabulary are appended. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

"The Emerald Isle Song Book," issued by W. H. Gill & Son, contains the words of the popular Irish songs.

"Three Little Folks," by Clarence Hawkes, is a welcome addition to books for juveniles. The subjects this gifted young writer treats are very familiar ones and very dear to the children of the home. The varied illustrations lend much interest to the text. Mr. Hawkes has studied his children carefully, and presents them just as they are, thus making them all the more acceptable to readers weary of the stilted types so frequently thrust upon the public. This little collection of stories in prose and poetry should have its place on the shelf where the boys and girls keep their favorite books.

Readers who found diversion in the impossible situations in which "The Prisoner of Zenda" so frequently figured will hail with pleasure Anthony Hope's "Phroso." The quiet humor characteristic of Mr. Hope's writing pervades every chapter, and makes very amusing reading. In a fluent, vivacious style this popular writer places before his admirers a series of exciting adventures, all arising from the purchase of a Greek island by a young English lord. Now and again Mr. Hope plunges his puppets into situations from

which even he has difficulty in extricating them, and occasionally this awkwardness shows. He has, however, created much interest in Neopalia, and by sedulously keeping it as much as possible out of view intensifies the desire to know more about the island. On the whole, "Phroso" is a worthy successor of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, London.

The Common School Arithmetic, by Kennedy & O'Hearn, cannot fail to bring children gradually to a knowledge of general principles. The publication of this work in three parts is a most commendable innovation. Facility and accuracy, acquired only by much practice in working examples, are two important objects in the teaching of arithmetic secured by the use of this text book. All irrelevant matter is carefully excluded, thus concentrating the learner's attention on the essential demonstration of the principles laid down. It is the opinion of educational experts in the Provinces that this arithmetic is the best work used in the schools, and its adoption as the authorized text book through the Provinces is already an assured fact. T. C. Allen & Co., Publishers, Halifax, N. S.

A neat portfolio containing twelve scenes from the life of the Blessed Virgin comes to us from the Catholic Standard and Times, Philadelphia, Pa. These copies of masterpieces tell more eloquently than words the story of the joys and sorrows of Mary, from the Immaculate Conception to the Assumption. The Annunciation is particularly good, but all are well worthy of a place in the Catholic home.

Among the art treasures of the Easter season the booklets and cards issued by L. Prang & Co., Boston, Mass., easily hold first place.

An exquisite piece of coloring is "Fleur-de-Lis" one of the most artistic designs. "Blossom Time" calls up memories of orchards white with bloom, clustering wild roses, and tangled shrubberies aglow with brilliant tints.

"Easter Morn," a study of lilies, by Josephine Rand, shows the lustrous blossoms in beautiful interlacing with golden crosses, thorns, crowns, sunbursts, and Easter bells.

Morning glories, violets, and forget-me-nots lend their dainty forms and delicate hues to the purposes of embellishment and pay their graceful tribute to the time of general rejoicing.

THE PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE.

A Strong Statement After a Hard Year.

The annual statement of the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company will be received with great satisfaction by the 26,000 policy holders in the company and by all interested in the prosperity and welfare of our Hartford institutions.

The company shows $10,658,043 of gross assets, estimated at a conservative valuation, which is a gain of $200,000 for the year, in spite of the shrinkage in values that has come to so many investments in the phenomenally hard times of 1896. The surplus is nearly $600,000, over and above special reserves of about $250,000 more. The assets are choice securities, and the strength of the company is everywhere recognized as large and sure.

The Phoenix Mutual became a strictly mutual company in 1889, and its growth since then has been steady and continuous. Each year it has shown more assets, greater premium income, more policies and more insurance in force.

The increase of business in the last few years has infused a great deal of new blood into the roll of the company's policyholders and strengthens it for the future as well as the present. The Phoenix Mutual is advancing steadily among the conservative companies of the country and its successful course is the best proof of the excellence of its present management.

The officers are President Jonathan B. Bunce, who is also director of the Hartford Fire, the Connecticut Trust Company, the Phoenix National Bank, the Society for Savings and the Hartford Carpet Company; Vice-President John M. Holcombe, who is also director of the Connecticut Fire Insurance Company, the American National Bank, The Fidelity Company and the Mechanics Savings Bank; Secretary Charles H. Lawrence, who is also director in the State Bank; Actuary Archibald A. Welch; Medical Director Dr. W. D. Morgan, and Superintendent of Agencies, Dr. George S. Miller.

THOUGHTS FROM CURRENT EXCHANGES.

Politics have always been in every free country an enticing profession, followed by many honest and high-minded men out of a desire to see their private principles prevail; by other men to advance their private fortunes. I believe our own politics are less corrupt, and our own politicians, taken as a class, are far more scrupulous than those of most free nations have been, either in ancient or modern times. When, therefore, men talk or write about the peculiar debasement of our politics do not entirely heed them. I believe the average of political morality is higher in the United States than in any other nation in the world.—Religion in Politics, The Catholic University Bulletin.

This generation is greatly indebted to both secular and religious schools for developing the talent for music in our young people. Bayard Taylor wrote: "The gift of song was chiefly lent to give consoling music for the joys we lack." There is no other talent which can contribute so much happiness to a home.—Ladies' Home Companion.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" was written by Francis Scott Key at the time of the attack on Fort McHenry, made by Admiral Cockburn on September 13, 1814. Key was held as a prisoner in a little boat moored to the commander's vessel. Through the whole day and night, exposed to the fire from the shore, Key watched the flag on the fort, and, at break of day on the 14th, saw it was still waving—"our flag was still there." Then, taking an old letter from his pocket, he rested it on a barrel-head, and, at fever-heat, wrote the poem, which he called "The Defense of Fort McHenry."—William George Jordan, in February Ladies' Home Journal.

At ten years of age a certain boy began to work in a cotton factory. His hours were from six in the morning to six at night. Out of his first week's wages he bought the "Rudiments of Latin." At sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace. Then he went to the University. He died in Africa. He is buried in Westminster Abbey. His name was David Livingstone. —Liverpool Catholic Times and Catholic Opinion.

There is a bright side to this New England spirit which seems, if we look only to the graver emotions, so dry, dismal and deficient. A bright and cheery courage appears in certain natures of which the sun has made conquest, that almost reconciles us to all loss, so splendid is the outcome. The practical, dominant, insuppressible, active temperaments, who have a word for every emergency, and who carry the controlled force of ten men at their disposal, are the fruits of this same spirit. Emerson knew not tears, but he and the hundred other beaming and competent characters which New England has produced make us almost envy their state. They give us again the old Stoics at their best.—John Jay Chapman, in the Atlantic Monthly.

There is a type in America—the tramp—which seems to be some singular differentiation from what I may call the "residuum" of this country. There does not seem to be anything like him in Great Britain or the European Continent. In the Old World the inhabitants tend to aggregation according to certain affinities. No one ever hears of a wanderer on the earth without aim or object, living on what he may chance to get, and regarding work of any kind as something to be shunned, as an evil worse than imprisonment. Some aid to the question of how far the quality of the dwelling has shaped the character of the less provident part of the industrial classes might be derived from knowing the life-story of some dozen tramps that had been brought up in different cities of the Union.—George McDermott, S. P., in Catholic World.

South Florida since the Freeze: The early inhabitants raised mounds; the Seminoles "raised Cain"; the pioneers raised cattle; their successors raised oranges—and nothing more.

The first died out; the second were killed out; the third were pushed out; the orange-growers froze out Anno Domini 1895.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Whether ratified or not, the arbitration treaty has had a moral effect that cannot be lost. It is a great gain to the cause of peace. Even if rejected by the Senate it is one of the greatest triumphs of the century now closing.—The Pittsburg Catholic.

North Carolina proposes to tax unmarried men ten dollars the first year after they are twenty-four years of age and double the tax each year thereafter. This is something like the old problem of the blacksmith who contracted to shoe a horse for one cent for the first nail and double that for the second, doubling the amount of the second for the third, and so on in arithmetical progression for twenty-four nails. What would be a bachelor's tax under this proposed law after, say, twenty years of single blessedness? Will one of our figure experts give us the amount?—The Church News.

It seems to me that the English, with all their lack of repose and overloading thought, run less danger of holding a completely false idea of the novel than we do. After all, they are on the right track; out of this mass of brilliant sayings, profundity of thought, and critical insight—out of the struggle to write it all harmoniously—will be slowly developed the great novel of the future.—Problem of the Novel, The Arena.

Progress has been along the line of perfection of mechanism rather than of intimate knowledge of nature itself. Just as it is the Catholic intellect alone that can show the way through the gloom and perplexity of the great questions of the day, and alone build solid the foundations of the state, so it is the Catholic intellect alone which can and will gather together all the researches that these diggers in the earth are making, will find their relations, co-ordinate them and tell their meaning to the world. The laborers can fetch material, but the master mind will build the pyramid and inscribe his own glory upon it. He alone will be known when they are long passed into oblivion. It is Catholic teaching alone that can elevate the human race from the degradation of ignorance and error, and crown it with that glory which only the spiritual intellect can achieve in whatever pursuits the human race may choose to direct its energies and devote its time.—The Present Peril in College Education, by Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J.

A unique gathering of teetotalers of four-score and over was held recently in London under the auspices of the National Temperance League. The testimony borne by many of those present was very interesting, and showed some of the wonderful blessings flowing from the practice of total abstinence. Mr. Thomas Walmsley of Preston stated that he and his wife were both over 80 years, that he had sisters of 87, 78 and 76, and a brother of 82, all of whom had been teetotalers since 1832.—F. Matthew Herald, Catholic Journal of the New South.

A good many ugly sins will try to hide behind one doubt.

This world is too small to show just how big a good man is.

An eight-hour shift is long enough for any kind of work and too long for some kinds. Sleep is imperative—if all sentinels who slept on duty had been shot, trade in Grand Army buttons would be light. The night works wonders of healing and reinforcement. The parched corn-leaves unroll. The crinkled wheat straightens. There is dew on the mown grass, and a wearing o' the green. The face of nature is washed and her soul restored for the trouble of the day.—Cosmopolitan.

There is a flippant fashion in vogue now to laugh at the old arguments which line the approach to faith. We shall believe in God, these men of the knife and the lens say, when we find Him. They have not got below the cuticle of nature, and they have found all of Him which they shall ever find, for on the surface, as well as at the core of life, the laws of nature proclaim the God who made them.—Providence Visitor.

If the generals, colonels, majors, captains—utriusque sexus—of the Salvation Army can't find employment more profitable than burning the devil in effigy, they ought to disband and find some sensible way of making a living. Such tomfoolery makes them ridiculous. No need of burning the devil. He is being burned enough. What the Salvationists should aim at is to help keep the sinners of today from being hurled into the same burning pit.—Catholic Union and Times.

During its four years of existence the publication bureau of the Catholic Total Abstinence League of America distributed 1,448,330 tracts, or 13,681,100 pages of literature, with 748,000 Sacred Thirst cards.—New Orleans Morning Star.

The most extraordinary genius would be that which could do anything equally well without taking pains. Of this class the standing example is Joan of Arc. A peasant girl of seventeen, she understood the politics of her day as nobody else understood them. In war, whether for gallantry

and resolution as a leader, for skill in artillery practice, for science in military combination or for Napoleon-like suddenness in surprises, she excelled all captains of her time. She was an accomplished rider, who had never learned to ride. When questioned by theologians, she answered with such mastery that they were intellectually powerless in her presence. Yet she was an untaught peasant child, who could not read nor write. Here, then, was genius, but the only pains she took were pains to make other people carry out her ideas. In this instance genius conspicuously borders on the miraculous. Indeed, genius always does border on the miraculous. It is intellect and power so different in degree from that of other people that it seems to differ in kind, and to be a sort of "inspiration," or, as we say, "intuition."—Andrew Lang, in North American Review.

In two, at least, of the Southern States —Mississippi and South Carolina—the problem of how to employ criminals (who are mostly negroes) has been satisfactorily settled. The experiment of using their labor on cotton plantations works well, both for a revenue to the State and for the health of those thus employed. Mississippi now operates thirteen plantations with convict labor. Only a small proportion of the total number of prisoners are employed, but these raised supplies for their own maintenance last year, paid the expenses of the penitentiary, and netted to the State besides in cash $55,400.—Zion's Herald.

PERFORMANCE ELEVATING.

"The Watch and Ward Society is the only organization which seeks by an active, aggressive policy, combined with moral effort, to remove those agencies which corrupt the morals of the young," is the introductory paragraph of the last report of a society that has become known all over the United States for its good work. Its active agent is Mr. Henry Chase, than whom there is no more respected man in Massachusetts. Therefore, what he had to say before a meeting of the Unitarian Club of Watertown, Mass., a few evenings back, carries great weight. In the course of an address on the subject "The Theatre as It Is and as It Ought to Be," the venerable censor said: "I belong to the Methodist Church, but I do not agree with all my brethren regarding the theatre or amusements. It is a simple thing to condemn by name, but better to approve or condemn by character. It is the height of folly to put a third class drama on a church platform, and then preach against the theatres the next Sunday. I desire to see a purification of the stage; I believe in the theatre; I do not say a word against it, but against its character. I believe in approving that which is good and discriminating against that which is bad. Many stay away and condemn the theatres as a whole. I believe it is the highest duty to approve that which is good and condemn that which is bad. Take Keith's Theatre as a standard. The performance is elevating and amusing; there is nothing low or suggestive." All patrons of Keith's will agree with Mr. Chase's conclusions.

Attention to the health at this time means good physical condition for the year. It is essential to tone up the system by the use of some simple yet effective remedy for such common troubles as indigestion, headache, kidney and liver complaints. There is no better family cure than Jerusalem Drops, the widely used Franciscan remedy, the recipe for which has been preserved in the Convent of San Salvador, Jerusalem.

Physicians use Malt Extract not only to prevent disease, but to restore health. The fact that the Genuine Malt Extract, made from thoroughly browned malt and hops, differs as widely as possible from lager beer, is due to the fermentation being arrested by pasteurizing, and the extract thus prepared for keeping. With this process no salycilic acid is needed to insure keeping the Extract, and the employment of such a means is highly objectionable, as acid is an extremely unwholesome ingredient.

There was great rejoicing when the new piano was brought home on the eldest girl's birthday. Papa had considered the purchase carefully, and his choice was received with exclamations of delight. But the best had yet to be made known, and when the player drew from the keys eloquent testimony of the richness of tone, all were convinced that for general excellence the Stieff Piano had no equal.

The Italian Medical Council has petitioned the government to favor a law providing that no foreigner shall practice medicine or be entitled to recover fees unless he has obtained a diploma from one of the Italian universities. At present a foreign qualified physician is permitted to practice among the foreign population, and we believe among the natives as well upon the payment of the legal license fees and taxes. —Medical Record.

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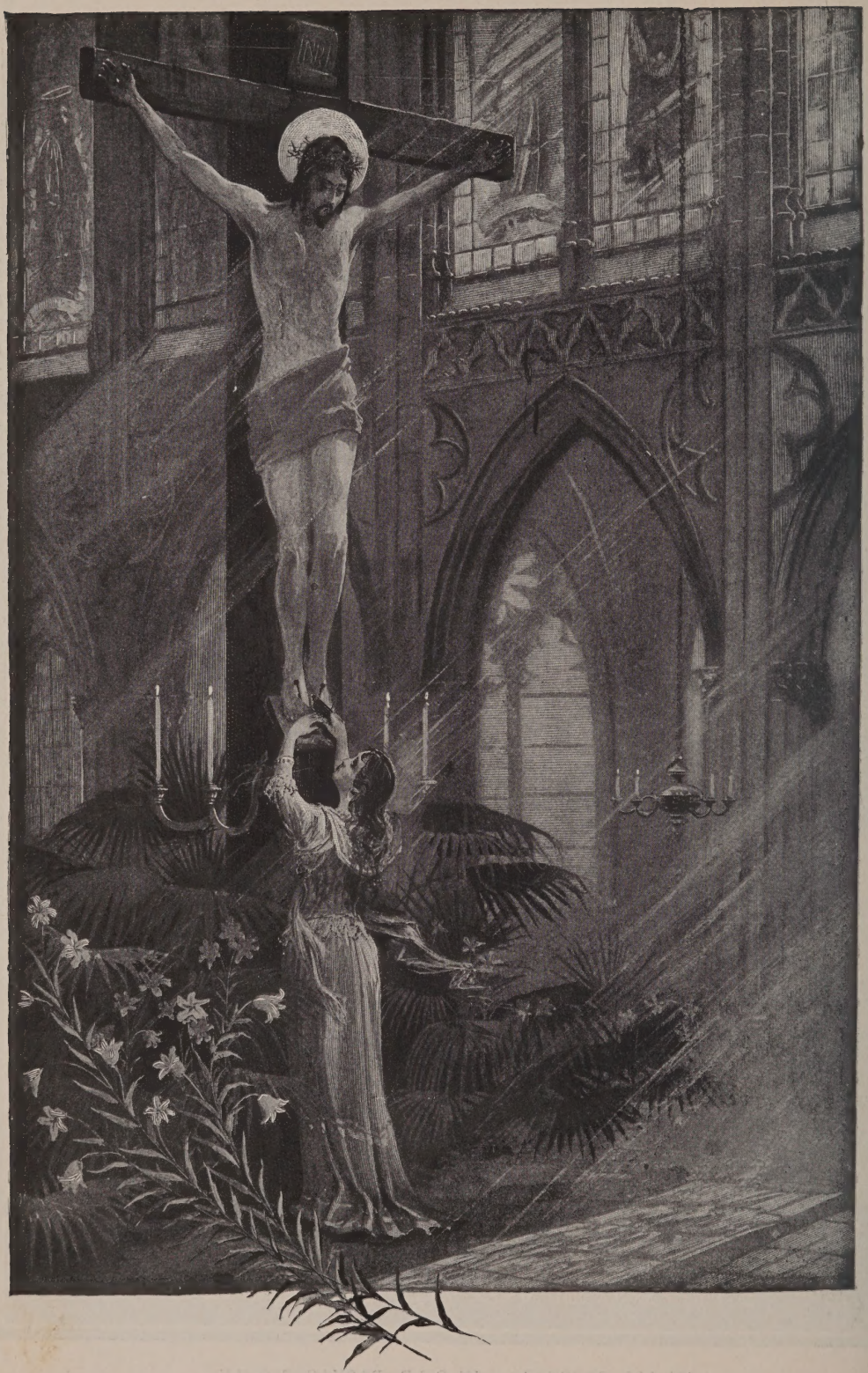


AN OFFERING OF LOVE.

Donahoe's Magazine.

VOL. XXXVII. BOSTON, APRIL, 1897. No. 3.

JEANNE D'ARC, IN HISTORY, PAINTING AND SONG.

BEATRICE STURGES.

THERE is no female character in history who stands out more boldly against the background of past centuries than does the Maid of Orleans. Women have caused the rise and fall of empires; women have waged war against mighty hosts; women have built cities and raised monuments to last for many ages; women have swayed kingdoms and have governed kings; but she who made a record to stand for all time was greater than any among them, a heroine, whose heroism remains unparalleled in the history of the world. She raised a siege which the most valiant of French soldiers could not withstand; she led her followers to many a glorious victory; she displayed the craft and knowledge of the art of war as many an old commander could not; she caused her king to be crowned in state and magnificence, and—who was she? A simple peasant girl, whose young life did not round a score of years. A peasant maid who could neither read nor write, who had been taught to sew and spin, to say "Pater Noster," "Credo" and "Ave Maria," and but little else; who tended her father's flocks in the green pastures of Lorraine, a quiet, thoughtful, diligent child, who had no mind beyond her little home at Domremy and the holy angels of her dreams.

The first vision came to Joan when she was thirteen years old. She was in her father's garden at noon, when she beheld a bright and wonderful light, heard indistinct voices, and saw vague forms hovering above her. She was greatly frightened, but, as the visits were repeated, gained in courage. At length she could see figures plainly. They were those of the Archangel Michael, St. Catharine and St. Margaret. They told her to be a good child, to be obedient to her parents, and devout in her worship. Then, as time went on, they prepared her for the mission she should undertake, and directed her how to proceed. The prospect was appalling to the maiden, but the spirits told her it was God's wish that she should deliver France, and she bowed to the decree. "I had far rather rest and spin by my mother's side," she said, "for this is no work of my choosing; but I must go

and do it, for my Lord wills it so." At length her Voices commanded her to appeal to the governor of Domremy, and so she went to him with her story. The men of state and learning there laughed at her, although she stood her ground valiantly against their jeers. She saw that she could do nothing at home, so she determined to make her way to the Dauphin's court. Charles VII., who was often easily influenced, consented to see her. Strange rumors had reached him, and there was a prophecy in France that a kingdom lost by a woman should be saved by a virgin; so he sent for the maiden. She came to his magnificent court and stood amidst its silken luxury in her simple peasant's dress. Charles concealed himself among the courtiers, but she went straight to the Dauphin and knelt before him. To convince him of the power invested in her, she revealed to him the secrets of his prayers, assuring him that she had been sent by Heaven to crown the

YOUNG JEANNE D'ARC.
By Henner.

king. Charles was so impressed that he placed her at the head of six thousand men, who first grumbled, then wondered, then submitted. Her courage and devotion inspired them to the

THE VISIT OF THE SPIRITS.

By D. Maillart.

like, and her religious zeal spread among them. They were ready to follow her banner wherever she might lead, and the battle cry was "God and the Maiden!" Her first movement was to advance to aid Dunois at Orleans, which had long been beseiged by the English. Clad in a coat of mail, she rode at the head of the army armed with a sword, which she had foretold would be found at the shrine of St. Catharine de Fierbois. Her banner was designed by herself. It was of white, having on one side the Annunciation, and on the other God

FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.

The only portrait showing the curious combination of costume — the coat of mail and feminine skirt.

seated in the clouds with the globe in His hand. It was further ornamented with rich embroidery of the lilies of France. She knew not fear, and charged with intrepid daring at the foe. She entered Orleans in triumph, and routed the English from their stronghold. The enemy were soon swept from the banks of the Loire. The victories of Beaugency, Patay and many other battles followed, and in three months after she had left her humble home she saw her king crowned with magnificent pomp at Rheims, while she herself stood at his side, bearing her unfurled banner. Charles wished to heap honors upon her, have her remain at court and share the glory of the kingdom she had delivered, but her single request for herself was that she might go back to Domremy, to be with her parents and sisters, quiet and peaceful, to

> "Return to green Lorraine,
> Be a shepherd child again."

This favor, however, was refused, and she was obliged to remain among the courtiers and courtesans of the pleasure-loving court. Her mind, ever pure and noble, revolted at her surroundings. The soldiers, elated with their victories, dropped their religious bearing and began to seek more sordid delights. This was a matter of great grief and indignation to Joan, and one day, meeting a woman follower of the camp, she struck her with the flat of the holy sword. The story goes that the virgin blade, unable to stand the contact with impurity, broke in twain. The attack on Paris soon followed, and Joan was deeply mortified at her failure to enter the city. Here she was wounded, but fought on desperately, to cheer the men and inspire them with fresh courage. After this engagement her family was ennobled. Her Voices were not so frequent now, and she often wished herself back in peaceful Domremy; but her life was yet to have more stormy scenes, and her brave spirit to be still further tried. Her unselfish zeal and bravery finally caused her capture. She had headed a sortie from Compiegne to the aid of her countrymen who were besieged by Burgundy, but her troops were greatly outnumbered, and in the retreat, as she brought up the rear guard—the position of honor—she was surrounded by the enemy and dragged from her horse. Sold to the English by treachery, flung into prison, chained, treated with every indignity that brutality could devise, she languished in a cell for one year, while the people she had saved and the king she had crowned lived in careless ease and raised no hand to help her. In the streets of Rouen, on May 30, 1431, she was burned at the stake. An English soldier who had sworn to

JEANNE D'ARC RECEIVING HER SWORD AT THE SHRINE OF ST. CATHERINE DE FIERBOIS.

From the Painting by Mme. de Chatillon.

ATTACK ON ORLEANS BY JEANNE D'ARC.

Lenepveu.

throw a fagot to the flames did so, and cried out that he saw a white dove rise above the fire and ascend to Heaven. Others said that they saw angels hovering in the air about her, and there is a legend which says that her heart was not burnt. Her ashes were gathered up and cast into the Seine. Ten thousand men wept as they stood around the scaffold and heard her cry "Jesus! Jesus!" with her final breath. The English rushed away, exclaiming "We are lost! We have murdered a saint!"

The great fame of Joan came after her death. Twenty-five years later the "Rehabilitation" began. The proceedings of her trial were found null and void, the sentence was declared false by Pope Calixtus III., and this was proclaimed in Rouen on the spot where she had met her dreadful end. From that date she has been counted as a saint in France. The people have reverenced her, and writers have upheld her divine inspiration. She has been pictured by artists, her face and form have been shown in the sacred windows of the Church, in public squares monuments have been raised to her, poets have sung of her, and the painter's brush and the sculptor's chisel have vied with each other in honoring her memory. In Orleans celebrations have been held every year in her honor, and nearly five centuries after her marytrydom the process of her beatification has begun.

A favor which was granted her before her death was this: She asked King Charles to relieve the village of Domremy from payment of taxes, as the people were very poor, and the King consented. For three hundred years there appeared on the registrar's book opposite the town of Domremy "Nothing, for the sake of the Maid." After the Revolution, however, the tax was again imposed.

One of the most famous statues of Joan of Arc is that by the gentle Princess Marie of Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe. The original is in the Musee de Versailles, and a copy of it

stands in the house where Joan lived at Domremy. The house has been preserved, and is a favorite spot for tourists through France. On the Bridge of Orleans there was erected and nine years later another was erected on the same spot. The design was slightly different, as it represented the sorrowful mother holding the Saviour's head as He was taken from the

ENTRY TO ORLEANS.

a monument by the contributions of the women and maids of the city. It is a crucifix with the Virgin standing at its base, while on either side kneel Joan and King Charles. This was destroyed by the Calvinists in 1562, cross, but the kneeling figures of Joan and King Charles remained the same. During the Revolution, two hundred years later, this monument also was destroyed. In Rouen the spot on which she was burned has been named

JEANNE D'ARC AT DOMREMY.

By Chapu. Now at the Musee de Luxemburg.

Place de la Pucelle, and a monument and fountain have been erected there to her memory.

In literature Joan of Arc has been both glorified and defamed. It is a strange coincidence that the two men who have detracted most from her reputation were Shakespeare and Voltaire. In "Henry VI." the great English dramatist introduces Joan as a character, making her arrogant, vain and boastful, villifying her and heaping abuse and outrage upon her. It brought no honor to him thus to distort history, but he was doubtless inspired with a wish to please his sovereign by disgracing their enemy in his play. There is no excuse, however, for the disgraceful exhibition which his petty prejudice produced. For Voltaire there is not even the extenuation of patriotism. His work is full of blasphemous jests, which hold up to ridicule and slander the Maid who saved his country. Of the poets, among the first to sing her praises, strangely enough, was a German, Karl Hase. In a volume entitled "Neue Propheten" he exalts "Die Jungfrau von Orleans." The poet Southey, at the age of nineteen, wrote an epic on the life and visions of Joan of Arc, which was chiefly marked for its youthful enthusiasm, but which contained much

THE STATUE OF THE WARRIOR MAID.

By Princess Marie of Orleans.

JOAN.

From a rare steel engraving.

JEANNE D'ARC IN PRISON.

Engraved from the original painting by Paul Delaroche.

poetic worth and lofty thought. In this work the poet calls her the "Martial Maiden," the "Delegate of Heaven," and says that she was lovely in arms. Her character is eulogized and her actions made dignified and noble.

A number of old French tragedies were founded on the story of the Maid of Orleans, and operas and even pantomimes were derived from the same source. The most notable dramatic version, however, is Schiller's "Maid

JEANNE D'ARC AT ROUEN.

By Gabriel Max.

He believed that her spirit was akin to Heaven, for he says:

"Wan the maiden was,
Of saintly paleness, and there seemed to dwell
In the strong beauties of her countenance
Something that was not earthly."

of Orleans," which is written with a pure mind and lofty spirit. The lines are noble, and regarded as literature, the drama is a most worthy work. It does not follow history closely, however, for at the end Johanna dies in battle after rescuing the King from danger.

DEATH OF JOAN.

From the Painting by J. E. Lenepveu on the walls of the Pantheon, Paris

Reviewing the testimony accumulated through the ages since the peasant of Domremy yielded up her life amidst the flames kindled at Rouen arouses admiration and reverence for the valorous maiden, who shrank not from the fulfillment of her awful destiny. Reading these records of the past, none can doubt her sincerity, none can gainsay her unselfish devotion to an unworthy King, none can discount her unfaltering courage and absolute devotion to the cause in which she believed; and after all the suffering, humiliation and martyrdom she endured for the country which she saved from the English, none will grudge her the fame which has echoed down the ages—the fame of the warrior maiden, "chaste and immaculate in very thought," the inspired Maid of Orleans.

THE PIETA.

MARGARET KENNA.

In Bethlehem, ere the setting of Thy first sun,
Jesus, I kissed away Thy frozen tears —
'Twas Calvary begun.

And now Thy last sun has set, and Jesus, one by one,
I kiss away Thy bleeding tears —
'Tis Calvary done.

THE RESURRECTION.

An Easter Lesson.

REV. MORTIMER E. TWOMEY.

Who are the men that are victors
In the strife and the toil of the fight?
Who are the crowned with the glory,
Emblazoned with honors and might?

In what is the hope of the valiant?
In what the reward of the true?
From whom shall virtue claim homage,
And poverty seek for its due?

They live and they die dishonored
Too often, the noble, the brave;
But a hope that is great sustains them
In the living beyond the grave.

If there's in Easter a lesson,
A joy to the vast, busy world,
The joy is the hymn of a triumph
In the banner on Easter unfurled.

Not lost is the world to the Christian,
Not void this great desert of good:
For from heaven has come the Redeemer
By whom earth close to heaven has stood.

True it is on the cross that He died,
His mercy this price for us paid,
But He rose, our hearts to e'er gladden,
From the tomb where His body was laid.

He of life and of death the Master,
He by word and example has taught,
That dying we live in His life,
By pain and by sacrifice bought.

In every heart Alleluia
Resound on this Easter morn!
In every heart Alleluia,
For Christ, new-risen, new-born!

As He said, so in truth has He risen,
His glory with us shall He share:
What death, crying, sorrow brought us,
Let our Christ-given Easter repair.

MIKE, THE LINEMAN.

EDWIN B. FERGUSON.

I.

Ten P. M. is not the hour when restaurants are most frequented. In dismal silence a few straggling irregulars sat about the tables of the Excelsior Cafe, making way with small steaks and stews. There, next the mirrored wall, a railway conductor, brass-buttoned and spruce, his grip under his chair, was fortifying himself for the all-night run; here, facing each other, a man and woman, in dull conversation; a couple of intelligent fellows talking politics; newspaper compositors, may be, lunching between whiles; a stout man, in frayed coat and spectacles—German, no doubt, some kind of musical man—a clarionet or something in the box on the floor; away at the back, near the window whence, on demand, came all things edible, a big, angular lad devoted to a plate of beans and the want advertisements in the "Post"; a tired-looking young woman in black at the next table comported herself in a somewhat reserved, forbidding way —these were all the patrons of the Excelsior Cafe at ten o'clock.

Five or six girls stood or sat around gossiping indolently. They were observant of the movements of the eaters and of other matters. There would be more to do when the theatres let out.

The conductor reached his hat, took his bag and got up. He pushed the yellow check to the proprietor, took a cigar from a box on the counter, drew a light at the jet with the little red shade, and paid the check and for the cigar. The door shut, the cash recorder clicked, and the proprietor took his newspaper again. The girls made remarks about the man who had gone out.

The vapor on the windows lent a ghostly mien to the passers-by; it made it difficult for them to read "Roast Turkey, 15 Cents!" on a placard among the viands and fruit set out as samples.

Again the door opened; a short man in leather coat and high boots shuffled in. He nodded to the proprietor, and with a business-like air, walked to one of the tables, hung up his hat, sat his chair squarely, rested his elbows on the board, his face between his hands, and glared at the menu. A waitress came and stood by the table. There was sadness—a gleam of humor, too—in her brown eyes as she looked down at the man. She was the waitress with whom, somehow, the men could not be so familiar as with the others.

"Well, I'm tired," said the man.

"Did it go hard to-day?" asked the girl, sympathetically.

"Oh, not uncommon; not uncommon at all," he responded, brightening up. "It more than makes up for it all to come in here and have a look at you. How's Susy?"

"Oh, Susy came home last night and said they had put her in the ninth grade. She's too smart for the eighth now. My! what a head that girl has for figures; she'll stay up half the night to do her sums. She's good about caring for things at home, too. She is up waiting for me every night when I get through."

"She's a little woman; that's what she is," commented the man.

"Well, sir; have you decided what you'll have?" she asked after a pause, looking furtively at the proprietor and shifting the conversation.

"I don't care a rap what I have, Nora." This was the first time he had

ever called her Nora. "Anything, so long as you serve it."

"Oh, yes, indeed, you will—Mike." She lingered on the word and flushed slightly. "Now, how would a loin steak do?"

"It's a loin steak I'll have," he answered, abstractedly.

Nora went to the rear and called out emphatically: "One loin steak, medium!" Then she bustled about to procure the accessories.

When this had been done, she hastened over to serve an old gentleman who had just come in.

At length Mike's order appeared at the window. She removed it and set it before him.

"Nora," said Mike, as she was bending over him with the dish; "Nora, girl, I love you."

A moment's pause as she busied herself in the arrangement of the table things.

"Yes, dear." The hand that placed the glass of water was a little uncertain. "I love you, too, very—much."

Their eyes met for a moment. It was the old, old story. Three tables away the old gentleman, with much deliberation, was finishing his stew. He did not know. Nora went over to see whether he wanted anything more.

Mike was eating his meat as though in a powerful hurry to get through.

Crash! went some crockery upon the floor. The proprietor frowned. Nora had dropped the old gentleman's soup plate. The glance she cast at the proprietor quivered through Mike.

"There shan't be much more of this," he muttered, taking his hat. "I'd like to knock him down! There shan't be much more of this."

Going out, Mike collided with a shrunken, beshawled figure just outside the door.

"Please give an old woman a bit of money for her poor bairns the night, sir?"

"Hello, Granny; is that you? Of course I will, old woman. Come along; I'll take you home. Guess the bairns'll have to look out for you a deal more than you've done for them."

It was a crisp, frosty night. As he walked along, Mike buttoned his coat snugly. By his side trudged the old woman, and their feet rang upon the broad flags of the walk. In the belt of sky between the high buildings that lined the street the bright Pleiades blinked down at him. There was an answering blink in Mike's soul. It was Nora and the Pleiades that he saw; the great brute city had become for him as the New Jerusalem.

II.

Three o'clock in the morning found Patrolman Jackson, lunch-box in hand, walking down Arlington avenue. Only sharp eyes might know him for a "cop." The white braid down his trouser-leg alone betrayed him. But those there are whose interest it is to look sharp for such tokens; and now and again a shadow would flit further into the gloom of an alley as Patrolman Jackson passed by.

He had been detailed for theatre duty at the Grand Museum; had been far out to a suburb on special service since; had rung in three drunks, and now was going home to his wife and babies and rest.

An occasional truck rattled over the stones, the sound of a car a few streets off, a strain of music and a guffaw from behind the shutters of a saloon were all that broke the stillness of the hour. On he went, past deserted warehouses, which in a few more turns of the clock would be alive with trade; past the great power-house, where the big multi-polar dynamos were rolling round, now and then keenly lighting the building with great green sparks from their brushes.

The sound of a gong, the galloping of horses, and an ambulance turned the corner and went on past the first

crossing, up near the end of the second block, and then—stopped.

Patrolman Jackson broke into a run. But Patrolman Jackson, being stout, did not arrive quickly. When he reached the spot all was over. He came up only to see the door slam and the ambulance glide off on the car tracks.

A man leaning against the repairing tower drawn across the middle of the street told the by-standers all about it.

"There was such a pull on this section up at the power house that we were rung out half an hour ago to fix it. When we got here we found that the leak was at a place where the feed wire had got loose and sagged, and one of our men shinned up to doctor it. All at once he gave a terrible yell, and we all looked up, and saw him lying flat over the cross-arm, his flesh fairly sizzling. He took up a coil with him, made fast to his belt, and this coil had unwound itself and fallen down so as to ground him; and there he was, with the other end hitched to him, being burnt to death. We couldn't get at the coil, either. For a while nobody moved. We all knew 'twould be bad for the man that tackled him. Then a fellow we call Mike threw his coat off and climbed up there like a monkey. Say, boys, how that little Irishman did shin! Well, he threw his arms around Joe, and then staggered. We thought he was going to stumble, sure. But he didn't. He brought him down all right. Then he fainted."

* * * * * *

When the proprietor of the Excelsior Cafe looked in his paper the next evening his eye met this paragraph, and in his untutored way he read aloud: "Early this morning a strange accident happened to two linemen on the East End Street Railway. On Arlington avenue, between Fourth and Fifth streets, a squad of linemen were repairing a mishap to the feed wire, when one of them, named Joe Collins, received a severe shock. Another workman, Michael Maloney, in attempting to free him, also received a shock. Both men were taken to the Emergency Hospital. Collins, though much burned, will probably recover. It is thought that Michael Maloney—"

The girl with the brown eyes had drawn near. She threw out her hands pleadingly; but when she spoke her words were sharp, as if with anger.

"He shan't die!" she said. "I say he shan't die!"

The proprietor looked at her sharply; in the depths of his dull, obtuse nature some old memory stirred into life.

"What you say goes this time, my girl," he made answer quietly. "Your Mike'll be 'round again in a few days. Don't come down too rough on the dishes."

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

J. J. Mangan, M. D.

An unostentatious name is that of Clarence Mangan; a retiring, unobtrusive name that seeks not to front the eye in capitals, nor take exalted station on the page. The gentle being who bore it has been laid at rest these fifty years in green Glasnevin, and his memory is yet a fragrant remembrance. Dead though he be, he is not more impervious to the praise or blame of a critical world than was he in life. For, mark well, this man contemned human applause. Nay, more, he wilfully cast from him the immortality that the world was ready to bestow. Not in any prideful spirit did he this, but simply because he was indifferent to fame. He gnawed not the envious lip when others won the bays that might have been his. To behold Keats railing hysterically at gods and reviewers, in that they seemed to close to him the gates of Fame's great temple, was to Mangan a circumstance trenching narrowly on the absurd. His character was such a blending of contradiction and eccentricity that it cannot be reduced to the ordinary scale of human judgments. And this because no man ever knew him "intus et in cute," for the reason that he never gave any man his confidence. Mangan was a mystery, but a very lovable mystery.

Genius will ever elicit a responsive thrill in the human breast. Its records abound in sad memories, in hopes unrealized, in longings ungratified, in a childish ignorance of the world and its ways, appealing so to us practical, every-day people that we scarcely know whether to love or pity it most. Moreover, it seems to be the lot of genius to be neglected in life and glorified after death, as if the world realizes the worth of its great ones only after they are gone. This is especially true in Mangan's case. The estimate of his poetical powers seems to increase with the years, so that at the present time he is more highly appreciated than at any previous time since his death. Nearly half a century has rolled away since his voice was heard of men, and the memory of those golden days in the history of Irish poesy is growing dim; meanwhile other generations have come to maturity, and seek for information about this bard of former days. for which reason we deem ourselves justified in occupying a few pages with the subject of this sketch.

Mangan was born in Dublin in 1803. Of his childhood and youth little is known, but that little is so sad that we easily perceive in it the reason for his plaintiveness and gloom. His father was a truculent, irascible, vindictive man. totally devoid of parental

affection. Delighting in the role of tyrant over his timid, terrified family, he treated them habitually "as a huntsman would treat refractory hounds," and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to see them shrink from his presence and avoid his approach. It must have been a relief to the sensitive boy to escape for a few hours to the neighboring school in Derby Square, where a gentle and obscure priest, a member of some teaching order, grounded him in the rudiments of one or two languages, and instilled into his receptive mind a love of literature. Business disasters overtook the father, and all too soon the growing boy was taken away from school and sent to dree long years, first as scrivener and then as clerk in an attorney's office. Picture a youth with the soul of Shelley copying deeds at a weekly stipend, Queen Mab and her fairy sprites peering at him from the page. to his mind's distraction. Surround him with fellow clerks of the brutal, porter-imbibing type, who could no more understand his ways and ideas than a drayman could alchemy; condemn him to this penal servitude for seven long years, with no congenial spirit to speak to—a shy, reserved creature, with all his eccentricities thick upon his head—a subject for ribaldry and laughter, which made his sensitive nature shrink in upon itself. never more to expand. So conjure Shelley to your vision, and you will understand a little of what Mangan—an even more delicate spirit—had to endure each and every day of his youth and early manhood. The impression it left upon him was seared into his brain as with a hot iron, never more to be effaced therefrom while life should last. Coleridge could look back in his old age and say:

"Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope and Poesy,
When I was young."

Mangan's retrospect was an injunction to his song to

"Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour;
How shone for him through his griefs and gloom
No star of all heaven sends to light our path to the tomb."

It is important to impress on the student of Mangan's genius the fact that to his unhappy youth is due all the melancholy which permeates his poetry and which made him a solitary figure even amongst the proverbially melancholy votaries of the Muses. Hence it is that his poetry appeals to the thoughtful and sympathetic; for by such kindred spirits only can the abstractions and vagaries of his highly sensitive nature be felt and appreciated.

Another factor, a most important influence in giving this plaintive tone to his writings, must be mentioned here. Mangan fell in love and loved in vain. Dante had his Beatrice. Petrarch his Laura, and Mangan a certain fair and fickle Frances. To a man of Mangan's personality love was indeed a serious affair. We can readily guess what a shrine the poet made in his susceptibile heart for the image of his adored one, and how sacred a flame he nurtured therein; so sacred that he never even breathed her name to a profane and sneering world. Thus it is that we know not—nor can we ever learn—what manner of woman was she who had the power to make or mar this gifted being's earthly happiness. That she was of the world worldly we must sorrowfully admit, for after setting him on the highest pinnacle of hope, she heartlessly plunged him into the lowest depths of despair, and then turned away to ply elsewhere her feminine arts. This was the undoing of Mangan. Let not a callous world smile nor curl the scornful lip. We are not

all poets, and our fin-de-siecle nonchalence was unknown to him. It argues no great virtue in us if we are unable to melt at another's grief. When Byron, the graceless, writes to his much-abused and separated wife,

"Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me
To inflict a cureless wound!"

we are bound for once to respect his sincerity and pity his errors. How much more, then, can we feel for the tender, pure-minded, lofty-souled Mangan when he thus received his "cureless wound" from the soft hand of a heartless woman. She had lured him on, and played with his love as a toy, to be discarded when she was tired; but he received the death blow with manly fortitude, and the nearest approach to anything like blame for her is the following:

TO FRANCES.

The life of life is gone and over;
I live, to feel I live in vain,
And worlds were worthless to discover
That dazzling dream of mine again.

O Perfidy! in friend or foe,
In stranger, lover, husband, wife,
Thou art the blackest drop of woe
That bubbles in the cup of life!

But most and worst in woman's breast,
Triumphant in thy blasting power,
Thou reignest like a demon-guest,
Enthroned in some celestial bower!

Go thou, exulting in thy guilt,
And weave thy wanton web anew!
Go, false as fair, and if thou wilt,
Again betray the fond and true!

Me, Frances, me thou never knewest,
Nor saw that if my speech was cold,
The love is deepest oft and truest
That burns within the breast untold.

Adieu! in pleasure's giddy whirl
Soon wilt thou have forgotten me;
But where, oh, too dissembling girl,
Shall I from thy dear image flee?

Adieu! for thee the heavens are bright;
Bright flowers along thy pathway lie;
The bolts that strike, the winds that blight,
Will pass thy bower of beauty by.

But when shall rest be mine? Alas!
When first the winter winds shall wave
The pale wild flowers, and long dark grass,
Above mine unremembered grave.

Could she have foreseen the wreck she would make of this life of promise she would, perhaps, have ordered it otherwise. All was over with Mangan now, as far as fame or ambition was concerned. Life had no more to offer. He had lived and loved, and the future was a blank. There remained to him only the desire to get through life as best he could, with the least trouble to others and the least suffering to himself. What that suffering was no tongue can ever tell. Hear this burst of anguish wrung from his tortured soul:

"Then, when the unbroken dreams of boyhood's span,
And when the inanity of all things human,
And when the dark ingratitude of man,
And when the hollower perfidy of woman,
Come down like night upon the feelings, turning
This rich, bright world, so redolent of bloom,
Into a lazar-house of tears and mourning—
Into the semblance of a living tomb!

When, yielding to the might she cannot master,
The soul forsakes her palace halls of youth,
And (touched by the Ithuriel wand of truth,
Which oft in one brief hour works wonders vaster
Than those of Egypt's old magician host)
Sees at a single glance that all is lost!
And brooding in her cold and desolate lair
Over the phantom-wrecks of things that were,
And asking destiny if naught remain?
Is answered—bitterness and lifelong pain,
Remembrance, and reflection, and despair,
And torturing thoughts that will not be forbidden,
And agonies that cannot all be hidden."

Is it any wonder, then, that "with spirit shipwrecked and young hopes blasted," with infirm health and infirmer purpose, he should have recourse to opium to blunt the edge of mental and physical suffering, as De Quincey and Coleridge had done before him. Herein he found surcease from pain, relief from unavailing regret, and forgetfulness of his misery. He became careless of himself, of his dress, of his habits, and of his associates. He could generally be found in the low taverns of Dublin in a dazed and dreamy state, which easily passed among the revelers therein as some sort of intoxication. Such companionship was abhorrent but unavoidable; in those days, the habit not being understood, there were no gilded resorts for the opium habitue.

In this short article it is impossible to dwell on the effect that the habit of opium-eating had upon his actions and his genius, but we commend this point to the earnest study of his future biographers; for only by the nicest knowledge of the effects of this insidious drug on the human organism can any adequate understanding of the real Mangan be had. To further elucidate this matter and to clear up many obscurities in his words and actions that puzzled even his contemporaries, we would suggest to all the reading of the life of Coleridge.

But to return to our theme: Mangan's better nature would speedily assert itself, and he would try his best to take up the thread of life where he had thrown it down. He would abandon his Oriental dreams of blissful repose in the balmy islands of the blest; yea, resolutely leave his "golden Bagdad" for rainy Dublin, there to do his part with all the power of his mind and pen, until the rude jostling of the crowd, or the memory of former days, made life unendurable and oblivion desirable. What a torture to his sensitive spirit was this forced flight from all that was refined and exalted to everything coarse and ignoble, let he himself tell us: "Nothing can be more dreadful than compulsory companionship with beings who are sufficiently alike us to awaken our sympathies in their behalf, yet more than sufficiently unlike us to make those sympathies recoil upon our hearts, burdened with the mournful lesson, that in

> "Our wretchedness and our resistance,
> And our sad, unallied existence,"

'there lies a woe beyond our power to heal, a mystery our faculties are forbidden to fathom.' " But he was sure to reappear in his own good time, for he fully realized that the only condition which could make existence even tolerable to him was the fulfilling of some defined circle of duties and the manifesting and developing of the capabilities of which he was possessed. In the midst of all his misery he could still sing, and if no other proof were forthcoming of the justness of his claims to the title of poet, this alone would be sufficient to substantiate his right to a seat on the twin-summited Parnassus. Of a verity, nothing quenches the ardor of the mere ryhmster so soon as the pinch of hunger, and his jingling rhymes quickly change from love and dove to bread and butter. Not so with the poet—immortal as his vocation—he cannot be lost; no suffering or privation can wholly crush him out; he must give uterance to the thoughts that arise in him; and in giving the rein to his imagination he is able to forget such minor trifles as hunger and poverty.

Mangan sang for himself. Rapt up in the inspiration which was his glorious privilege, he cared not nor burned not to communicate the revelations of beauty in form and idea that thronged his soul, reserving them rather for his own private and frequent delectation. But his genius

was of the generous kind, and as his only friends were literary men, it followed that many of his poems, though, alas! but a relative few, saw the light of publication. With regard to what the critics might say of these, the cast of his mind was such that he entirely excluded the world and its judgments from consideration.

To be continued.

OLD WINTER'S DEFEAT.

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

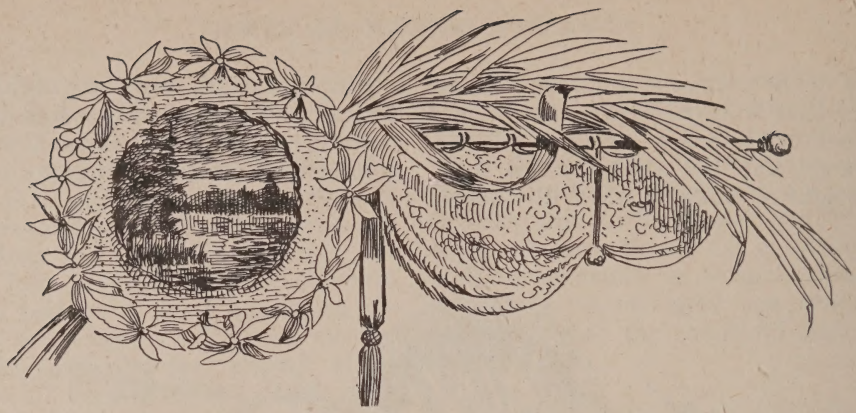
Up from the dark mound, see, arise
The snow-drop with its soundless bell!
The crocus opes its azure eyes
And by the river-side espies
A thousand daisies in the dell.

Hearken the birds — all winter long
That through the bleak air tuneless flew;
The woodlands seem alive with song —
They flit about a rapturous throng,
And dart the green boughs thro' and thro'.

The bee within its waxen cell,
Hath felt the vernal call and comes
Forth in the warm daylight to dwell —
Hath bade the silent hive farewell,
And o'er the field, delighted, hums.

Sky — earth — and ocean — each hath felt
The sudden influence; life renewed
Into all nature's veins hath stealt;
And Love, with an engirding belt,
Hath beautified the solitude.

The spirit swells — the thoughts expand,
As if escaped from brooding gloom;
And in the sky, and o'er the land,
Are traced, as with an angel's hand,
The embryo tints of coming bloom.



THE LEGEND OF THE EGLANTINE.

PAULINE CARRINGTON RUST.

The Angelus was ringing, and Sister Semplice put aside her embroidery for a moment to clasp her hands in silent prayer. The child in the cot beside her gazed wonderingly from the gentle face of the nun to the glittering threads of gold and silver that were taking the outlines of flowers on the velvet altar cloth across her knees.

All the surroundings were strange to the sick boy, who had never before known tenderness or care. The long, low room, with the pictures of the childhood of Christ; the great, white Figure on the Cross between the windows, and the wide, flapping bonnet of Sister Semplice filled him with unspeakable amazement.

What was it all about? Why was he here? He drew his hand across his forehead as if to bring to the surface some obscure image in his brain. Ah, now he remembered a little. But was it last week, or last month, or last year that he had tried to beat Tim and Joe in a race with a street electric as he came out of the building with his evening supply of papers on his arm?

He would have made it, too, he thought triumphantly, if it had not been for that milk cart that was coming the other way. Somehow, as he was swinging himself up on the rear platform his foot must have slipped, for all he could remember was a blow on his head, and when he opened his eyes again he was here in this narrow, white bed, with his leg strapped down to a board, and the lady with white wings on her head sitting by him.

It was all very queer. He wondered what Tim and Joe would say if they could see him here in this nice, clean place, having chicken broth and buttered toast and fragrant tea and milk brought to him regularly three times a day on a pretty little tray! It was a good deal nicer than tramping the streets shouting "Papers!" with stale sandwiches for dinner, or perhaps, when luck was bad, no dinner at all. He wouldn't have minded it much, only for Pinkie.

But the most curious part of it was the way the lady stopped to finger her long necklace with the cross on it.

"Wot makes yer do that, mum, when that there bell rings?" he inquired, as Sister Samplice took up her work again.

"That bell rings to remind us that we must stop work or play, no matter what we are doing, to say a little prayer to Jesus."

"Oh," said Jim, "I don't take much stock in praying, I don't! There's a kid that lives down in Pie Alley, though, that believes in such; but he don't get on much. Boys that's got their livin' ter make ain't got time ter pray! Why, that there kid's allays givin' his grub ter another feller, an' goin' hungry hisself!"

Sister Semplice did not answer for a moment. She was wondering how she could reach the heart of this child, whose life had been so cruelly hard.

"Wouldn't you share your food with another boy if he was hungry?" she asked.

Jim reflected for a moment. His experience had made him practical.

"I'll tell yer wot," he said at last; "If he was crippled like me now, or out of a job, I would. No other way. You see, I got ter look out fer Pinkie."

"Who is Pinkie?" There was a note of extreme interest in Sister Semplice's voice.

Jim's face grew troubled.

'Pinkie's our baby—mine and Joe's and Tim's. You see, last year we was all a-lodgin' together down by the wharf. Moll, she let us a corner in her room, an' we had bully times at night wid the kid. We jus' called her Pinkie 'cause the insides of her fingers an' toes was pink like strawberry-juice, an' we used ter bring her peppermints an' 'vertising cards we found on the street as we come home."

"One day Moll got worse drunk than common, an' fell down the steps an' cut a hole in 'er head, an' they took her off to a 'ospital, 'cause they said she was boun' ter die. Then Tim an' Joe an' me knowed them people would come back an' take Pinkie off to a 'sylum, an' we bundled up our things an' lit out! I borrowed a little cart from a messenger boy I knowed, an' we fastened the basket on it, an' put Pinkie in it, an' moved, we did! Gosh, but we beat the cops that time! An' that's how we got 'er. Tim washes 'er clo'es every Saturday night, an' me an' Joe bought a flat-iron so's he could flatten 'em nice. Tim's mother was a wash-woman 'fore she died, an' he knows how, 'cause he use ter help 'er."

"Who takes care of Pinkie when you are all away?" asked Sister Semplice.

"Oh, Miss Hopper lets 'er stay along wid her kids in the day, an' we gives her money enough ter buy milk an' sandwiches for 'er ter last till night. Once she got sick," (here Jim's eyes grew very soft.) "We was awful scared; an' she was cured in a mighty queer way. It was summer time, an' we made a little bed for 'er up in the window, so's she could see the folks passing by. One day a little girl was goin' along by the winder, an', you wouldn't believe it, but that little kid, she stretched up 'er hands an' says, in a little weak voice. 'F'ower! f'ower!' an' sure 'nuff, the little girl stopped an' throwed down a bunch of sweet smellin' blooms! Well, sir, Pinkie, she jus' held 'em in 'er hands an' went ter sleep, an' next day the fever was gone, an' she got well. So I believes in flowers; but I never seen none like them any more."

There was a pause after this recital. Sister Semplice arranged the cover-lids and gave the convalescent some orange jelly. As he pushed back the saucer, a burst of melody came in through the open window. The Convent children were coming back from an outing in the woods:

"O Holy Mother; O Child divine!
Whose garments were changed into eglantine,
Make our lives pure with thy wondrous power,
As the petals sweet of this miracle flower."

sang the children.

One little girl ran forward, and,

leaning through the open window, thrust in a great bunch of pale pink eglantine blossoms.

"Sister Mary Milicent said I might give them to the sick; so here they are for you," she cried.

"For me?" said Jim. "Did she give them to me? Why, these here are just like them what made Pinkie well!" He lifted them reverently.

"As the petals sweet of this miracle flower."

The last words came faintly in, for the children were entering the chapel.

"What do they mean by 'miracle flower'? Won't you tell me about it?" pleaded Jim.

Sister Semplice laid by her embroidery, and as the sunset faded into twilight, told him the Legend of the Eglantine:

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago two travelers were journeying across the desert toward the town of Nazareth. The woman rode upon an ass, which was led by her husband. In her arms she held an infant. As they journeyed on there seemed to shine about the mother and child a beautiful, soft light, brighter than sunshine, but of a gentler radiance. The man led the ass along, and spoke in hushed tones now and then to the woman. A look of great joy and peace was upon the faces of these travelers, for they had seen a wondrous thing done in the land. Every little while the woman stooped to kiss the little face lying like a lily against her breast, and the tears would rise in her eyes, for she felt that a great sorrow as well as a sublime joy was overshadowing her life.

Once the Babe opened His eyes and looked into His Mother's heart with a look so grave and tender that the Blessed Virgin sobbed—for the travelers were the Holy Maiden and St. Joseph, and this Babe with them was Jesus of Bethlehem.

As the noon hour approached St. Joseph said: "'Tis time for thee and the Child to rest and take refreshments. Shall we not tarry here and partake of the noonday meal?"

"Let us journey on yet a little farther," answered the young Mother. 'I would halt beside some brooklet or spring that I may wash the Child's clothes. See, yonder stands a palm tree; let us go thither, for there, perchance, shall we find water."

"Yea," replied St. Joseph. "Nazareth lies just beyond those hills, and on the edge of the desert are there many wells."

So they went on and paused beneath the shadows of the palm tree. St. Joseph swung the Holy Infant in a basket couch from the lowest bough of the tree, while the Blessed Virgin set before her husband bread, figs and olives and poured from the goatskin pouches the milk for their repast.

"And now," said she, "Thou shalt stay here with the Child while I wash the clothes yonder."

As she spoke she took from the ass' back a bundle of small linen garments and departed.

While she bent over Her task, she lifted her voice in a song of praise. Her heart filled with proud rejoicing that she was allowed to minister to the needs of the Holy Babe. At last the tiny garments were spotless as snow, and she gazed about her for some place to hang them; but not a shrub or tree or bush was there to be seen, except an ugly thorn bush that grew all alone and companionless by the well.

"Now, what shall I do?" she pondered. "These thorns will tear these dear little clothes," and she looked about once more, but in vain.

"Nay, then," she said, "poor, ugly shrub, even the birds and the bees shun thee, but thou shalt be blessed from this day, because thou hast

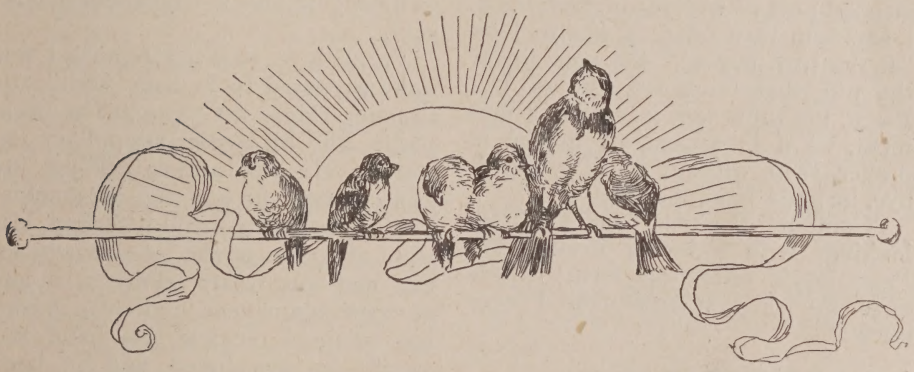
served thy little Master." And she spread the baby clothes on the bush and went back to the palm tree till they should be dry.

Towards sunset she returned to the well and began to pluck the little white robes from the thorn bush, and, lo! the cruel, sharp thorns had turned to pale pink blossoms, fragrant and beautiful!

Sister Semplice paused. Jim's eyes were shining with a new light in them.

"That's how they growed—these!" he whispered, in an awed voice.

"I think this miracle teaches," said Sister Semplice, slowly, "that if we will try to let our lives, no matter if they are as rough and unlovely as the thorn bush, do something for the Christ, they will blossom and bear flowers of love and charity that are as sweet and lovely as these blossoms of the Eglantine."



AN EASTER CAROL.

JULIA TERESA BUTLER.

Alleluia! The birds are trilling
With joy in their tuneful song.
Alleluia! The ocean is singing,
Sun-kissed, gliding along.
Alleluia! Glad bells are chiming,
Blending in sweet accord.
O, soft are the answering echoes, "Hail,
O hail, thou risen Lord!"

Alleluia! The lilies breathe
As ransomed earth they adorn,
Fair symbols of the glory that crowns
The holy Easter morn;
Allelulia! O Lord of Hosts
Whose power burst Death's prison;
Countless praises we waft to Thee
In eternal beauty risen.

PATSY — BOY.

MARY MARKWELL.

Continued.

Patsy-Boy let his arm drop heavily —it was lifted while he spoke; he stepped past us without further word; I saw him turn once, it was to look "at the turn beyant," the spot under the hill, that reminded him of The Place; his white face was lifted a moment, as if in appeal, or maybe in prayer, then, without pause or good-bye, he passed out of sight.

"Confound the luck!" said O'Brien, looking, with lowering brow, after Patsy-Boy's retreating form; "there goes the only honest man I ever knew!"

CHAPTER II.

I had just returned to Winnipeg from the city of Vancouver. We had had an unusually good season, the far West proving a well selected route, and we had already established our Western head-house in the prairie capital.

While engaged in my business pursuits the fame of Colonel O'Brien reached me; his mad freaks and extravagant follies being the topic wherever I went. The boom days had made the prairie province famous; fortunes were made easily and lost wildly; speculators had become millionaires with mushroom-like rapidity; money was spent with a madness almost magnificent, and among the names of the modern Midas' that of the Colonel rang loudest. He was reported as having his carriage horses shod with gold, the purchase of a pair of elks recorded, and the title "Lucky O'Brien" became his by common consent.

From these startling reports I was quite prepared to find my friend, the Colonel, riding the top wave of prosperity, and his aspect altered for the worse. His appearance fulfilled my expectations; he was the personification of prosperity—and inebriety. His suite of rooms at the ——, where we had met four years before, a model of extravagance and expensive waste; his manners reckless, his hand unsteady, his eye dulled, and his head altogether turned by his unparalleled luck. His appearance pained me, notwithstanding the fact that everything about him betokened success; the world had gone well with him, it was evident, but, until he confessed it to me, I never knew that the sudden and surprising turn of fortune was owing to the law-suit over the Irish estates having been decided in his favor. I will tell you the story in his own words. I remember them well:

"The newspaper racket? Gone to smash! The ranch, stock, machinery, crop, everything? Gone! You see, Bradley, after Patsy-Boy went the luck seemed to go too; the crop was frozen, standing; glanders got in among the horses, and we shot them down like snipe, sir; and I had just about made up my mind to cut the country and try my luck over the

border line—for I'll own, old fellow, your predictions regarding Boscomb were pretty nearly correct. I mortgaged everything to buy an interest in his newspaper schemes; he soon had me in a tight corner; I believed him to be my friend, but——"

A long pause followed, during which the glass in the hand of my friend was twice filled and twice emptied. He went on, his eye brightening: "Boscomb held my notes; the crop failed; I was unable to meet my obligations; he refused to wait—sold me out, and I came into this sweet city with exactly seventeen dollars in my pocket! I went in search of my old friends, boon companions of my better days; but out of all who had fed and feasted at my expense there was not one—not one—to offer me a friendly hand!"

He stopped speaking, and his face paled with rage. "I determined to 'blow in' my last dollar, Bradley, and then end all!" His hand trembled as he again drained the glass, and his eyes glistened with something like steely anger, or it might have been the dew of regret—tears; both sentiments seemed to fight for mastery in the glance. He went on: "I got drunk—deliriously drunk; my money was all gone; I had no friends, and I was turned out, neck and crop—turned out of this hospitable hospice—and my valise, with my last remaining thread of raiment, was attached for board by my genial friend, the landlord!"

He laughed without smiling; laughed long and loud; striking the white palms of his hands together smartly as he repeated with that mirthless gurgle: "My genial friend, the landlord!" Then he became silent, and poured out another glass for himself, refilling mine, which I had scarcely yet tasted.

"Then, how am I to understand all this magnificent surrounding and entertainment?" I asked.

"I'm coming to that presently," was the answer. "Do you recollect Patsy-Boy?" and before giving me time to interject the glad 'yes' that sprang to my lips, he went on excitedly: "As I have said, luck went dead against me—deserted by my friends, denied by my acquaintances, and penniless!"

"But you spoke of Patsy-Boy," I said. "Tell me about Patsy-Boy, O'Brien."

"I'm coming to him—presently," was his answer, and he refilled the glass before him, lifted it as if about to drink, then set it down upon the table heavily, as he said: "But before we come to Patsy-Boy, Bradley, we've got to wade through several seas of moral earthquake and ruin; for I tell you, old friend, I have walked these same city streets penniless and hungry!"

"Why in the world," I interjected, "did you not let me know your difficulty?"

"Difficulty! difficulty!" He repeated the word, and it sounded ugly in repetition. "The difficulty was that in one of my sprees I met the man Boscomb. How it happened I know not; but it was proved I tried to murder him. My regret now is that I did not succeed. Of the facts I only know this: When I came to my sober senses I was doing time at Stony Mountain Penitentiary as a common convict."

I could say nothing; I could only reach my hand across the table between us, and taking up the hand, again moving tremulously toward the accursed drink, hold it.

"I came out of that place," he said, with a piteous sort of gasp, "thinking that for me all hope, all future, was over. I determined never to do an honest stroke of work again, and one

desire only in my heart—to get even with Boscomb!"

He pressed my hand a moment, and then said, with deep emotion:

"Bradley! it was just such a hand-clasp as that saved me that day; and it was from the hard hand of Patsy-Boy! I was released," he said. "I found myself free, with but one thought in my mind, and that thought a dark one. I saw well-dressed people, and I hated them; respectable people, and I avoided them; my eye fell upon a group of workmen digging in a ditch by the roadway. They were laying pipes for sewers; their coats were carelessly thrown upon the earth, and here and there stood bright tin dinner-pails belonging to the men. I stood—I determined to steal one of the dinners! I wasn't hungry; the fever of my mind and the hate of my heart filled me to suffocation; but I was an ex-convict, a jail-bird! marked with the indelible stain of that shame—unfit to associate with even the rough diggers down there in the slime—even they would shrink from me if they knew what I was! I hated that even they should eat an honestly earned meal. One man there, I saw, worked harder, more determinedly than the rest. I would take his! I reached out my hand to take it—he looked up suddenly—our eyes met, and in that moment I saw he recognized me—it was Patsy-Boy!"

O'Brien pushed the half-emptied glass from him; he threw back his head, and I saw a tear fall. "I think," he went on, "if I had been well-dressed he would not have spoken to me; as it was, I saw him hesitate; the next instant he was out of the ditch and holding both my hands in a warm grasp—such a human, brotherly clasp—it seemed to arouse and waken in me what little was left of manhood. He did not speak; there was no need of words; he saw that I was ragged, and knew I was weak. He swung his spade to a comrade with a word, and I found myself walking along the streets and feeling a pride in being in the company of an honest man! He led the way to what used to be known as The Flats, a row of shabby shacks. One of those was Patsy-Boy's home, kept trim and shining by Katey, one of the little sisters he used to speak so proudly of; for, indeed, Patsy-Boy had brought out both sisters from Ballybroken three months before, and Mary was 'earning decent wages,' he said, in one of the big hotels. Patsy-Boy told me this while I ate my dinner off a shining deal table; and something—it wasn't food, Bradley—choked me when I learned from his trembling lips that the old mother was sleeping under the green hills of Kerry, and that the Law had decided the Ballybroken estates were mine!

"I told him I would never accept of them; said I'd never set foot upon the soil again; begged of him to take back The Place; asked him, almost on my knees, Bradley, to go back and live there, promising him that neither he nor his would be disturbed again. But he only shook his head, saying in a way that broke my heart: 'Tis too late now, sor; she's not there now!'"

To be continued.

NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE.

LEO XIII.

The only photograph ever taken of His Holiness.

SILVER MEDAL.

Issued by Leo XIII to commemorate the completion of the Anselmianum.

ROME'S MONUMENT TO LEO XIII.

M. R TAYLOR.

The great Caesars of ancient Rome immortalized their names by erecting gigantic structures, which even today, though buried in the dust of ages, by the enormous proportions of their ruins claim the admiration of the world. The massive walls of the Colosseum, the broken colonnades and porticos, the demolished towers on the Palatine, the Forum of Augustus arising anew by excavation from the soil, the triumphal arches bearing the impress of conflagrations, earthquakes and war, the Circus Maximus at the foot of the Aventine—all speak of the glory past. The proud Mistress of the world had fallen, and Christian Rome arose upon its ashes, bearing aloft the standard of immortality and civilization. Christ's religion succeeded idolatry, and His Vicar on earth rules in the place of the haughty profligate emperors—Rome became the city of the Popes.

As the capital of the Christian world, the city on the Tiber assumed a new character. Christian churches and temples were raised, schools and universities established, arts and sciences cultured and the true religion above all received the highest impetus by the learning and sanctity of the Roman Pontiffs and their powerful influence exercised over all nations. From the day when Pope Sylvester consecrated the Lateran Cathedral, the Mater Omnium Ecclesiarum, to this time every successive Pope has added, so to say, his gem to the grandeur of Christian Rome. Almost every prominent public building and institution can claim some Pope as its noble founder. In these monuments ecclesiastical history is perpetuated. Although by his sanctity and zeal for religion and science our gloriously reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII., placed for himself a "Monumentum aere perennius," still his innate love for Rome manifested itself in many material ways. Pre-eminently among the works of his generosity is the erection of the grand university which now crowns the Aventine. Neither money nor influence on his part were spared in the undertaking, and its completion was fittingly commemorated by a gold medal cast in honor of the event to designate the building of the Anselmianum as one of the most glorious

THE INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE.

St. Anselm's on the Aventine, Rome.

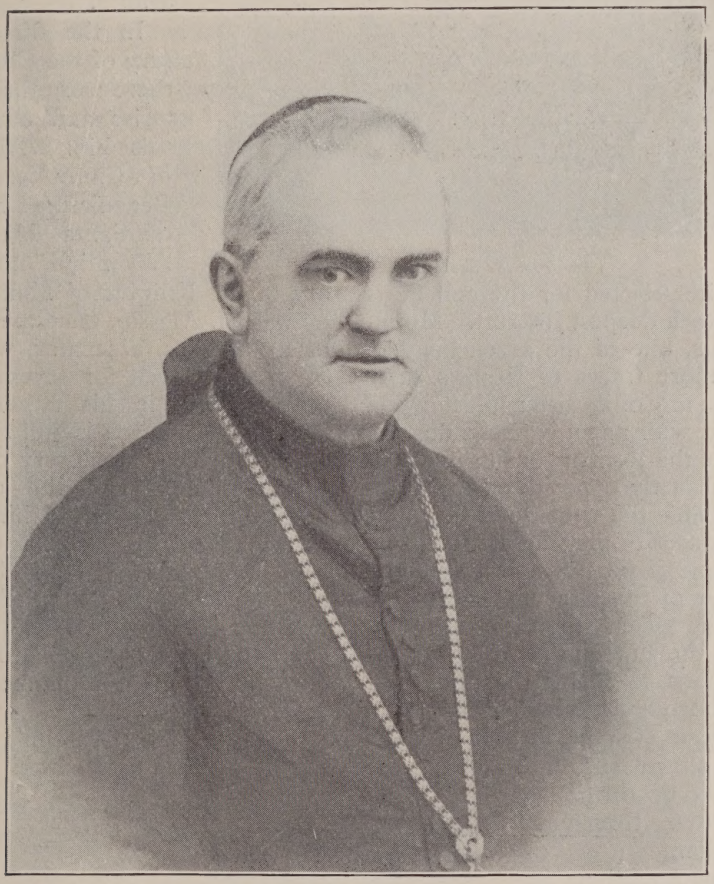
achievements of the years of his papacy.

"Ut unum sint" has been the motto of this great Pontiff, permeating his life, interests and actions. His voice reverberates throughout the East and West, calling all to One Fold and One Shepherd, inviting the Christian world to return to the centre of faith. Even within the bosom of the Church Leo XIII. centralized the scattered forces and energies. With paternal love he turned his attention to the "Army of the Church Militant," as the Monastic orders are styled by him. Among these he desires to restore to pristine activity and glory the Order which the Church regards as her oldest daughter, founded by St. Benedict, the Patriarch of Monasticism in the West. To this grand ideal of the great Pontiff St. Anselm is a perpetual monument.

Innocent XI., in 1687, established the College of St. Anselm at Rome, which flourished to the beginning of this present century. Count Chiaramonti, afterwards Pope Pius VII., was a pupil and later a professor in this institution. During the political disturbances which agitated Europe at the beginning of this century this college, like many others, succumbed, owing principally to the suppression of the Order in Germany.

On January 4th, 1887, a Pontifical Letter was addressed by Leo XIII. to the illustrious Cardinal Dusmet of Catania, Sicily, in which His Holiness expressed the intention of re-establishing the Anselmianum. On June 10th the Cardinal was made Protector,

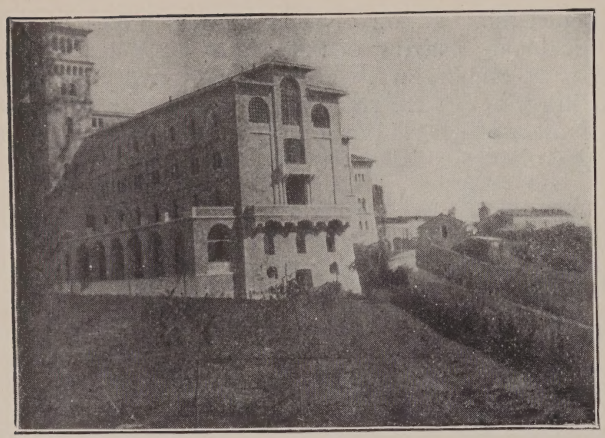
and a year later the Pope opened the College in one of the pontifical palaces, the Palazzo de Convertendi, on the Piazza Scossacavalli, inviting, at the same time, the Abbot of Maredsous, Belgium, to execute the plans for an imposing structure upon Mount Aventinus. The late learned Mgr. Bernadi was its first rector and abbot, and Dr. Adelbert Miller of St. Vincent's Archabbey, Pennsylvania, was appointed prior by His Holiness.



RT. REV. HILDEBRAND, COUNT DE HEMPTINE.

Abbot-Primate.

Four years ago on the 18th of April, a mighty concourse of Benedictines was assembled to witness the culmination of their highest hopes in the laying of the corner-stone of St. Anselm's. Abbots from every country were represented, and hardly a populated portion of the world was without a delegate. The ceremonials were befitting the solemnity of the occasion, and while then they viewed but the prospective, today the world beholds the gorgeous reality, for St. Anselm is an ornament to the religious world, a pride to the Order and a glory to its Founder, of whom it may be spoken in the words of the Proverbs, "Exalt her and she will promote thee."



View from the Southwest.

The site selected for the college is fraught with deepest interest. Mount Aventinus, one of the seven heights, affords more traces of Rome's early days than any of its sister hills. Upon it glowed with primitive splendor the palaces of the Roman consuls and senators. Exactly opposite on the Palatine is visible the wreck and the ruins of the palaces of the Caesars. Near by the Temple of Liberty, constructed by the father of the Gracchi, and at the foot of the ascent stood the one dedicated to the Fortune of Men by Servius Tullius to thank the gods that though born a slave he had become a king. Here also the Temple of Vesta remains almost entire, though the inundations of the Tiber have often threatened destruction.

Mount Aventinus indemnifies the mind for all the painful recollections the other hills awake, and its aspect is as beauteous as its memories are sweet. The banks of the Tiber at its foot were called the Lovely Strand (Pulchrum Litus). Thither the orators of Rome walked from the Forum. There Caesar and Pompey met like simple citizens and sought to reconcile Cicero, whose independent eloquence was of greater weight than even the power of their armies.

In the fifteenth century of the Christian era there were three monasteries and churches on this hill. Abbot Odo of Cluny erected the Benedictine Monastery of Santa Maria sopra l'Aventino, now a Priory of the Knights of Malta. Near by was St. Alessio, once the residence of Euphemius, a senator, whose son, St. Alexis, dwelt for seventeen years unrecognized in his father's house. The largest church is still St. Sabina. In the adjacent monastery once dwelt St. Dominick, and the olive and orange trees planted by him are still shown. All these monasteries have been swept away by the ruthless hand of time. So also that of St. Augustine and St. Priscar. The hill seems again to be consecrated to monasticism by the great Monument of Leo XIII.

The site of St. Anselm's was purchased by the Pope from a Roman

From the Tiber.

family of the nobility. It is the most secluded spot of the present Rome and best adapted for its present purpose. The view commanded from this height is possibly the best to be obtained from any hill in the city. Directly opposite, beyond the Tiber, stands Mount Janiculus, now far less lofty than when it deserved the title of Steep Mountain, and when Porsenna marshaled his army on its summit. Before you in the valley is the City of Popes, with its thousand steeples, churches, palaces and ruins. The dome of St. Peter's looms up in the distance, faithfully guarding the Vatican, the home of the Popes. Towards the right is the Quirinal, snatched from its rightful owner by the King of Savoy. The air seems peopled with reminiscences both sweet and sorrowful, for no city of the world has ever witnessed such grandeur and again such destruction as the City of Rome. At a distance the horizon is shaded by the Alban Mountains and the Sabine Hills. Towns and villages are scattered about like brilliant gems in fair Italy. Frascati, Monte Campatri, Gretta Ferrata, the Castello Gondolfo are distinctly discerned, and the highest peak, Mount Cavo, bears on its brow a monastery known by its name. Orange and olive groves in prolific luxuriance loom on all sides, and broad expanses of semi-tropical plants and flowers thrive upon the scenes of varied greatness.

"O Earth, all bathed with blood and tears, yet never
Hast thou ceased putting forth thy fruit and flowers.
And hast thou then no pity for mankind?
Can thy maternal heart receive again
Their dust and yet not throb?"

To the left stretches the Compagna, dotted with ruins and country houses, and especially adorned with the famous Benedictine Basilica, St. Paul extra muros.

Although the eye and mind may be fascinated by this view and the recollection it excites, nevertheless the magnificent structure of St. Anselm's will, in turn, inspire sincere admiration by its symmetrically executed proportions. Artists claim that the Collegium Anselmianum must be counted among the most beautiful of the religious monuments of the Eternal City. Right Rev. Bishop Hedley of Newport, Eng., upon visiting the College last fall, gives the following graphic account, which will convey a correct idea of the exterior and interior of the building:

"For the first time I saw the Anselmiano from the banks of the Tiber," he says, "as I passed the tomb of Cestius and the English Cemetery on my way to St. Paul. Upon the summit of the Aventine, where one was accustomed to notice only the villa of the Maltasians, a grand structure, magnificent in proportions, arises, surmounted by a Roman campanilla. Again I saw it from the palaces of the Caesars, from among the ruins on the Palatine, and its appearance was imposing. The College is constructed of stone. The greater part of the building is grouped in the form of a cross, one hundred and ninety feet in length and ninety feet in width. A colonnade completely surrounds the inner court and another runs through the centre, separating it in two sections. Each is adorned with a softly playing fountain. The Church is one hundred and forty feet by sixty-five, and occupies one side of this square. Two rows of granite pillars separate the side aisles from the nave. In the sanctuary there is ample space for the solemnization of the most elaborate liturgical functions. The church, like all Roman basilicas, opens into a small court through which access is had to the street, and as in the cloister, so here the court has its fountain in the cen-

tre, and is surrounded by a row of columns. In the sacristy, a pleasant and spacious apartment, we saw a large marble statue of Leo XIII. (a gift of His Holiness) bearing the inscription "Leo XIII. Collegii Benedictinorum Anselmiani Conditor"—Leo XIII. the Founder of the Benedictine College, St. Anselm's."

ments set aside for visiting and resident cardinals. Finally the cells for professors and students. The smallest of these is twelve by fourteen feet wide and fifteen feet high, the outer walls being at least five feet thick. The entire building is heated by steam and lighted by electricity. The thickness of the wall retains the heat in

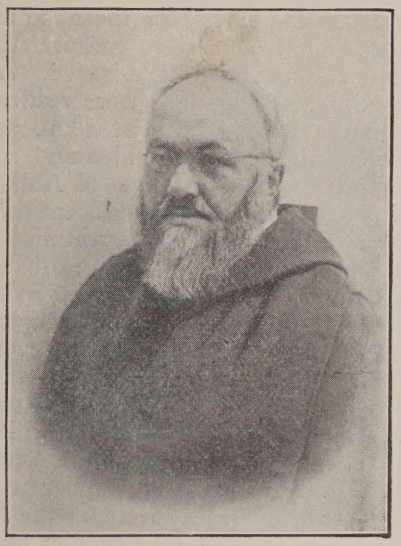
RT. REV. CAJETAN BERNARD, O. S. B.

First Rector of the Anselmianum.

"We now hurry through the various halls built closely to the claustrum, viz.: the entensive recreation hall, 90 by 30 feet, the library, the scriptorium, the public reception hall, the dining room, the floors of all adorned with rich mosaics. On the second floor we found the rooms and chapel of the abbot, princely apart-

Winter and the coolness in Summer. At the end of the central corridor on the first story a wide and open gallery affords a magnificent view of Rome and its environs."

The Holy Father, with a prudence and zeal for the advancement of religious principles which are so closely identified with the years of his papacy,



V. REV. DR. MILLER, O. S. B.
First-Prior of St. Anselm's.

selected as the guardian of this institution one eminently qualified for this position. At the unanimous request of the abbots assembled in Rome four years ago, His Holiness appointed, moto proprio, the Right Rev. Hildebrand, Count de Hemptinne, Abbot Primate of the entire Benedictine Order, and to him he also assigned the Abbacy of St. Anselm's. A little sketch of the life of this illustrious man may well be added to the Anselmianum.

He was born in Ghent, Belgium, June 10, 1849, and received in baptism the name Felix. Zeal for the cause of the Church obtained from Pius IX. the title of Count for his father which was, as hereditary, recognized and confirmed by the King of Belgium. His mother was possessed of great piety and inexhaustible charity, and her premature death was bewailed by vast numbers of needy and afflicted.

During the troubles in which the Papal States were involved by the incursions of the Garibaldians, Felix de Hemptinne and his younger brother were enlisted under the Papal Banner. He was promoted to a high military rank. During these years of service he felt within himself an ardent desire to become a Benedictine. Only too eager to second his son's pious aspirations, his noble father travelled through various countries in quest of a monastery and by the decree of Providence eventually reached Beuron in Southern Germany. He was deeply impressed by the sanctity and virtue of the monks, and on February 2nd, 1869, young Felix left his father's house in Belgium to enter the Abbey at Beuron. He then assumed the name of Hildebrand. Shortly after he was ordained priest by Bishop Blum at Limberg.

No great time had elapsed when the young priest was summoned to participate in the foundation of the Abbey at Maredsous in his native Belgium. Count de Hemptinne, his father, erected this Abbey and its magnificent church from his own private purse. Here Father Hildebrand became novice-master. In the year 1875, when the Beuronese were expelled from their Abbey in consequence of the Kulturkampf, Father Hildebrand was sent to England to establish a monastery at Erdington, where he was joyfully welcomed by Father Haigh. The failing health of the latter made him willing and even anxious to resign his charge into his hands. In the year 1878 he was appointed Prior of the little community at Erdington. His first work in this field was the construction of a priory in connection with the beautiful church and this was the first product of the architectural genius which has attracted the attention of the Sovereign Pontiff. Father Hildebrand during his sojourn in England acquired to perfection the English language, and today as Abbot-Primate in Rome he delights in meeting both priests and

people from England and America. In the year 1881 he was recalled to Maredsous, where he superintended the completion of the colossal works comprising the abbey, church, monastery and college. In the year 1890 Father Hildebrand was unanimously elected Abbot of Maredsous. Upon this occasion his devoted love for his chosen Order and its great Founder was evinced by his desire to receive the Abbatial Benediction at the tomb of St. Benedict at Monte Casino. On his way back to Belgium he was favored with an audience by the Holy Father, and then laid before him the plans for the new college of St. Anselm on the Aventine which have been realized with the grandest result. In the Spring 1893 the corner-stone of St. Anselm's was laid, and by the demand of the Pope the abbots from all the abbeys in the world took part. A congress was held in St. Callisto, and the several meetings prescribed resulted in the adoption of certain resolutions tending to centralize the Order according to the special wish of His Holiness. Abbot Hildebrand was the soul of this congress. An able linguist, a zealous religious, a loyal son of the Holy See, a suave and consummate tactician—to him must be ascribed in the greatest meaure the happy results which have issued. All hopes and anticipations were realized when the Ruler of Christendom appointed the noble Hildebrand de Hemptinne to the office of Abbot-Primate. Within the magnificent habitation of St. Anselm this great man is now promoting the welfare of his Order and of the Church. Under his fostering guidance the young members of the community from every country are being fitted for the duties of their calling, and their lives of sacrifice and labor will be his crowning glory. The new college on the Aventine was opened last November with the most brilliant prospects for the future. The sons of St. Benedict have assembled there from Italy, Germany, France, England, Austria, Australia, and our own America has no less than twelve representatives.

St. Anselm's, under the paternal care of the great Hildebrand, will realize the fond expectations of His Holiness, its generous founder. In ages to come it will be to the Christian Church, "Rome's Monument to Leo XIII."

Floriat, Crescat.

A SPRINGNOTE.

M. Gertrude Reynolds.

Stand ye with me 'neath the bloom-flushed tree
While the robin and fauvette are trilling
Their song of rapture that earth is free,
And nature with gladness is thrilling,

And the message sweet
From lily-bells deep:

Ye souls of bondage weary,
Come out of the night
To the Easter Light
And with robin and blossom be cheery.

CARDINAL FESCH.

JAMES CLARKSON.

TOWARD the end of June, 1793, an odd-looking little vessel might have been seen painfully wriggling its way into the harbor of Toulon. It was not much to look at, this wretched tub of a boat, but it carried Caesar and all his fortunes. It carried also Caesar's mother, brothers and sisters, and a rather youthful uncle, who was destined to play a part of considerable splendor in the drama, now ushered in amid such shabby surroundings, but, soon, to have sceptres, crowns and thrones as its stage properties.

The fugitives were flying from the daggers of their Corsican fellow-citizens, who had laid waste their patrimony, welcomed the English, and were breathing vengeance against the Bonaparte name, so lately a name to conjure with in their little island, now a menace to those who bore it. For days they had trembled at the sight of every strange ship, lest it prove a British cruiser; the clothes they wore represented the sum of their possessions and their anticipations of the future could not have been alluring, for France was in the bloodiest throes of the Terror.

Did any of the fierce Jacobins, who, with a kind of ferocious sympathy, watched the landing of the poor draggled creatures, bethink them that they were witnessing the prologue to the extinction of the system for the at-

tainment of which they were wading through oceans of blood?

After a few days of acute misery the family removed to Marseilles, and better times again dawned for the Bonapartes, at least for the three eldest brothers. Napoleon was gazetted to a captaincy, Lucien and Joseph, as simple clerks, managed to keep the wolf from the door. The three daughters of the family were confident that Uncle Fesch would set things right. A few years before he had succeeded Grand-Uncle Lucien in his ecclesiastical dignities, as well as in the capacity of oracle and protector of the family, and, during a period of great trial and difficulty, had steered its fortunes with a tact and shrewdness that Napoleon afterward gratefully acknowledged.

As the nature of Joseph Fesch was essentially abrupt and fiery, even volcanic, the presence also of such qualities as tact and shrewdness is remarkable, a perplexing combination to be explained, mayhap, by those influences of heredity that are supposed to explain so many things nowadays.

LETITIA.

Sister of Fesch.

ELISE.

Niece of Fesch.

In the first decade of the second half of the century, a soldier of fortune found his way into Corsica, met with a young widow named Ramolino, and soon owned himself conquered by her beauty and her virtues. He was a Swiss of good family, serious-minded and loyal, and the lady of his choice was not disinclined to accept his advances. There was one obstacle: she could not marry a Protestant. Captain Francis Fesch, however, had lived long in Catholic countries, his sympathies had for some years been with the old faith, he became a convert, and Angela Ramolino gladly gave him her hand. "He will," she said "be the protector and guardian of my daughter by my first marriage."

PAULINE.

Niece of Fesch.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

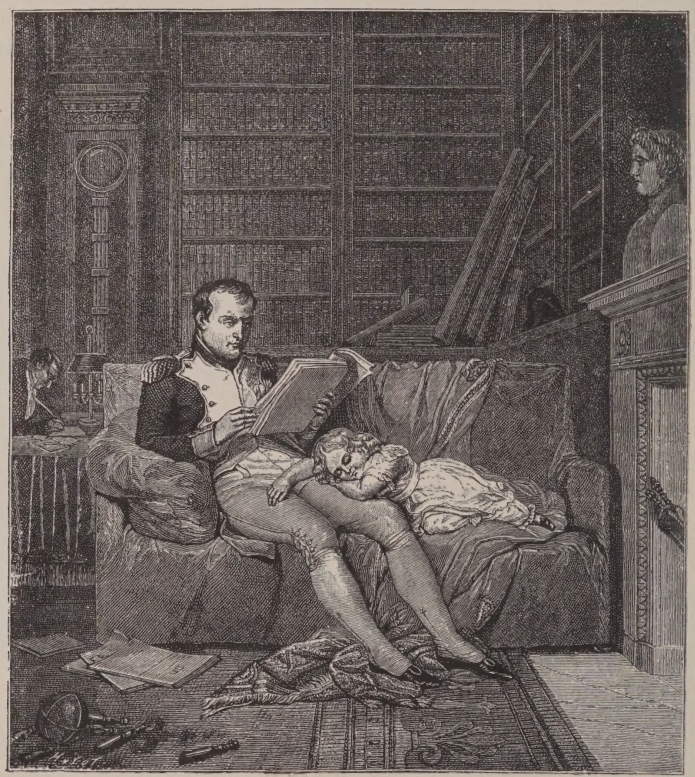
This daughter was Letitia, the future mother of kings, "Mater regum!" Of the marriage of Captain Fesch and Angela Ramolino was born Joseph, an only child, on the 3d of Jaunary, 1763. He was a little more than six years older than his nephew Napoleon.

With his Corsican wife, Captain Fesch had married all the traditions and ideas of his adopted country. These traditions make the father of a family an awful being; indeed. they give him power of life and death over his offspring. Did space permit, we

could relate many terrible and dramatic incidents, showing that this power was not allowed to lie dormant. The education of young Joseph was conducted on a system that would have delighted Solomon; but this rigorous discipline was, perhaps, the training best adapted to that ardent and passionate temper.

tion with which they had inspired their little pupil. Many anecdotes are told to illustrate the laconic petulance characteristic of the future cardinal throughout the kaleidoscopic scenes of his life.

One day a teacher was trying to find out whether his youthful charges recollected anything of a sermon on



NAPOLEON AND HIS SON.

The boy was scarcely ten when he was intrusted to the kindlier hands of the Jesuits, who had opened a little boarding school at Ajaccio. The good fathers smiled indulgently at the vivacious sallies which had been received with austere reproof and more tangible evidences of disrelish by the stern parent. Fesch never forgot a friend, and the followers of Loyola had good cause to recollect the affec-

the Passion, that had been preached the day before, and especially of what had followed the Saviour's death. The sermon had been long and the young hearers inattentive, all except one at the end of the line, who was fairly quivering with excitement. Little Joseph Fesch was evidently making an effort to control himself; but, when the question was half way, the attempt became impossible, and he burst out

in a voice that made the passers-by in the street halt for a moment: "Miracoli! signor professor, miracoli! miracoli!"

How, after his first communion, he gave self-evident signs of a religious vocation, much to the repressed delight of the grim old father; how he was sent to the seminary at Aix by

CARDINAL FESCH'S NIECE, CAROLINE MURAT, AND HER CHILDREN.

the states of Corsica, and met there his life-long friend Isoard, destined some day to be a cardinal (not without the intervention of his old schoolmate); how he spent his vacations in the home of his friend's mother, the Countess of Isoard, also a mother to him, delicately constraining his Corsican pride—and the Corsican pride is as touchy as the Castilian—to accept pocket money and other things but

scantily supplied from the Ajaccio home; how he threw himself with ardor, but also with a good deal of the diplomatic finesse that never left him, into the quarrels of his island, then a little cockpit of every sort of feud, political, religious and family, may all be read in the scholarly, but rather dull, pages of Archbishop Lyonnet, or, better still, in the animated and picturesque narrative of Mgr. Ricard.

To return to his mission in Marseilles. His most pressing concern was to find bread for all these future queens and princesses, as well as for a scampish young nephew, to be subsequently known to two continents as Jerome the Worthless. A benevolent fellow-islander consented to take them off his hands for a time, and then he

AJACCIO.

recollected that his father had left considerable property behind him in Bale. Why not go in search of it? With Fesch, to resolve was to act. The lapse of a few days found him in the presence of the Grand Council of the Canton, demanding to be put in possession of his inheritance. He had not reckoned how effective a weapon bigotry can be in the hands of dishonesty. He was told by the pious burghers that he could only obtain the paternal property by renouncing his religion and his priesthood. Switzerland is a noble country, but its warmest admirers are compelled to admit that its Calvinism has hopelessly materialized and deteriorated the antique national character, everywhere, outside the Forest Cantons.

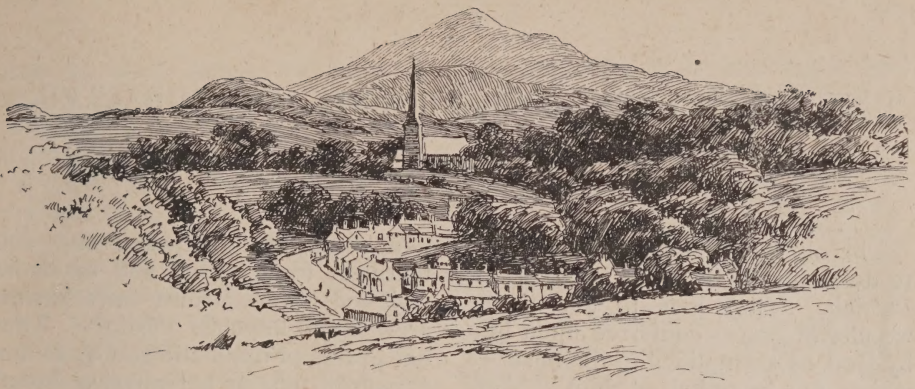
An affront to his religion, and especially to his priestly character, always had the effect of arousing in Fesch a wrath that was apparently uncontrollable. He gave these smug, self-righteous traders the full benefit of it. The situation seemed finely arranged for one of those magnificent explosions that characterize certain incidents in his career, explosions so appropriate to the circumstances in which they occurred, so well adapted to excite our sympathetic emotion, that they would appear almost to have been prepared, calculated, like similar outbursts of the imperial nephew.

He returned to Marseilles to find his sister and her children perilously near the line that divides endurable poverty from utter destitution. Something had to be done at once. He applied for a civil employment in the Army of the Alps, and became a sort of army contractor. When the Bonapartes were down in the world, this rather unecclesiastical mode of getting a living was one of the many reproaches of which Fesch became the target. But his bitterest enemies could not say that his life was less blameless in the midst of camps than it had been in the seminary of Aix, or was to be in the palace of Lyons. The most engrossing occupations did not hinder him from reading his breviary every day, This, at the time, was a sort of treason, nothing less than lese-nation, in the melancholy slang of the Terror. Often a frightened nephew would come across him so engaged, and would whisper: "Hide that book! Do you want to destroy us all!" But he went his way unmoved, and probably the kits and tents of the republican conscripts were not less amply furnished, because this improvised contractor was faithful to his God, and his priestly ideals.

Nor did he shrink from declaring himself when honor and duty demanded. One day a young Jacobin officer, fresh from the horrors of Paris, was boasting of the hideous deeds in which he had taken part, and regretted that he had not been at Carmes, when the priests were massacred there. "I would," declared he, "have torn out the heart of one of them and drunk out of his skull!"

"Well, citizen," said the courageous priest, looking the ferocious Terrorist full in the face, "you can still glut your rage. A priest is standing before you! Plunge your knife into his heart; he will have strength enough still to pardon you before he dies!"

To be continued.



AN EASTER VISION.

ALBERT DOYLE.

In a garden where the lilies shed their fragrance to the breeze,
Where the tulips shone resplendent and the wind sang thro' the trees,
Where the snowdrops bowed politely to the dainty daffodils,
There I dreamed one bright Spring morning, as the sun rose o'er the hills.

In the meadow sang the robin sweetest solos to his own,
And the bee awaking flowers hummed a drowsy monotone;
In the dove cote, softly, lowly, cooed the tender wooing dove;
Nature seemed with limpid music to be breathing notes of love.

Down the hillside came a maiden — ev'ry motion was of grace;
From her eyes shone joy transcendent, radiant was her perfect face;
O'er her plaited hair there floated, Heaven's crown, a halo bright,
Filling all the air about her with its holy, mystic light.

From her lips fell sweetest voicings, such as angel tongues can give,
Praising with her fond rejoicings Him who dies that we may live:
"Christ is risen!" sang the maiden — strains so glad and strains so sweet
Though I heard them but a moment, endless ages will repeat.

"Christ is risen! Christ is risen! Risen to His holy throne!
Aye the Holy King of Holies has again come to His own!
Let the nations raise their voices! Of the resurrection sing!
Let the minstered organs swell it! Let the belfried chimers ring!

"Alleluia! Alleluia! Glory to the Sacred Host!
Glory to the Mystic Union, Father, Son and Holy Ghost!
Life begins when life is ended, at the fleeting of the breath;
Joys eternal gleam before you thro' the darksome door of death.

"As the will of man unconquered soars above the things of clay,
So the soul will rise triumphant at the dawn of judgment day."
On she passed, in saintly splendor, like a star across the night;
When she passed, the music lingered, filling all my soul with light.
And a holy calm came o'er me, and from out my heart there went
Up to heav'n a "Deo gratias!" for the vision He had sent.

ST. PATRICK: HIS LIFE, LFGENDS AND MIRACLES.

P. J. LYNCH.

Continued.

The old biographers seem to love to dwell on the boyhood days of St. Patrick. They love to tell of the wonderful graces conferred upon him by God, as exemplified in the miracles which are recorded of him. They love to tell of the virtues of the saintly boy, evidently predestined from his earliest youth to be an instrument of Divine Providence for the accomplishment of some extraordinary mission.

But they make one omission, which seems very remarkable. In telling the story of his youth, they make very little mention of St. Patrick's mother, and it is to be regretted that modern writers on St. Patrick have done little to rescue from comparative oblivion the character and virtues of this saintly woman, whose memory should be cherished with devotion.

The capture of Conchessa, when but a mere girl, has been already referred to. She was taken a slave into the household of one of the chieftains of the marauding expedition, and there, as a slave, she labored for some years. What she, a high born maiden, tenderly nurtured and reared, accustomed to every luxury, with slaves ready to obey her every wish and anticipate her every want—what such a maiden must have endured when, as a slave, she had to serve in the household of a warlike, barbarous chieftain, it is difficult to fully realize, but, through it all, the virtues and graces of the young girl continued to grow and to shine with a brighter lustre. Adversity only tended to bring out more fully the sweetness of her character. The teachings of that religion which, in her youth, she had seen so well inculcated in her Christian home, brought peace and contentment to her soul, and made her resigned to what must have seemed a cruel and hopeless destiny. Thus, her graces of mind and soul grew and expanded, just as her physical beauty and charms developed under the vigorous duties exacted of her in the performance of her household labors. She prayed constantly and fervently—prayed that God's will might be done—that she might be rescued and restored to her home and family, or, if He willed it otherwise, to be an instrument for good in captivity.

She prayed and waited, and in God's good time He manifested His will. She noticed that her captors began to regard her with more attention, and then began to grow more friendly towards her. They had seen something in her character, in her dignity of manner and bearing, in her words and acts, which they had never seen before. They questioned her as to her faith and belief. As they questioned, they pondered, and the more they pondered the more they were compelled to admire the beauty of the principles which had enabled this frail girl to bear up under what seemed a crushing misfortune, so that, instead of looking a slave, she looked a queen—a queen in virtue, modesty, grace and humility. Her master's son was one of the first attracted towards her, and the more he observed her and cultivated her acquaintance, the more he admired her, until one day he told her that he would not be happy until she consented to become his wife. We can well imagine that by this time he had been well instructed as to the principles of the Christian faith, and that before the nuptials were cele-

brated the whole family had become members of the Christian religion. It was thus a blessed day for that household when Conchessa entered it as a slave, and a still more blessed day when, as a happy bride, she became a member of the family.

Such was the mother of St. Patrick. We can well imagine how she brought up her boy, how tenderly she cared for him, and how diligently she instructed him in the faith she loved so well. We can imagine how the piety and devotion which he inherited from her were fostered and strengthened during his early years. It is surely time for the children of St. Patrick to know more of Conchessa and to more fully realize the beauty of the life and character of the mother of St. Patrick. Let her name be cherished with that of St. Bridget and other noble women whose names are dear to the heart of the Irish people.

But, though St. Patrick's mother is so little mentioned in the old Lives, there is a nurse who is mentioned time and again. She seems to have been greatly attached to the divinely favored child, and, as she saw him grow in holiness and grace, and witnessed the wonderful miracles which God wrought at his hands, her love for him grew more and more, until he must have been to her almost an object of adoration. It is the nurse who is mentioned in the story of his baptism, and it is she who figures in most of the miracles recorded of him in his youth. The boy, too, seems to have been very much attached to his nurse, and some of his extraordinary acts were performed at her request, or for her benefit.

The Rock of Patrick.

Some of the old biographers mention a stone, or rock, near St. Patrick's birthplace. The accounts given of it are not very clear, and it would seem that some traditions regarding it had been confounded with the traditions pertaining to the altar stone, upon which, it appears, the saint used to offer up the sacrifice of the mass after he entered upon his mission in Ireland. That the traditions refer to both a "rock" and a "stone" seems certain. Some accounts say that St. Patrick was born on this rock; others that he was baptized there, and others that on it he offered up the sacrifice of the mass. Jocelyn mentions this rock, and says: "As often as any controversy arises between the villagers or the neighbors, which is thought fit to be determined by an oath, it is brought to this stone, and there, the sacrament being taken, the cause is decided. But, if any perjurer or false witness laid his hand thereon (on the stone), immediately it was wont to pour forth water, and the holiness of Patrick openly showed unto all how accursed was the crime of perjury and false testimony; yet at any other time it (the stone) did not exude one drop, but always remained in its natural dryness."

Whether or not the altar stone afterwards used by St. Patrick had any connection with this rock, it is difficult to determine, though it would not be unreasonable to conjecture that he might have used for his altar stone a piece hewn from the rock which had been so intimately associated with his early days, and which seemed, on that account, to possess such an extraordinary virtue.

The Leper and the Flagstone.

One of the principal legends connected with St. Patrick's altar stone is called the "Legend of the Leper and the Flagstone." This story runs as follows: When St. Patrick was embarking for Ireland to enter upon his mission, a poor leper came to the seashore, just as the ship was about to weigh anchor, and earnestly begged to be taken on board. It is probable that he had heard something of the

holiness of the saint, and the proofs of divine favor conferred upon him, and that deep within his inner consciousness there was born a hope, vague at first, but gradually growing stronger, that in the company of St. Patrick he might expect some amelioration of his pitiable condition. Something in the man appealed to the saint, who was so deeply touched by his pleadings that he expressed a wish to have the despised leper taken on board. But fear and prejudice had such an influence over the sailors that they would not allow the leper on board, and the ship began to move out while the afflicted man continued to plead from the beach. The saint took his altar stone and cast it on the water within reach of the leper, telling him to sit on it and remain perfectly quiet. Again was the faith of the man shown, and as soon as he had seated himself, the stone began to move over the water. It followed immediately in the wake of the ship until it reached the Harbor of Wicklow, and the leper thus reached the shores of Erin in safety. St. Patrick again took possession of the stone.

In the old writings, this stone is referred to as the "stone altar," and there were some prophecies concerning it. One of them was that, while the stone remained in Erin, the children of St. Patrick would ever remain true to his doctrines.

The Tripartite Life says: "Many prodigies and miracles were wrought through Patrick in his youth." Jocelyn relates several of them, including those mentioned at the close of the last number. It may be interesting to note a few more of the wonderful things related of Patrick's early days.

St. Patrick's Sister Miraculously Healed.

On a certain occasion, Patrick and his sister, Lupita, were out in the field, taking care of a flock of sheep, and, it being weaning time, they were separating the lambs from their mothers. As Lupita ran about the field, she slipped and fell, striking her forehead against a sharp stone. The blow caused a deep wound, from which the blood flowed, and the maiden lay unconscious. The members of the household gathered around her, tearful and grief-stricken, for they feared that she was wounded unto death, and among them stood Patrick, filled with compassion and sorrow. He looked up to Heaven for a moment; then, as if filled with inspiration and confidence from on high, he knelt beside his sister and tenderly raised her head to his breast and made the sign of the cross on her blood-stained forehead. Immediately the wound was healed, and the girl arose, as if nothing had happened. Yet a mark remained all her life, a sign of the miracle that had been performed.

Many stories are told of St. Patrick's early days to show his power over the animal creation. It has been related of him that he restored life to kine, compelled a wolf to bring back a lamb it had carried away and tamed a mad ox, making it as gentle as a lamb.

Patrick's Foster Father Restored to Life.

But the greatest of all Patrick's early miracles, as, indeed, it is one of the greatest of all miracles, was the restoration to life of his foster father, the husband of his faithful nurse. The Tripartite Life says he died suddenly, at a great assembly held by the Britons, which was attended by Patrick and his nurse and foster father. Friends and relatives gathered around the dead man, lamenting his untimely end, but the nurse, bursting into tears, threw herself before Patrick and said: "Behold, O Patrick, thy foster father, the bearer of thine infancy, lieth dead. Show now,

therefore, on him thine enlivening virtue, even that which hath been wont to heal others." And Patrick, full of compassion for her grief, and for the fate of the guardian of his infancy, approached the dead man and began to pray over him. He blessed him, put the sign of the cross on his head and breast, and, putting his arms around his neck, he said: "Arise, and let us go home," as if the man had only been asleep. The man arose, and the whole assemblage marvelled at the miracle, giving thanks to God for such a great manifestation of His power.

Thus, the boy grew in wisdom and grace, and the close of his fifteenth year found him wise and virtuous far beyond his years. He had kept himself pure in heart and holy in action. In secular learning he was well instructed, but from the first he showed a prediliction for spiritual things, such as sacred songs and hymns. Jocelyn, in speaking of this portion of the young saint's life, says: "He applied his mind chiefly to psalms, hymns and spiritual songs, and retaining them in his memory, and continually singing them to the Lord, so that even from the flowers of his first youth he was daily wont to sing devoutly unto God the whole Psalter, and from the vial of his most pure heart to pour forth the odor of many prayers. Thus, wearing out his tender body in fastings, in many watchings and in the pious exercise of holy labors, he offered up himself a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God. And thus passing his days in the flesh, against the flesh, and above the flesh, in his conversation he represented an angel."

PATRICK IS TAKEN CAPTIVE.

Now came what seemed a crushing blow in Patrick's life. The story of his mother's youth was repeated, and with added horrors. We can well imagine that the boy had often heard from his mother's lips the story of her youth, of her capture and trials in captivity. His young and tender heart must have felt sad at the recital, and rejoiced at the happy ending.

Patrick was himself destined to be taken captive and sold as a slave. He was then in his sixteenth year, strong and hardy as the result of constant exposure and plenty of outdoor exercise. The blow came suddenly. One day the district was invaded by a warlike host, and the inhabitants subjected to the horrors of fire and sword. The house of Calphurnius was surrounded by the fierce warriors and a demand for surrender made. Patrick's father evidently determined on resistance, for the old chroniclers say that both himself and his wife were slain. Patrick and his two sisters, Lupita and Tigris, were taken captive and borne away with thousands of others to the fleet of the invaders. Booty of all kinds was also carried away from the plundered district, and thus, with their galleys loaded with captives and plunder, the marauders turned their vessels homeward.

What a trial this must have been to a tender-hearted boy, full of love for his parents and home, as Patrick must have been! He had probably seen his loving parents killed by the fierce warriors who had invaded their home. He probably did not know whether the other members of the family were living or dead, and thus was the agony of suspense added to the actual horrors of the occasion. Of the presence of his two sisters among the captives on the ships he seems to have been entirely ignorant, as he was of their sale into slavery afterward. Indeed, this is not surprising, for the saint himself tells us in his confession that thousands were taken captive with him, and as they were probably distributed among the different vessels of the fleet such a separation would be natural, if not inevitable.

What thoughts must have crowded his brain as he saw every object that had been familiar to his young days disappear from view! Family and home were lost. Every hope was dashed to the ground, every aspiration crushed, every ambition killed, the future a dreadful blank of despair and misery—bitter, indeed, was the cup held to the youthful saint.

Yet through all his tribulations he doubtless found consolation in the truths of his religion. As his mother did under somewhat similar circumstances many years before, it is probable that at the first opportunity he sank on his knees and cried "Lord, as Thou wilt; even in captivity I may be an instrument for good in thy hands." And so it turned out.

The most carefully computed chronology places the birth of St. Patrick about the year 373 A. D., and he was taken captive about 388. The expedition in which he was taken captive has been already referred to as one commanded by Nial of the Nine Hostages. At this time the Irish were probably the most warlike people in Europe, and much given to predatory expeditions. The Irish armies followlowed up the retreating Roman legions until the Roman capital itself was threatened.

When the fleet with its captives reached the Irish coast it passed northward and touched at Louth, where the sisters of St. Patrick were sold. Then the vessels proceeded north, along the coast, and landed in Antrim. There Patrick was sold to Milcho, a chieftain of North Dalaraida. In the annals of the Four Masters he is called "Son of Hua Buain, King of North Dalaraida." Milcho dwelt in Arcuil, a valley in the north of Dalaraida, near Mount Mis, or Sliabh Mis, in the county Antrim. At the present day the district is identified as the Valley of the Braid, named after the river which flows through it, and it divides the parishes of Skerry and Rathcavan. To this day the district is rich in memorials of the saint. The Braid is a wild and precipitous river in the early part of its course, but from the Forked Bridge to where it flows into the Main it is a quiet, steady stream. Its breadth averages about twenty feet, and the waters are comparatively shallow, except in times of flood. On the north bank, in the Parish of Skerry, there is a basaltic rock of great height, and here are still pointed out what are said to be the footprints of the Angel Victor when he first appeared to St. Patrick. Further back, on the north side, is a range of mountains, one of which, Soarns Hill, rises to a height of 1,326 feet. On the south bank of the stream is the well-known hill of Sliabh Mis, the most remarkable feature of the landscape. It rises to a height of 1,437 feet above the sea level from a tract of low-lying moorland, and to a spectator looking at it from the west it presents the appearance of half the orb of the full moon.

The Parish of Rathcavan, on the south side of the river, contains some curious antiquities. It derives its name from the Rath of the Cavan (or hollow). This is an artificial cave, provided with a kind of chimney or air hole, and surrounded by ruins of ancient buildings. One place, adjoining, is known as St. Patrick's Chapel. A deep ditch formerly surrounded this cluster of buildings. In the townland of Bally-lig-Patrick, the townland of Patrick's Hollow, there is another remarkable cave. It had three or more compartments, one of them supplied with air by a chimney. Numerous traditions are connected with all these places, and stations are held at Skerry Rock, where the angel appeared to St. Patrick.

To be continued.

INVESTIGATING THE TRUSTS.

JAMES E. WRIGHT.

The combinations of capitalists commonly called Trusts are now being inquired into in various ways throughout the United States. Laws ostensibly intended to control them are being discussed in the Legislatures of many of the States, and the Lexow Investigating Committee of the State of New York has been lately endeavoring to get some light from the principal officers of the leading trusts which would enable the Legislature of that State to enact such appropriate legislation as might tend to restrain their mighty power for evil. Undoubtedly the public mind is aroused as it has never been heretofore to a sense of the necessity that something must be done to curb the power which these aggregations of capitalists exercise in the industrial field over the production and distribution of the necessaries of life.

Formerly it was generally held as almost an axiomatic truth in economics that free competition was good; the modern commercial trust, however, is organized, first, to destroy free competition—to establish and maintain a monopoly, and, secondly, thereby to regulate and absolutely control the price of the commodities or services, or both, to which its scope of operations extends. That the purpose of these trusts is directly against sound public policy is quite clear, but how to prevent it—how to control them by law—is by no means clear. Every law yet enacted by the nation or the States to prevent their wrongdoing has failed of its object, either because the law was not sufficiently comprehensive and far-reaching or through the apathy of the public prosecution. Their operations being conducted in secret, under the orders of the few directors or junta of the trust, it has been extremely difficult, in the few cases brought into court, to procure evidence of sufficient weight to convict men clothed with the respectability conferred by the ownership of millions. It is a new and complicated problem, this of the trusts, confronting the American people today. In other countries, such as England or France, for instance, the Minister of the government, at the head of the department of Trade and Commerce, would deal somewhat summarily with such combinations; or, if he doubted that he possessed sufficient power for the purpose, he would instantly lay the matter before the Legislature. But here, under our Federal form of government, where each one of our forty-four States will grant a charter of incorporation to whoever applies in legal form, thus practically licensing the applicant to do business in any part of the Union, the State and the Federal interstate authority, with their delimitations, become mixed up, and the subject of control grows perplexing.

Substantially all of these combinations, in their present acute form, have been developed since the close of the Civil War. Let me sketch the growth of a typical trust: A certain number of wealthy competitors in the same line of business agree to pool their issues. They form an alliance offensive and defensive against all other competitors, and in order to carry out their purpose with the greatest efficiency they place the control of their business in the hands of a directorate comprising a few of the wealthiest persons interested. Thus they move as a unit. They secure secretly special rates or rebates on their freight from transportation companies, and arrange for such other special advantages as they can obtain. Then they move covertly to the attack upon

competitors, who are destroyed in detail, cut off one by one. This is accomplished by underselling competitors in the local market, which the trust is enabled to do because of special transportation rates, or, if such rates cannot possibly be obtained, goods will be sold at a downright loss for a time for the purpose of wiping out the obnoxious adversary, or compelling him to come under the yoke.

Adversary after adversary goes down or surrenders, until the trust dominates all it surveys. Then it controls production in some cases, distribution in all cases, and determines the price at which its commodity or service can be obtained by the public. This line of development is from local to national, and from national to international. Anything that opposes this development must be removed at any cost, by any means, fair or foul. Agents of the Standard Oil monopoly have been convicted in court of setting fire to competing oil refineries. A former secretary of the Whiskey Trust was indicted for blowing up with dynamite one of the great competing distilleries, but escaped conviction because of a legal flaw in the indictment. If the explosion had been as effective in measure as the means employed were powerful, not only the contents of the great distillery, but the lives of one hundred and fifty men employed in it, would have been destroyed. The policy of these modern combinations of organized selfishness is grand, deliberate and ruthless. It is a purely Machiavelian policy reconciling itself to crime, provided crime is deemed necessary to secure the desired result.

More than three hundred trusts in the United States control most of the necessities and luxuries of life, without including the railways and banks. These latter control the means of transportation and exchange. Of the Sugar Trust, whose officers were before the Lexow Committee something over a month ago, Judge Barrett stated, judicially, some years since: "It can close every refinery at will, close some and open others, limit the purchases of raw material (thus jeopardizing and in a considerable degree controlling its production), artificially limit the production of refined sugar, enhance the price to enrich themselves and their associates at the public expense, and depress the price when necessary to crush out and impoverish a foolhardy rival."

The laws which have been made by Congress and by many of the States to deal with them have proven utterly futile. The trusts are as elusive as Proteus. They change their names, headquarters and forms of management, avoid the tooth of the law, and when their officers testify under oath in public investigations their memories are peculiarly defective. But the thing itself—the monopoly—lives on, and waxes more powerful day by day. It dominates State Legislatures and has its representatives in Congress. During the investigation by a committee of the United States Senate into the charges made by Senator Kyle that the Sugar Trust had offered bribes to Senators, no less important a personage than Senator Quay of Pennsylvania boldly declared before the committee that he had speculated in Sugar stock, and proposed to continue to do so. At the very time, while as Senator, he was to vote on the sugar schedule of the Wilson tariff bill, which directly touched the interests of the trust and his own interests as a stockholder. Could shameless effrontery go farther?

The Standard Oil Trust some time since was charged with buying the election of Henry B. Payne of Ohio to the United States Senate. The charge was made by the Legislature of the State. With the testimony of sixty-four witnesses, whom they ex-

amined in relation to the matter before them, the Ohio House of Representatives resolved that "ample testimony was adduced to warrant the belief that * * * the seat of Henry B. Payne in the United States Senate was purchased by the corrupt use of money." And the Ohio Senate declared that "the election of Henry B. Payne as Senator of the United States from Ohio * * * was procured and brought about by the corrupt use of money * * * and by other corrupt means and practices." Both Houses of the Legislature of this great State urgently asked the Senate of the United States to inquire into the charges made. The Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, former Attorney General of Ohio, and the Hon. John Little, both members of Congress at the time, had been delegated to present the case set forth by the State before the United States Senate. They made formal charges, based on evidence given under oath or communicated in writing by reputable citizens of Ohio, who were willing to testify under oath. The charges were clear and definite—not mere hearsay or rumor. Among the many counts of this solemn accusation it was charged that among the chief managers of Mr. Payne's canvass, specifically the persons who directed its financial operations, were four of the principal members of the Oil Trust in Ohio—its treasurer, the vice president of one of its most important subordinate companies, its Cincinnati, and another representative—all of whom were named; that one of these four Standard Oil men—who was named—was given the financial management of the Payne campaign, and that he carried $65,000 with him to Columbus to use in the election of a Senator, as he had stated to an intimate friend, whose name would be given, and who would be ready to testify; that the cashier of the bank in Cleveland, where the treasurer of the oil combine kept one of his bank accounts, would testify that this money was procured on a check given by this treasurer of the Oil Trust to another of its officials, and passed over by him to its Cincinnati agent, who drew out the cash. A long and strong array of direct and cumulative testimony was ready to show the close connection between the operations of these gentlemen of the trust and the election of Mr. Payne to the Senate, and especial reference was made to the fact that these gentlemen absented themselves from the State of Ohio during the legislative investigation, and remained out of the reach of a subpoena from the State authority until it closed.—(Report No. 1,490, United States Senate, Forty-ninth Congress.)

The representatives of the people of Ohio, who had been selected without regard to party, appeared before the committee of the United States Senate on Elections, offering to prove, under oath, their charges. But a majority of the Senate committee were against an investigation, and a majority of the United States Senate sustained their report. Senators Frye of Maine and Hoar of Massachusetts, a minority of the Senate committee, reported in favor of investigating. They said: "There is abundant probable cause which would justify a complaint and compel a grand jury or magistrate to issue process and make an investigation. Is the Senate to deny to the people of a great State, speaking through their Legislature and their representative citizens, the only opportunity for a hearing of this momentous case which can exist under the Constitution? The question now is not whether the case is proved; it is only whether it shall be inquired into. That has never yet been done. It cannot be done until the Senate issues its process. No unwilling witness has ever yet been compelled to testify; no

process has gone out which should cross State lines. The Senate is now to determine, as the law of the present case and as the precedent for all future cases, as to the great crime of bribery—a crime which poisons the waters of republican liberty in the fountain — that the circumstances which here appear are not sought to demand its attention. It will hardly be doubted that cases of purchase of seats in the Senate will multiply rapidly under the decision proposed by the majority of the committee."

The discussion in the Senate on the reports submitted—as to whether or not an investigation should take place —was bold and warm. Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, with that characteristic integrity and high sense of personal and public honor which has marked his long and useful legislative career, declared that: "The adoption of this majority report * * * will be the most unfortunate fact in the history of the Senate," and Senator Edmunds of Vermont, addressing one of his colleagues, said: "This is a day of infamy for the Senate of the United States."

Senator Henry B. Payne was a prominent Democrat in politics, spoken of at one time as a candidate for President. Senators Hoar and Edmunds were Republicans. The trusts know no political parties; they covertly secure allies in all parties. It is needless to say that Mr. Payne served his employers in the Senate with a front of bronze. His voice and vote were theirs. During a debate on the trusts two years after he was returned to the Senate in the way alluded to, Senator Hoar, pointedly referring to the Oil Trust, said: "If there be such a trust, is it represented in the Cabinet at this moment? Is it represented in the Senate? I want to know the facts about these five or six great trusts, which are sufficient in their power to overthrow any government in Europe, if they existed in those nations that should set itself against them—the coal, the sugar, the whiskey, the cotton, the fruit, the railroad transportation of this country, controlled by these giant chieftains."

Senator Payne, in reply, said: "It seems that that company (the Standard Oil) is represented as being guilty of all sorts of unlawful and improper things. Such allegations, without proof to sustain them, I regard as unworthy of an honorable man or an honorable Senator. * * * The Standard Oil Company is a very remarkable and wonderful institution. It has accomplished within the last twenty years, as a commercial enterprise, what no other company or association of modern times has accomplished. The majority of the stockholders are very liberal in their philanthropic contributions to charity and benevolent works. * * * It contributed not one dollar nor one cent to my election to this body." And then Senator Hoar closed that memorable Senate debate of 1888 with the following caustic utterances: "A Senator who, when the Governor of his State, when both branches of the Legislature of his State, complained to us that a seat in the United States Senate had been bought; when the other Senator from the State (Mr. Sherman) rose and told us that that was the belief of a very large majority of the people of Ohio, without distinction of party, failed to rise in his place and ask for the investigation which would have put an end to those charges, if they had been unfounded, sheltering himself behind the technicalities which were found by some gentlemen on both sides of this chamber, that the investigation ought not to be made, but who could have had it by the slightest request on his part, and then remained dumb, I think, should forever hold his peace."

Many other instances of like mach-

inations and corruptions by these modern combinations affecting Congress, State Legislatures and even the departments of justice could be cited if space allowed. The reader who desires to get a plain, succinct narrative of a number of these instances, sufficient to arouse every honest fibre in his nature to indignant protest, can find it in the excellent book of Mr. Lloyd of Chicago, entitled "Wealth Against Commonwealth." This notable work, based on the investigations made by Legislatures and proceedings in court in which trusts were involved, was prepared by a master hand. It simply cites what has been publicly shown—matters of record—and thereby furnishes a story of perjury and crime and conspiracies against the public and private welfare which is without a parallel in the United States since the foundation of the government.

It is a matter of extreme difficulty to ascertain the course of action or the peculiar methods of these "combines." Their course and methods are apparently devised to deal with each emergency as it arises. The public and private victim is struck in the darkness as by a beast of prey; he writhes and struggles, but in vain; he must pay the tribute or the penalty decreed by the secret conclave. The trust means business—it is business at the end of the nineteenth century. Subpoena the members of any of these secret conclaves before a public investigating committee to get light from them as to their doings. They swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Now listen: No less a respectable gentleman than the president of the Oil Trust swore a few years ago that he was unable to tell when he formed his trust, with $70,000,000 of capital, and that he could not tell where its articles of agreement were, or who had control of it; and that he could not tell within $25,000,000 how much business they were doing a year.

The secretary of this trust was asked: "What is the proper name of the combination?"

"The Lord only knows! I don't," was his sworn reply.

A trustee was asked: "What is the capital stock?" Ans.—"I don't know."

"Where are the meetings of the Standard Oil Company held?" Ans.—"I don't know."

"How many directors are there?" Ans.—"I don't know."

"Do they own any pipe lines?" Ans.—"I don't know."

On being asked to produce the book showing the transactions or minutes of the trustees, the reply was: "There is no book." "It's a business of faith," one of the ruling four chiefs testified.—(Hepburn Committee Report, New York.)

Interrogated by a committee of Congress in 1888, the president of the trust was asked: "Does the trust keep books?" Ans.—"No; we have no system of bookkeeping." But he subsequently admitted that the treasurer possessed "a record to know what money comes in."

He was asked: "You have never seen these books?" Ans.—"I do not think I have ever seen those books."

"Has any member of the nine (trustees) ever seen those books?" Ans.—"I do not know that they have."

The average reader will very likely conclude that this is very unique testimony, to say the least; if given by an artisan or storekeeper regarding his business it would be regarded with grave suspicion, but emanating from the masters of many millions—hence men of eminent respectability—it may pass current as truthful. Before the Lexow Committee in February, Mr. Havemeyer, president of the Sugar Trust, was called. This trust, as testified to by its officers before an inves-

tigating committee of the United States Senate some years ago, has been in the habit of contributing $100,000 at least in national elections, divided between the Republican and Democratic parties, "to protect its interest," and Mr. Havemeyer justified this policy by asserting that all the other business "combines" in the country do likewise. When its officers were ordered by the United States Senate Committee to produce the deed of trust that bound the combination together, it was discovered that the very heart of the deed—that portion of it which showed the distribution of the preferred stock of the company—had been deliberately cut out, and the Senate Committee or any other authority since has been unable to procure it. Subsequently it was learned that it was cut out by Mr. Parsons, the leading lawyer of the Sugar Trust.

Senator Lexow asked Mr. Havemeyer the other day respecting it:

"How was it that you and your associates were so solicitous to conceal these papers?"

Ans.—"A hundred people agreed to have that done. I am not responsible. The deed should have been destroyed because, in my judgment, it was that deed that caused all the trouble and hostile legislation and this persecution."

Q.—"You mean prosecution, don't you?"

Ans.—"No; I say persecution. All the fuss has been made over the deed. If that deed had not been in evidence the legislators would have been fighting the air."

And that is the flippant, flouting manner of answering adopted by Mr. Havemeyer before a committee of the Legislature commissioned by the great State of New York to inquire into the doings of corporations established by legislative authority. Mr. Parsons, the attorney who cut out the substantial part of the deed of trust, was asked:

"What became of the portion of the deed that was extracted?"

Ans.—"I have no recollection of seeing it."

"Have you any knowledge of its existence, or where it can be found?"

Ans.—"No, sir; I have no knowledge of seeing it since 1888."

Mr. Searles, the treasurer of the Sugar Trust, for several days gave no attention to the subpoena of the Lexow Committee—until it suited his convenience—but meanwhile, according to the newspapers, he had a lengthy conference with President-elect McKinley in Canton, after which he appeared before the committee. He had been requested to bring the books of the company with him.

He was asked: "Have you given any consideration to the production of your books?"

"I have not," said the treasurer, with a bland smile.

"Are you prepared to produce the books now?"

Ans.—"I submitted your request to as many of the directors as I could reach, and was unable to get their permission to produce the minute book of the American Sugar Refining Company. As far as the minute book is concerned, we decline to produce it."

The American Sugar Refining Company is more powerful in the opinion of its chief officials than its creator—the State.

The vice president of the Rubber Trust took the stand. He was asked:

"You were subpoenaed to produce the schedules that contained the dates of the purchase of the various properties. Have you got those schedules?"

Ans.—"No, sir; I don't know where they are."

He said further that he never saw the schedules spoken of. The Meyer Rubber Company, of which he had formerly been treasurer, was capital-

ized at $200,000, and the stockholders of that company received $600 of United States Rubber stock (the trust) for every $100 of the Meyer stock. The Meyer stock had paid no dividend in 1890-'91 or '92 (the present trust was formed in 1893), but it had paid from 25 to 50 per cent. on its stock.

Mr. Flint, treasurer of the Rubber Trust, was asked: "Is it not a fact that the price of men's long rubber boots had increased since the formation of the trust or consolidation about 34 per cent., short rubber boots 34 per cent., pure gum rubbers 44 per cent., men's Arctics 20 per cent., men's Alaskas 23 per cent., imitation sandals 40 per cent., women's imitation sandals 30 per cent., and women's footholders 28 per cent.?"

The treasurer answered: "The price-list is lower now than ever before."

Q.—"How can the prices be lower when the prices you give us are higher?"

Ans.—"Because the discount to jobbers was higher before the organization of the company" (trust). An answer which, we are told, caused every listener to laugh uproariously.

The heavy men of the Coal Trust—the coal barons, as they are termed—were called to the witness stand. These gentlemen own all the railroads, about ten in number, between the coal fields of Pennsylvania and tide water. They regulate the output of coal and the price at which it is sold. Mr. Thomas, president of the Erie Railroad, submitted the following as the output for the past six years:

1891.....	40,000,000 tons
1892.....	42,000,000 tons
1893.....	43,000,000 tons
1894.....	41,000,000 tons
1895.....	46,000,000 tons
1896.....	43,000,000 tons

From this it will be seen that, while the population has increased at a great rate, especially along the Atlantic seaboard, the output has been practically curtailed, save in 1895. The sales agents of these railroads meet in New York city and determine just how much coal shall be mined and what price the public shall be compelled to pay. There is no escape from the decision. Coal must be had, at least for heating purposes, to keep people from freezing to death in winter, whatever the price fixed. The price was advanced 25 cents a ton on four different occasions last year, making a total advance of one dollar a ton. The wages of miners or railroad employes were not advanced. The president of the Erie road was asked: "Who fixes the price of coal for your company?" He naively replied: "No one individual. The price is fixed by the law of supply and demand. Our sales agents consult occasionally as to the price they will charge!" "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," and great is the law of supply and demand in the mouth of a coal baron.

Mr. Edwin R. Holden, the vice president of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western road, did not think he should be questioned as to how much his road received from the coal business. "With all due respect to this committee," said Mr. Holden, "I should suggest that this is a question you should not put. I do not deem it pertinent to this inquiry."

He was asked: "But the fact remains that your company advanced, or attempted to advance, the price of coal one dollar a ton in one year?"

Ans.—"I can't say as to that exactly. Whenever it seems to me that we can safely advance the price of coal, we do it."

Each one of these roads of the trust receives $1.55 a ton for carrying and distributing the coal. The vice president of the United States, Garret A. Hobart, has recently been translated from the attorneyship of the aforementioned Delaware, Lackawanna and

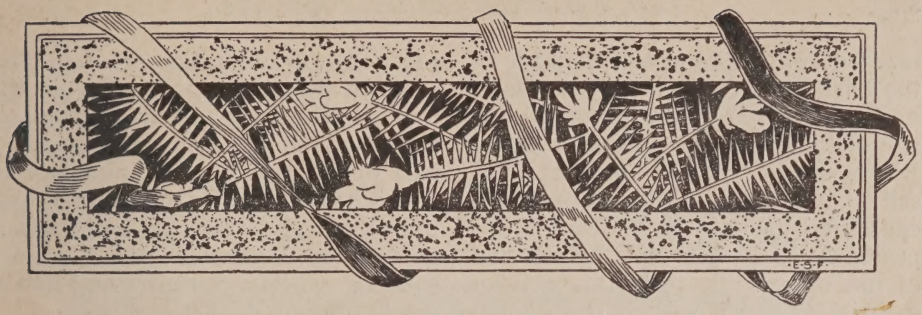
Western Railroad to the second highest office in the gift of the American people, which may be a matter of some significance to the trusts and the public. One thing is certain—and the testimony dragged out of the unwilling witnesses proves it conclusively—the Coal Trust has been plundering the public with a dare-devil audacity unparalleled.

The Lexow investigation will do good. It has brought out certain facts, not the least important of which is the arrogant language which the modern Captains of Industry dare to use to a legislative committee serving the public interest. The testimony will serve to educate the public to some of the trust methods. When the public know the facts—and they are beginning to learn them bit by bit through many channels—they will care for a remedy, and find it. We are beginning to get a glimpse of the sombre and sinister wisdom of the modern commercial combine, of its policy of refined strategem, of complicated intrigue, of systematic falsehood, and of its ruthless but secret violence. We are beginning to realize that the corporate creatures we have called into existence, like the devil called up by Dr. Faustus, propose to assume absolute dominion over us. What shall the remedy be? or, at least, along what lines shall it be likely to come?

Nationally, enforce rigidly the Sherman anti-trust law and the interstate commerce act. These laws have never been rigorously enforced. It was hardly to be expected that Hon. Richard Olney, President Cleveland's Attorney General during the beginning of his late term of office, would enforce the anti-trust law, a measure which he, as a Massachusetts railroad attorney before his appointment as public prosecutor, declared, in his opinion to be unconstitutional. Although this opinion publicly expressed was pretty generally known, Mr. Olney was Mr. Cleveland's selection to prosecute offenders against every law. The trusts were quite safe under Mr. Olney. Whether they will fare likewise under President McKinley's appointee, Mr. McKenna, remains to be seen. Our present President has shown that he has some iron in his blood by refusing to appoint to that office the special selection of the trusts, Colonel J. J. McCook, at present the attorney of the Pullman Palace Car Company.

A hearty, vigorous enforcement of these two laws by the national authority against the combines, supplemented by State action, will go far to show whether or not it is possible to devise any laws under our Federal and State forms of government sufficiently far-reaching to deal with them. One thing may be set down as absolutely certain, these monopolies, with their nefarious schemes of public plunder, and with the demoralization of which they are the fruitful source, cannot co-exist a very great length of time with a democrarcy. Democracy or the trusts must be supreme. The great struggle has just begun. In the last national election, for the first time in this country, the alignment was made, not very definitely, between the trusts and their allies and the democracy of the United States. The trusts were all on one side. Mr. Havemeyer's duplex political contribution of $100,000 was certainly not divided last year.

The resources of civilization have many weapons in store competent to deal with these new forces which have appeared to vex and perplex the progress of the nation. The government ownership of railroads would go a long way towards furnishing a remedy. It would strike the Coal Trust a mortal blow, and cripple, in a great measure, the power for evil exerted by every trust depending largely on the railroads.



AN EMINENT IRISH PRELATE.

RIGHT REV. PATRICK O'DONNELL, D. D.

Diocese of Raphoe.

WILLIAM ELLISON.

Perhaps among all the Catholic countries in the world Ireland has been one of the most fortunate in her episcopate. If we project our mental vision backward to the early ages of the Church planted by St. Patrick, or to any later period, we find holy Irish Bishops working with apostolic zeal to spread, guard and perpetuate the faith of the great national Apostle. On coming downward to the unhappy times of the so-called Reformation of Luther, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, we behold the faithful Irish Bishops standing steadfast in the face of raging persecution, slaughter and death, willingly giving up their sacred lives in defence of the faith. In all the succeeding generations we see evidence of the same spirit of episcopal fidelity confronting England's inhuman laws and persecutions of Ireland's Catholic people. In a period not long passed we beheld such illustrious champions as the late Dr. Doyle and Archbishop McHale battling in the sacred interests of faith and fatherland against the nefarious powers of English oppression and misrule.

In our own day we see the united Irish hierarchy energetically working in the same holy cause. But we notice that the fire of patriotism burns with brighter glow in some episcopal hearts, and that they are more outspoken in their vindication of the rights of their race and creed. In this sense, perchance, we may rightly mention the name of his Eminence, Cardinal Logue, together with those of their graces Archbishops Croke and Walsh and Dr. O'Donnell, the patriotic and scholarly young prelate of whom we propose to speak in this sketch.

For the past five years or more Mgr. O'Donnell has taken a very active, but in some sense unseen, part in Home Rule politics, and those who are familiar with the policy and practical workings of the great Nationalist movement know very well that the clear-headed young Bishop's reasonings and opinions have had much weight in the councils of the Irish Nationalist leaders. His keen intellect and safe judgment can penetrate the future with an accuracy that even trained statesmen might strive after in vain, so that his well-defined opinions and words carry a weight peculiar to themselves.

Many circumstances contributed to make the young prelate of Raphoe a

marked and distinguished member of the Irish hierarchy. In the first place, he was elevated to the purple at the age of thirty-one, being the youngest Bishop in the world. This fact of itself drew upon him a distinction which caused his name to be known and repeated far and wide. His assumption of the mitre and crozier at such an early age carried with it the knowledge that the Pope decided to give the ancient See a ruler of the rarest gifts and qualities; and it was eminently fitting that it should be so, because he came directly to the episcopal chair vacated by Dr. Logue, who was then transferred to the Primatial See of Armagh, left vacant by the lamented death of the beloved and venerated Archbishop McGettigan, a former Bishop of Raphoe; nor did the newly installed "Boy Bishop" grasp the crozier with timid or feeble hands, but, on the contrary, with the confidence, firmness and wisdom of a veteran ecclesiastical leader, not only taking up the work left unfinished by his predecessors, but inaugurating new enterprises for the good of his diocese. The erection of a Cathedral that will be a credit to status and traditions of the venerable See is one of his labors of love.

Nor has Mgr. O'Donnell been always left to pursue his labors in the bosom of his own devoted priests and people, for he has been frequently called away to address multitudes of Irishmen outside his own jurisdiction. Celts in Scotland, when they gather in Glasgow on St. Patrick's Day, love to be addressed by the gifted prelate of their faith and race. Then, when it was sought to select a man of eminent scholarship, eloquence and repute to take the chair at the now historic Irish Race Convention, in Dublin, all eyes turned towards the patriotic Bishop of Raphoe, and the result amply proved the wisdom of the choice, for his masterly opening address drew forth expressions of admiration from the assembled delegates gathered from the four shores of Ireland, from England and Scotland and from almost every part of the globe. The audience to which he spoke comprised representative men of statecraft, law and politics, as well as renowned pulpit orators from the various countries and localities interested.

The Right Rev. Chairman's whole management of the great assemblage in all its sittings was firm, wise and enlightened, and imparted additional weight to an event famous and far-reaching in its after effects. High as the prelate stood before in the esteem of the people it is safe to say that he returned from the Convention stronger, more honored and more beloved.

Rt. Rev. Patrick O'Donnell, D. D., was born in the year 1856, in the parish of Glenties, County Donegal. He comes by lineal descent from the noble house of Tyrconnell, the same that had as one of its members the famous "Red Hugh," "Baldearg" and a long line of Christian patriots who spared neither blood nor treasure in their heroic defence of faith and fatherland. Master O'Donnell got his early instruction in the schools of his native district, and having acquired as much as they could impart, he pursued his course in the Diocesan Seminary in Letterkenny, where he made a study of classics. It had then become known that the zealous student possessed mental abilities of a very high order, and his rapidly developing faculties demanded wider scope for their fruition; he therefore sought a higher educational sphere, and having entered the Catholic University of Dublin, his ripening ability asserted itself day by day, and he soon attracted the attention of his professors and class-mates, one of whom was Mr. John Dillon, now the noted member of Parliament and Irish leader, by the vigor and rapidity with which he mas-

tered the different branches he was studying, and so marked was his advance that his intellectual achievements ran far ahead of his years. Being too young for ordination, he took out his degrees before he entered Maynooth College, and once installed there was quickly appointed to the chair of Moral Theology, made vacant by Dr. Logue's promotion to the Bishopric of Raphoe. I think it was in 1874 the future Bishop entered Maynooth, and from that date until '79, the year of his ordination, and onward to '87, at which time he was consecrated Bishop of the ancient diocese over which he now so worthily rules. As already stated, he now sits on the episcopal throne which Mgr. Logue—now Cardinal—vacated on his promotion to the Primacy and Archbishopric of Armagh.

RT. REV. PATRICK O'DONNELL, D. D.

In reviewing the ecclesiastical history of the Catholic Church in ancient or modern times, it would be difficult to find an instance of so young a man

being appointed Bishop over a venerable and important See blessed by the rule of a long line of saintly and able prelates. Nor is there on record a case in which youthful episcopal wisdom, foresight and firmness of purpose exerted themselves to better advantage for the temporal and eternal welfare of the priests and people of the episcopal jurisdiction.

In Dr. O'Donnell's situation there are some special ideals and incentives that conduce to nobility of conduct. Within himself he has the inherent consciousness that he springs from an illustrious race, and that he, as its living representative, must maintain and perpetuate its good name and ancient glories. Again, as he gazes back to the distant past and thinks of the mitre worn by Saint Adamnan and of the venerable heads since covered by that sacred emblem, it is not wonderful that the present incumbent of the old See should set high standards before him.

Moreover, looking into his own strong personality, he must feel that the beneficent Creator has endowed him with gifts of body and mind above the common; and being cognizant of the Gospel warning and condemnation that fell upon the slothful servant who hid his lord's money, as well as of the reward of him who traded and made five other talents, he realizes the bounden duty laid upon him to make good and fruitful use of the powers he has received. Then, under another aspect of his possibilities and devotion to his country, for whose rescue and liberty his forefathers spilled their blood, he considers its past history and its present condition, and he sees it woefully laboring under the cruel and unjust domination of an alien government, that heedlessly overtaxes and crushes an impoverished people, wounding and outraging their sense of justice. He further sees that even in this enlightened age the oppressing nation is well nigh deaf and indifferent to the sufferers' appeal for redress, and with the noble blood of Tyrconnell coursing through his veins he is keenly alive to all the gross injustice and wrong. It is for this reason he patriotically strives to foster a spirit of harmony among the Irish people, so that in united strength they may be enabled to carry to the door of the British Parliament stronger demands for redress of their grievances.

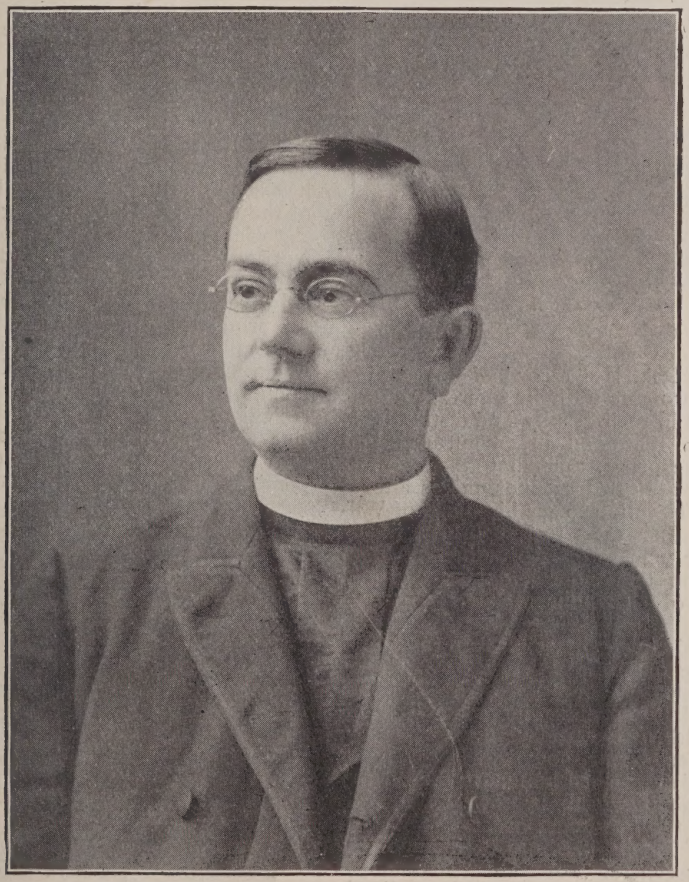
PEOPLE IN PRINT.

WILLIAM HOPKINS.

To deserve well of one's friends is a high tribute to personal worth. Writing of Bishop-elect John J. Monaghan, an admiring friend has this to say: "I will send you a sketch of his life. It would give me great pleasure to say all the good things about him that can be said in justice. I am so pleased that he is promoted, and beg God to bless him." A wish that finds response in every Catholic heart.

Unhappily for our readers, this personal sketch has failed to reach us, and we are obliged to content ourselves with the general details known to the Catholic press.

Father Monaghan was born at Sumter, S. C., May 23, 1856. He studied for the priesthood under the Rev. A. J. McNeal, and at the age of sixteen entered St. Charles College, where he studied for four years and then took the theological course at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.



BISHOP-ELECT JOHN J. MONAGHAN.
Wilmington, Del.

From the time of his ordination, Dec. 19, 1880, to his appointment to the see of Wil-

FATHER FIDELIS, C. P.
(Rev. James Kent Stone.)

mington, Del., is a record of unwearying effort to promote Catholic interests, efforts so fruitful in their results, and testifying so clearly to the good judgment, tact and zeal of the priest, that all Catholics must rejoice at the greater opportunities afforded by his elevation to the bishopric of Wilmington. It is meet that such high honor should be paid to one so eminently fitted to perform the duties and bear worthily the state of a Catholic prelate.

Harvard University rejoices in the honor of having entertained Very Rev. Father Fidelis upon the occasion of his last formally public discourse for some time, at least, in his native land. He who was Dr. James Kent Stone, and who has won for himself distinguished honors in the literary and religious world, is now an humble monk of the Passionist order.

Father Fidelis has just been appointed consultar-general of the Passionists throughout the world, and will immediately take up his residence in Rome.

Walter Lecky is a New England boy who has gone out into the wide world and won the laurel crown of literary fame. Born in Lawrence, thirty-three years ago, where he first attended school, those home lights of his which make early impression were of New England. Later a college course was followed by journalistic experience in Chicago and other cities. A legacy falling to him at this time allowed him to visit Europe, where, like Goldsmith in his "Traveler," from the heights of Vagabondia he no doubt looked down into the cities of the Old World.

Now he comes before the American public, its Catholic reading public in particular, in his story, "Billy Buttons." He has published two books before, but they did not receive the attention of this later work. The tale, or perhaps tales, through which runs the thread to interest and connect, is set in the heart of the picturesque Adirondacks. It is a masterpiece of character writing.

The succession to the presidency is now through the members of the cabinet. This makes Judge McKenna eligible to the chief office of the land. A Catholic in the cabinet is an unusual occurrence in the history of the country. It is pleasing to note that President McKinley has selected a very worthy one for the important office of attorney general of the United States.

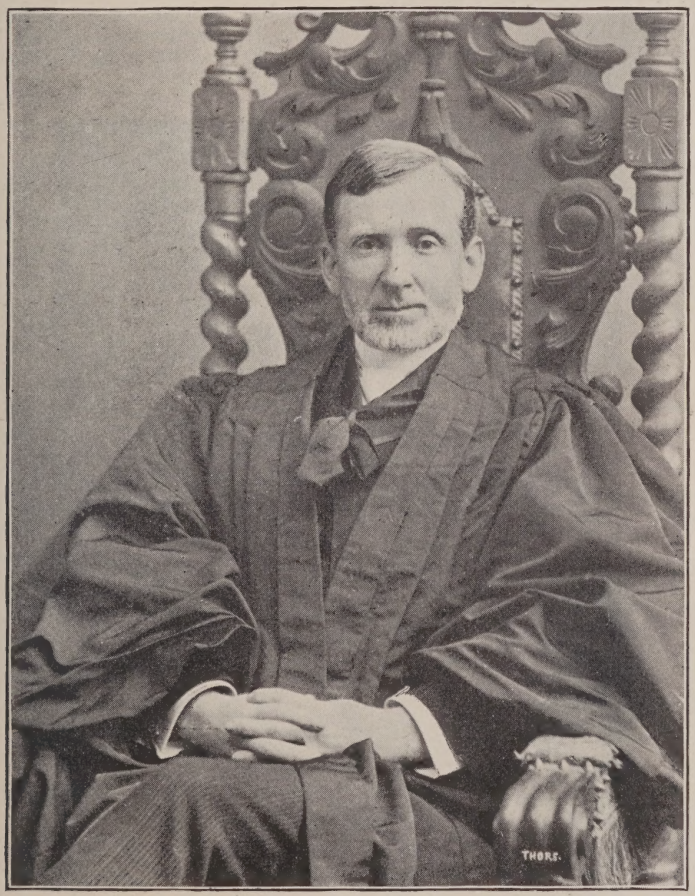
Judge Joseph McKenna is not a California product, but migrated thither from his native place, Philadelphia, in 1855, when he was a mere child. He was educated in the common schools of San Francisco. His collegiate course was taken in St. Augustine College, Benicia, Cal., and only one year after reaching his majority he was admitted to the bar of the state. In that

WALTER LECKY.

From "Round Table of American Catholic Novelists."—Benziger Bros.

year he was elected district attorney. At the end of his four years' term he was sent to the Legislature. That was in 1875, and the young lawyer made a name for himself as an orator by delivering a powerful speech on the bill creating the Board of Railroad Commissioners. In 1876 Mr. McKenna entered the wider field of national politics, and was a candidate for Congress, but was defeated. After a second candidacy he was elected to Congress by a handsome vote, and was three times re-elected.

The judge is a statesman of excellent ability, a keen lawyer and a profound jurist.



JUDGE JOSEPH McKENNA.

The insurance world of New York is proud of John A. McCall. He is also an active spirit in that very clever contingent which goes to make up Catholic New York.

Mr. McCall was born in Albany, March 2, 1849. He was educated in the public schools of Albany and afterwards at the Christian Brothers' School. He began business in a commercial house, and at 21 years of age entered the insurance department of the state of New York as a clerk. He rose step by step in the department, until he became superintendent, appointed by Mr. Cleveland when Governor. He declined reappointment and entered an office in the Equitable Life Insurance Company that was created for him —that of comptroller. He was tendered and accepted the position of president of the New York Life Insurance Company

in 1892, his present office. Business men consider him one of the ablest of financiers.

James Riley is in a certain sense the poet laureate of Boston.

The story of Riley's youth is the story of an indomitable heart battling with adversity. To the young exile, fresh from the green fields of Erin, New England was by no means the hospitable land that later welcomed Boyle O'Reilly.

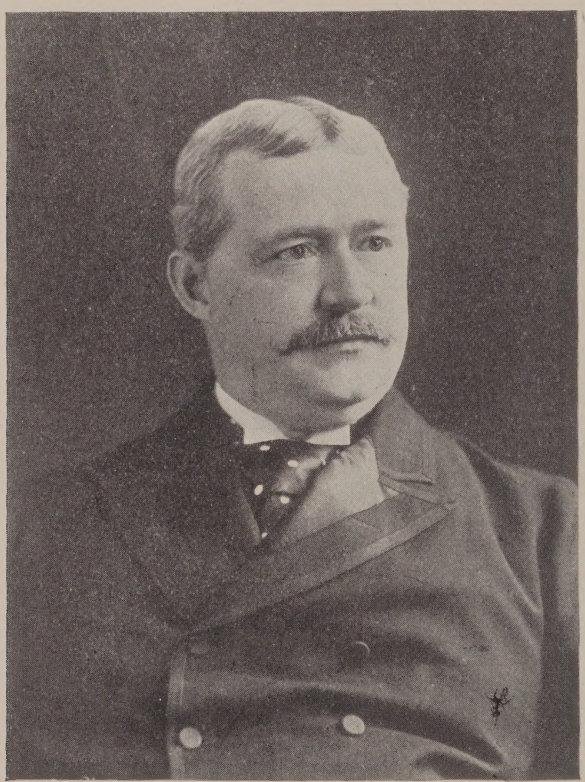
If popularity be a criterion of success, Riley's success has been phenomenal. His graceful verses and idylls of New England life and landscape are copied far and wide.

And his poems of deeper power and meaning have attracted the plaudits of the literary world.

Mr. Riley is also a journalist of acknowledged success, being editor-in-chief of that very clever Boston publication, The Weekly Bouquet.

This year the Boston Press Club selected Mr. Riley for poet at its annual reunion, and he acquitted himself in a very scholarly manner.

Daniel J. Donahoe is not only a poet of rare melody, but he is also a jurist of deserved distinction. Judge Donahoe began writing at a very early age. In 1888 he published his book, "Idyls of Israel," which was well received; this was followed a year later by "A Tent by the Lake." His last book, "In Sheltered Ways," contains some of his best work, and was published about a year ago.



JOHN A. McCALL.

President New York Life Ins. Co.

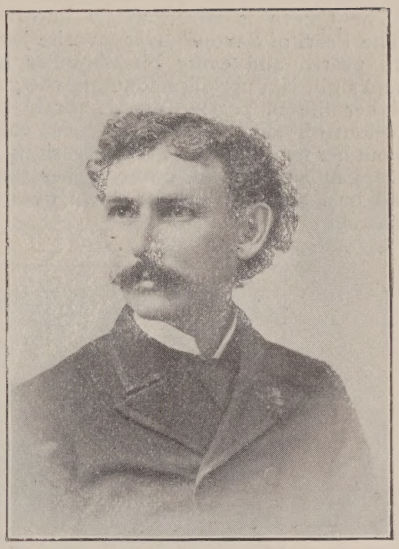
Judge Donahoe ranks high as a member of the Connecticut bar, and is very popular. He is the soul of courtesy, and possesses magnetic manners. He was married in 1891 to Miss Sarah A. D'Arsey, an accomplished lady, who was for several years a teacher in the Middletown public schools. Two of their little daughters already show promise of much literary ability.

Mr. John J. McNally, the dramatic critic

of the Boston Herald, has developed into one of the most successful playwrights of the day. His latest production has been received with the most remarkable public demonstrations, no less than 11 curtain calls marking each performance.

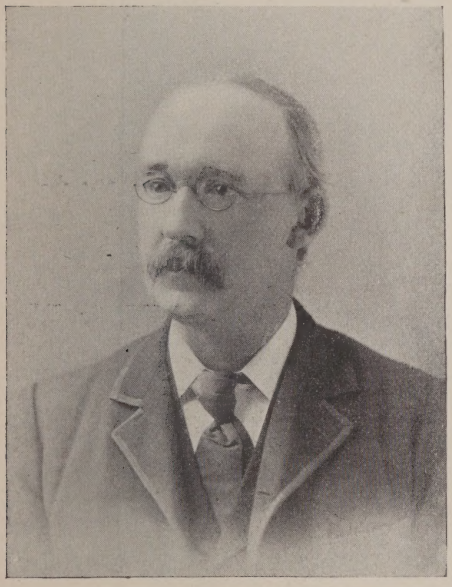
There is a strong effort being made in New York to have Mr. McNally take up his residence at the metropolis, but his heart remains true to Boston.

Mr. McNally is a member of the Catholic Union, and is also a zealous worker for the Working Boys' Home.



JUDGE D. J. DONAHOE.

Eastertide brings to the Italian people many pleasant memories and renewed ex-

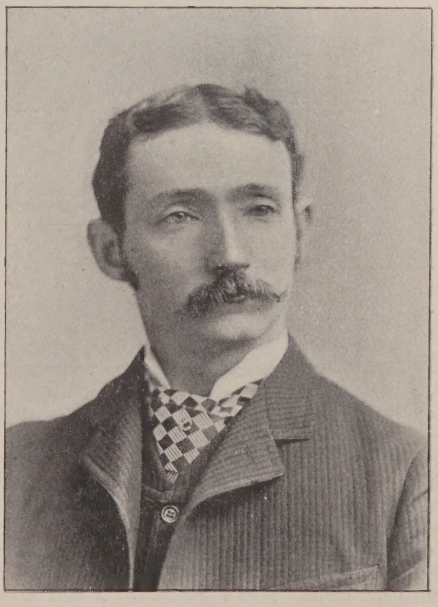


JAMES RILEY.

Editor Weekly Bouquet.

periences with their beloved Queen Margherita. She is indeed a royal Sister of Mercy to her subjects, showing them the standard of Christian kindliness and piety. Her devotion to her church was demonstrated daily during the past few weeks by her public observance of the Lenten regulations, and though her husband, King Humbert, does not enjoy the light of her own faith, she has been careful to rear their only son, the Prince of Naples, according to the teachings of the Catholic church.

At Easter the Queen seeks to make the season one of special joy to the poor of Rome. Great wagons loaded with fruits and wines and daintily cooked fowl and joints—all prepared in the palace kitchens—travel through the streets to the humblest homes. There, amid great rejoicing, these grateful subjects feast, and sing the praises of beautiful Queen Margherita.



MR. JOHN J. McNALLY.

The Queen is affectionately known as "The Pearl of Savoy." Her favorite jewels are pearls, and every birthday her husband's gift is a necklace counting the years of her life in pearls. She is rarely seen without one or more of these pearl chains about her neck, and on great occasions she wears many of them, covering her throat and bust and hanging far down over her waist.

QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY.

White, too, is the Italian Queen's favorite color in dress, and a pretty story is told of how she went to the King not long ago and questioned him as to whether she was too old to wear her white gowns any longer. "Ah! that is a matter requiring grave consideration," said the King. "I will give you my answer after I have thought the matter over." Some days later a box arrived from Paris and was sent up to the Queen, with the message, "This is my answer." Inside were snowy gowns more delicate and beautiful than any the Queen had ever seen before.

Mrs. Leonora M. Lake is widely known for her enthusiastic work in the interests of temperance. Mrs. Lake was born in the parish of Kilmichael, and in 1852 came with her mother to the home in the New World which the father had toiled to prepare for them. This home was a one-story log cabin in the midst of woodland, and there the child grew to maidenhood, acquiring, despite untoward difficulties, the education that fitted her for the post of "school-ma'am" in the district school. During these years of progress the log cabin was replaced by a frame dwelling, and in 1871 the daughter who had done so much to

advance the family fortunes left the home hearth to enter on a married life that for nine years flowed on in happy content. Then came trial and sorrow, loss of husband and child, a time of suffering that is best told of by the bereaved wife and mother.

"Oh, the agony of those dark days, when the light heart and merry disposition of girlhood was crushed, never to regain its former elasticity; days which proved the crucible of life, in which a character was tried as by fire, in which youth was buried, and out of its ashes arose a woman, serious, thoughtful, observant, with consideration for others and a capacity to sympathize, because she herself had suffered."

This capacity for sympathy led her to study the evils menacing the happiness and material prosperity of many with whom she came in contact, and from this study came her conviction that intemperance must be combatted with the weapons, "prayer, example and advice." In the pursuit of temperance work this woman advocate receives much active support in the sympathetic aid of Mr. O. R. Lake, whom she married in 1890 in St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Lake is the third vice-president of the C. T. A. Union of America, an office to which she is unanimously elected each year.

"If I had 100 boys, I would make every one of them a lawyer, and if I had 100 girls I would have every one of them a school teacher." This was the remark of Miss Mary E. Corbett, one of the young women who has just received a notice that she has successfully passed the Boston bar examination. Of the eighty candidates for admission to the Suffolk bar who took the examination early in January, two were women, and of the forty-three who passed both of the women were among the number. The examination was one of the hardest that was ever known at the Suffolk bar, and the fact that the two women were successful speaks volumes for the intelligence and perseverance of those of the fair sex who have an ambition to excel.

It was Miss Corbett's first and only examination for admission to the bar, and she is justly proud of her success, particularly as so many of the male applicants failed in the examination. Miss Corbett is a Charlestown girl, a sister of ex-Senator Corbett,

MRS. LEONORA M. LAKE.

MARY E. CORBETT.

the president of the Democratic city committee, and she probably got her inspiration for the study of law from her brother, who is as successful in his profession as he is in politics.

Miss Corbett, a woman of progressive and advanced ideas, lives with her mother at 14 Monument square, Charlestown, and is devoted to her home.

MARY E. ROURKE.

Boston workwomen deserve much credit for their intellectuality and progressiveness. They have organized a benefit association which promises to accomplish much good. Miss M. E. Rourke is the animating spirit of the movement, and she has been made its first president.

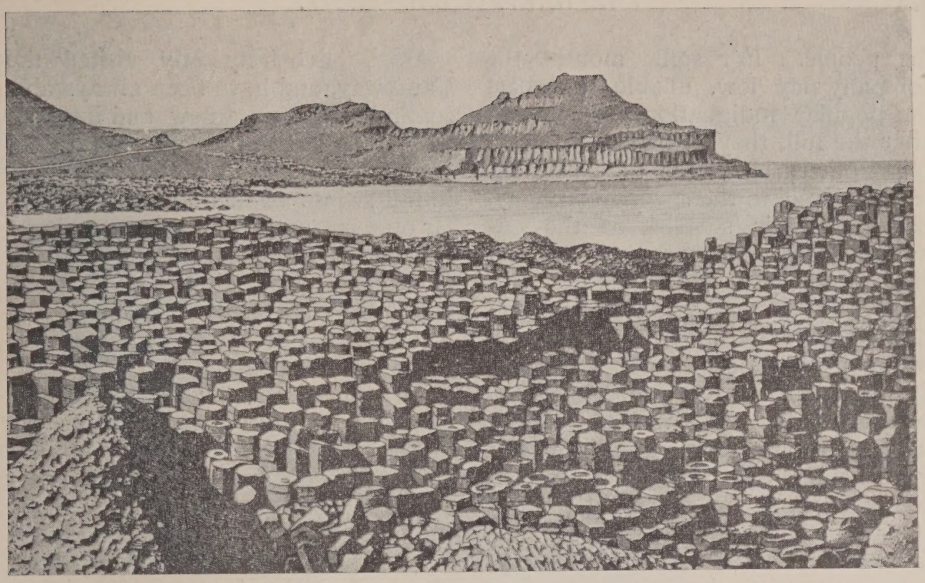
The men clerks of Boston had been organized about ten years, and had reached such a degree of prosperity that when the women clerks came together to form a similar benefit association they voted to give them $250 as a commencement fund. Besides the many social and fraternal advantages which it offers, the women clerks' association will pay $5 a week sick benefit and $50 death benefit. This costs the members only $4 a year.

KATHLEEN KAVANAGH.

Kathleen Kavanagh is the sweet singer of New Orleans.

Those who read Miss Kavanagh's poetry feel that it has a mission of comfort, of heart solace, of hope, of human sympathy, impregnated in its sentiments, and musical melody of words well blended. It is like a lyre attuned to the human heart; the music is always in unison with the pain, the sadness, the joy, the sorrow within.

Miss Kavanagh's poetry has been for some years noted in the journals of Louisiana, and it has been copied extensively elsewhere. She is a charming personality and is a typical sweet and modest Southern girl.



THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY: AN IRISH SPOT OF BEAUTY.

REV. D. F. McCREA, M. R. I. A.

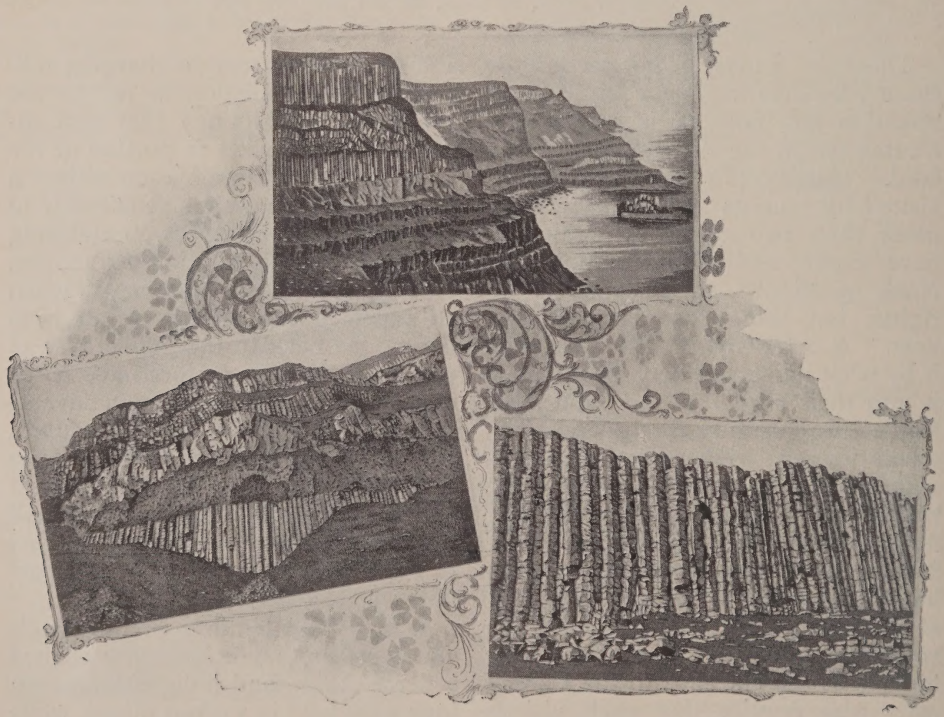
There is, perhaps, no section of these isles creating so much general attention just now, as is the Giant's Causeway, on the Antrim Coast, Ireland. This world's wonder has been visited by tourists and sightseers for more than two centuries. People have come and gone unmolested. None questioned their character or rights; but things are far different now. A company, or syndicate, call it by what name you may, have taken it into their head that the public, for whole two centuries, and possibly much longer, while enjoying, have neglected, their own property, and, therefore, on the plea that some folk must be saved not only from their friends, but even from themselves, have determined to protect them, but at their own cost. To this end, the company in question have placed custodians at the entrance to the Causeway, who require that each visitor shall give name and address. This is a course preparatory to charging toll. It is in contemplation to rail in the entrances and grounds, that have always been regarded as portion of the Causeway, and charge each visitor a toll. The money thus acquired is to be devoted to expenses, beautifying the grounds, and creating attractions. It is not mentioned, however, if, when all expenses are paid, the whole is to be handed back to the public, free of cost. These benefactors have taken care to point out the many advantages arising from having the grounds, the exits, and entrances attended to as they should be. But there are a great many more people who consider half the beauty of the Causeway consists in its present free and easy and partially neglected state.

When the intentions of the syndicate were first made known, it elicited a fierce storm, and indignation meetings were held in various places, while the press took sides determinedly with

the people. For some months the company lay low, unable to breast the popular indignation. Suddenly, after the lull, they again took to carrying out their former beneficent intentions, and, to the surprise of many, stationed their sentries at the entrances, and endeavored to stop all visitors who had not complied with their code. Several visitors have been singled for experiment, and the case is now in the High Courts. Some of the newspapers have been warned to be more careful of their unguarded sayings, so as not to prejudice a fair trial; a fund has been established to defray expenses on behalf of the defendants, and the public are watching the result with interest.

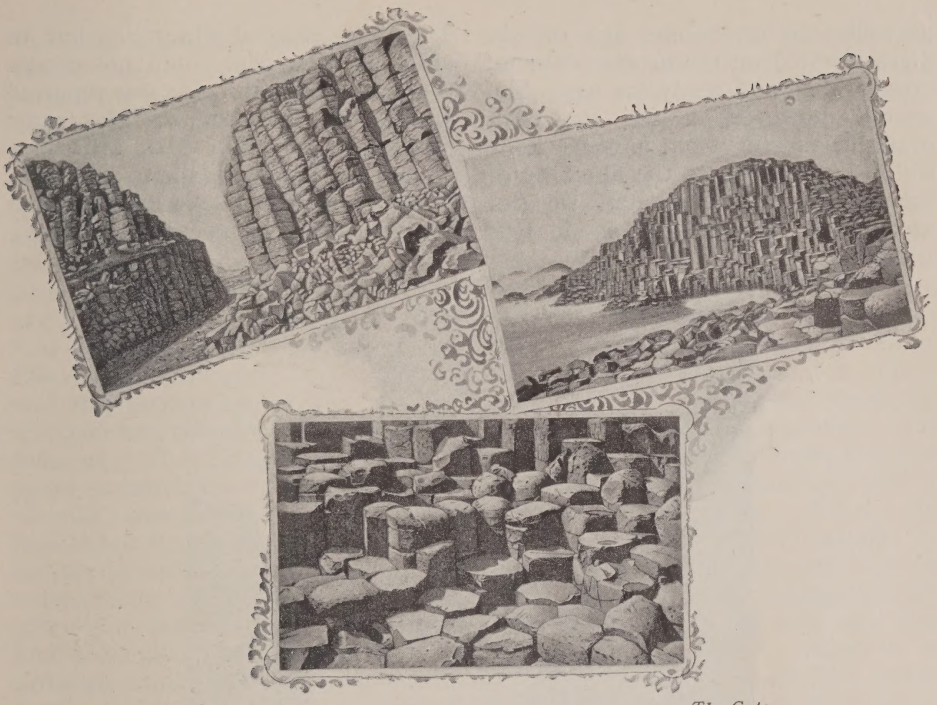
Every tourist who comes to Ireland must regard his tour incomplete without a visit to the wondrous Giant's Causeway. Living, as I was, in the immediate vicinity for some years, I have frequently visited the Causeway, and have been always able to find something new and interesting. The last of my many yearly pilgrimages I made when the season was in full swing. I mention this particular one, inasmuch as I was escorting a number of friends from the Western Continent. I am always much interested in what people have to say when, for the first time, they see these wondrous formations.

The electric cars whisk along at a goodly pace from Portrush, some ten miles, and deliver the holiday folk within easy distance of the Causeway. Many of our fellow-pilgrims were in the quaintest of attire, and had some very quaint remarks to make in anticipation of the forthcoming sights. One never knows who may be his fellow-passenger on that road. Most parts of the known world are represented at some time of the year.



Pleaskin Head.

The Organ. *The Loom.*



The Honeycomb. *The Wishing Chair.* *The Gate.*

The sights are all the more enjoyable after the luncheon that may be had at either of the two hotels in the vicinity. At all times the Causeway is a marvel, a phenomenon of nature. Before entering on a description of the Causeway proper, let us imagine ourselves wending our way by the side of one of the three great amphitheatres that rise high into the air, and form a background to these strange formations. The road about half divides the steep hillside. O'erhead are hanging rocks, and heath, and wild flowers. Beneath, we view the sea, which almost strikes the very base of the precipitous mount, yet is from us so distant. There, too, are the landslides which can no farther go, and the rocks crumbled in descent, and fallen in time, leaving the pass secure. Our path is rudely fashsioned and fenceless, apparently more ordered by the continuous traffic of vistiors than by other human care. With so little protection, one shudders to gaze into the depths below.

Thus, the first amphitheatre is passed, and presently we enter on the next. This we may regard as almost perfectly semi-circular, with the sea as base, or, better, say diameter, enclosing nearly all the wonders of the famed Causeway. A rugged, stony path must be traversed for quite a distance before we reach the object of our ambition. Notwithstanding the ruggedness, we made our journey in safety, and opened the ricketty gate, which required considerable effort, but closed on its own account. Somewhere here is the margin dividing the properties of the two landlords, Sir F. McNaughton and Mr. H. Lecky. The first human being to greet us was the aged Mrs. McKinley, possibly a distant relative of people now in high places. Her business in life was the sale of water from a well, which looked as clear and clean

as wells can be. Some five or six glasses rested on the nearest column, always filled and ready for use. She exacts, however, a fee for each draught, varying from a penny to a shilling, according to the liberality of the customer. The water, we can vouch, was as excellent as it was clear. In this connection, the story goes that her predecessor, who is also stated to have been her relative, drove a roaring and lucrative trade in the same department. Gossips have it that he took care to exact a pretty severe toll for the water, but, at the same time, recompensed the purchaser by bestowing a corresponding quantity of real, genuine Coleraine whiskey. The thing worked admirably, but an affair so successful could not escape the eye of jealousy. He was reported and fined, and the business came abruptly to an end. Mrs. McKinley abides by the law of the land. This, however, does not save her from being the victim of eviction. Among the many evils of the new syndicate, I learn that this aged matron, who has been more than thirty years in connection with the Causeway, and earning her bread by this means, is under notice to quit her cottage, to make room for one of the about-to-be custodians.

The Bridge.

Now we are come to the Giant's Causeway, about which my friends

had been hearing so much, and upon which their conversation so often turned for the days previous. Well, here is the wonder, and who can sufficiently explain it. There are three moles of columns, which are respectively called the Middle, the Little, and the Grand Causeway. In all, there are said to be 40,000 perpendicular columns, mostly having six or seven sides each, and so symmetrical that one is puzzled how they could have been so exactly proportioned, and the proportion carried for any distance into the earth apart from human art. The Giant's Causeway appears so much the work of man that 'tis not strange that various legends have been told and circulated to associate it with a giant, as being his masterpiece, hence the name. The story goes that a Scotch giant, who had accomplished wonderful feats of prowess, and whose championship none dared gainsay, boasted that 'twould afford him much pleasure to come to Ireland but for the wetting he would get in the transit, and give the Irish giant, Fin McCoul, a thorough beating, reducing him to the ranks of the vanquished. That he might have no excuse, Fin, who felt this insolent boasting acutely, applied to the King for permission to build a causeway across to Scotland, on which the Caledonian might cross for the encounter. The result may easily be guessed. Fin gave the Scotchman a thorough drubbing, and sent him to his friends more than sorry that he had put him to all this trouble. The battle over, Fin sank the causeway, leaving an important portion on this side, and a less important, but corresponding portion on the Scotch side, at Staffa. Thus, we have, as a result of that altercation, the world-famed Giant's Causeway. Less imaginative, but more scientific, people, say that the Causeway was the result of the upheaval of liquid matter from the earth's interior, which, by the action of the water and effects of the surrounding atmosphere, became gradually settled into these symmetrical basaltic columns, that have excited so much wonder.

Explain it as you may, the Causeway is certainly a marvel; and I don't think that any explanation yet offered is capable of accounting for its existence. Why there are so many pillars of six and seven sides, so few of four and eight sides, and but one of three sides throughout the whole extent of the three Causeways, I'm greatly afraid is a stubborn fact that legend or science has not been able to satisfactorily explain. Then, the columns are disjointed at regular intervals of about a foot, the curved part of one section fitting into the concave portion of the next, and thus uniformity is strictly adhered to throughout the entire column, as far, at least, as can be judged from others which have been, for some reason or another, exposed to our view, in many cases ten and fifteen feet. In the same way, the uniformity of the highest section, as to its respective sides, is preserved throughout in each column. How far the columns go into the earth, as also how far they extend seaward, and landward, are yet, and, I greatly fear, must always remain, mysteries. 'Tis equally a mystery why the columns fit so closely together that in cases 'twould be impossible to thrust even a sheet of paper between them. 'Twill be easily imagined that they have not a uniformity of surface; that some columns are higher, some lower; that some are to be found landwards as far as the base of the precipitous and semi-circular hillsides, and others are lost to view in the adjacent sea. The whole is a fair case of mystery, and I do not wonder that imaginative people, and others, it may be, who had not time for reflection, attributed the work to

the giant, and thus got freed of so many difficulties.

Let us, too, attribute the work to the great Fin McCoul, and save ourselves so much trouble. Everybody knows that a giant requires water to drink, and hence we have already apportioned him a well. Then, he must needs sit and rest at times. To this end, he required a chair, which has since been designated the "Wishing Chair." This is nothing else than one column, enclosed by other higher columns, reminding you, imperfectly, indeed, of a chair. Legend has it that the sitter may have his or her best wishes accomplished, provided the wish is here thrice expressed sincerely. In our party was a medical man, who had frequently expressed his want of appreciation of Irish superstition and fairy tales. Everybody had occupied the chair but the doctor, and, hence, the conspiracy became universal. At length, after repeated solicitations, he was induced to make the sitting, and good humoredly wished for a box of his favorite cigars, which he had been seeking in vain all the early morning. The sightseeing proceeded, and the doctor, apparently absorbed in the views, quite forgot the little drama of the wishing chair. Not so with the others. The whole process would be too tedious in the telling. 'Tis sufficient to say the cigars were procured and handed to the doctor with much ceremony as well as good humor, at his expense. He, however, was candid enough to admit that never again would he express unbelief in anything Irish.

We may, too, imagine, occasionally, that Fin was overheated, especially after having defeated the Scotch warrior, and required a fan to cool his seething blood. The fan can be detected petrified in the columns, as also his horse's shoe, his bonnet, his granny, or grandmother, if you will, kneeling on the distant promontory, all of which goes to show he had, or required, most of the things we require, and was, altogether, very human. I may here observe the fan is called the Lady's Fan, and the Wishing Chair is called the Lady's Wishing Chair. This,to be sure, is a curious commingling of ladies and giants. We pass the Giant's Gateway, which is an opening or pathway between high boulders of basalt on either side, and reach the last amphitheatre. High up the precipitous hillside we notice the work of the giant. There, too, are the columns, which bear, it must be admitted, but a faint resemblance to the pipes of an organ; hence the designation—the Giant's Organ. All sorts of weird stories are told as to the musical strains heard now and then in the vicinity. There are also the Giant's Chimney Pots — three detached pillars, which are very remarkable, and rise to a considerable height. Against them one of the ships of the Spanish Armada is said to have directed its firing, mistaking them for the towers of Dunluce Castle, and was thereby shipwrecked in the bay at hand, since known as Spanish Bay.

But I have omitted the King and His Nobles, a group of some thirty or forty detached columns, similar in formation to those I have been describing; some higher, some lower and generally irregular. Possibly this is the King to whom Fin applied to have the Causeway constructed. 'Twill be observed that kings, too, find a place in the strange commingling of ladies and giants.

Perhaps the best view of the Causeway may be had by taking one of the small boats and moving a distance seawards. Your boatsman will point out for you all the objects of interest in the distance. But you can note even he himself has some hesitancy about the truthfulness of his own statements. He will probably induce you

to visit the Great Cave, and you will be repaid for your pains. The mouth of the cave is forty feet in height, while the boats find their way for more than a hundred and fifty yards thence. There is an elderly guard stationed at the entrance, with whose specific duty you may not have been made acquainted. As soon as you have reached a certain stage of the passage, his gun is discharged, with wonderful effect. The shock is electric. On your return, he extends his far-reaching collector's box, wherein any sum will be thankfully received.

Writers without number have had their say on the Causeway. All have given charming descriptions of what they saw and felt, and rather accepted, good-humoredly, the popular legends attributing the great handiwork to the giant than setting forth any more rational and scientific reason for its existence. Thackeray, too, has expressed his views in that decisive tone which is peculiarly his in dealing with Ireland. 'Twould appear the great novelist did not come to Ireland to see its brightest side. He saw, at least, little else worth seeing, 'twould seem, unless its policemen, who have decidedly a Saxon impress. 'Tis said he wrote his "Irish Sketch Book" in a fit of bad temper, and lived long enough to lament bitterly his indiscretion. Be this as it may, he has had some very agreeable things to say of the Causeway, and gives his impressions very forcibly. The wonder is that more poets have not ventured on this subject. I do not know that I have encountered a single poet who has touched the subject, except the Rev. Dr. Drummond, whose name I have not seen anywhere else. The doctor gives this noble description:

Dark o'er the foam-white waves
The Giant's Pier the war of tempests braves;
A far-projecting, firm, basaltic way
Of clustering columns wedged in dense array,
With skill so like, yet so surpassing art,
With such design, so just in every part,
That reason pauses, doubtful if it stand
The work of mortal or immortal hand.

The poet has said his say wisely and well, and, as far as I am informed, is first and best of Causeway poets. But, of the prose writers, for their number, 'twould be difficult to class them in the order of merit. Attention was first drawn to these wonderful formations as early as 1696 by a Dublin society. Since then, visitors from every part of the world and of every degree of intelligence have been to the spot, and very many have given their impressions to the public. All have expressed themselves delighted with the charming scenery associated with the Causeway, and have been led to wonder more and more as they contemplated the marvellous basaltic columns and their symmetrical formation. There is something in the very stone that makes it different from other stones. They are said to be chemically composed of a proportion of flint, iron, clay and lime. Some of them have found their way to the uttermost ends of the earth, and are regarded as the most delightful of ornaments.

I could treat this subject at great length, but trust I have said enough to arouse fresh interest in a spot of beauty of which Ireland is justly proud. The visitors to this country will not, perhaps, be received with that genuine cordiality for which Ireland was famed in bygone days. Strangers have been known to enjoy our hospitality, and have afterwards given to the world a picture so stinging, because possibly so true, of all our freaks and foibles. This has led us to be more cautious, and our friends from abroad must not be prepared for all that whole-heartedness which is so invariably associated with the Irish name, at least, of days gone by. But among the peasantry there

is still much of that genuine warmth of heart. Here may be seen the real trait of the national character, because it has not as yet suffered much by contact with the outward world. The complaint has been made that there was not sufficient hotel accommodations for great tourist traffic. But this state of things has been largely remedied, and, as to the want of cleanliness, with which we are so often charged by our neighbors, there was never greater perversion of truth. The Irish have their faults, but want of cleanliness is not one of them, except that which is everywhere infallibly associated with poverty. Ireland boasts of many sights well worth seeing, and among them one of the most charming, yet wondrous, is the Giant's Causeway.

GOOD FRIDAY.

MARY WENNERBERG.

The shadow of the cross lay on the land,
And hushed was life, and every living thing
In mourning seemed; for Christ the Lord was dead.
From Calvary's sacred height there came no sound.
Sublimity in deepest silence wrapt
The holy mount, and in the distant west
The darksome clouds far hid the sun's bright rays
Till all did fear it gone eternally.
And in the night no twinkling stars came forth,
Nor mellow moonlight wooed the azure sky;
And they who long had slept in death's embrace,
Had tasted immortality, came back
To earth and wept with men. The angel host,
Grieving, bowed low their heads, and heaven's court
Of harmony was mute. Creation all paid
Sorrowing homage. In the stillness of
The tomb they laid his gentle form to rest;
And surely guarded was that hallowed spot,
And great the stone that sealed the heavy door,
Lest those He loved come near. No jeerer now
Nor scoffer rude to utter e'en a word,
For haughty Israel could naught but weep.

MANUELITA.

EASTON SMITH.

The twilight had already fallen over the little frontier village of San Vincente, and after a particularly radiant setting, old Sol had hidden his glowing face behind the huge, cloud-capped mountains that on every side surround the town. His last rays kissed in parting glory the gray walls of the quaint old adobe church, and lingered, trying in vain to penetrate the very emphatically stained glass windows, the beauty of whose coloring was primitive rather than artistic.

It was Easter Eve — el Sabado Santo, as the Mexicans are wont to call it, and for many years it had been the custom of the good Padre to assemble his congregation at nightfall and have the rosary and other appropriate prayers recited, in anticipation of the joys of Easter morning. The sanctuary was already prepared for the morrow, but, alas! it was destitute of the grandeur and beauty that should distinguish the Holy of Holies. Very few candles lighted the rudely carved altar, whose sole decorations consisted of some glaringly artificial flowers, as hideous as they were meagre; and the church itself was as bare and cold as that stable at Bethlehem where the infant Saviour first opened his pitying eyes upon the miseries of this sorrowful world.

Coal-oil lamps, fastened in brackets to the gaunt, white pillars that, like an avenue, outlined the middle aisle, exhaled the suffocating odor which is always an unpleasant characteristic of badly kept lamps, and cast fantastic shadows on the kneeling figures that filled the dimly-lighted edifice. It was a motley collection! The wooden benches which served as pews were occupied by the few American members of the congregation, and by the crowds of lookers-on, who came as to a revel, for the night before Easter Sunday was celebrated among the residents of San Vincente in much the same way that Christmas Eve is observed in the East; the most of them remained, however, awed unconsciously by the solemnity of the Divine Presence into at least a semblance of respect.

Every available spot of the rough board floor was taken by the Mexicans—the women kneeling or sitting, their black shawls partly concealing their still blacker hair, shawls whose rusty age carry but faint suggestion of the graceful mantilla from which they have degenerated; the men standing like bronze statues, motionless, throughout the entire service. A picturesque group they were, with their gaily striped rebosos thrown with the inimitable grace of the Spaniard over their shoulders, and their silver-corded sombreros in their hands. All sorts and conditions of men were there; many, I dare say, had not set foot in a church since the Easter Eve of the previous year, but from their attitudes of reverent devotion it would be hard to tell which was saint and which was sinner.

Whatever faults the Mexican may be guilty of—and many are laid to his charge—in church his conduct is certainly above reproach, and offers a model that other more enlightened nations would do well to imitate.

It was a cold, chilly night; unusually cold for a climate whose chief boast is the mildness of its winters and the even, ethereal temperature of its springs and summers; but overhead the stars were peeping out one by one in the blue vault of Heaven, and shining bright and clear as they had shone on that night so long ago—that night when the crucified body of our blessed Redeemer lay waiting in its earthly sepulchre His glorious resurrection, the first Easter Eve!

Before the echo of the last hymn

had expired the congregation, noisily and hurriedly, with a great stamping of cramped feet, and, on the part of the Americans, loud-voiced greetings and wishes for a joyous Easter tide, dispersed into the freshened air outside. The natives never lose that soft, low tone which makes their mother tongue so musical; but on this, as on all other great feasts, they express the unwonted exuberance of their feelings by firing pistols and setting off bunch after bunch of fire-crackers, until the precincts of the church take on an air more appropriate to the patriotic celebration of "our glorious Fourth" than to a religious festival.

The priest, whose duties also included those of sexton and acolyte, waited until the last footstep died away before he prepared to bolt the door and extinguish the lights. As he did so some one whispered "Padre," and he noticed a tiny figure crouched shivering before a picture of the good Saint Vincent.

"What now?" he exclaimed rapidly in Spanish. "Come, you cannot stay here any longer—the doors must be closed." Then, as he caught sight of the little wizened face upturned to him, his voice changed and took on a kindlier tone.

"Ah, it is thou, Manuelita? It is too cold here, my child, for Easter comes early this year, and the nights are still chill. Thou hast a long walk before thee, so go now, and finish thy prayers by the warmth of a good fire."

The woman rose obediently; she was so bent with disease and the hard old age that comes so early to the working classes of these children of the South, that her height scarcely exceeded that of a child of twelve years. Manuelita (little Manuela) she had always been called; the pretty diminutive that the Spaniards are so fond of adding to their names had clung to her through life, and, indeed, when shrunken with age and crippled by rheumatism it seemed as appropriate as when it was first given her by loving parents seventy years ago.

There was a time, however, in Manuelita's life when her strong, lithe form, supple as a reed, but straight as the yucca that crowns her native hills, made her pet name sound rather incongruous—but that was long ago. When she first budded into womanhood there was no handsomer girl in all Juarez than Manuela Alvarez, with her great, flashing, dark eyes and clear olive skin, into which the red seldom came. So, at least, thought Antonio; nor was he alone in his opinion, as the many admiring glances cast upon her by the strangers who came over from El Paso fully testified. More than one mauvais quart d'heure had this bold admiration given poor, jealous Antonio. He did not begrudge his betrothed the love that was offered by her own people, but he grew mad with hatred when he thought of his "peerless rose," his "pearl beyond price" falling a victim to the fascinations of a despised Americano.

This haunting fear and his expression of it was the sole cause of discord between the two lovers, whose impetuous hearts had been tuned by love to beat the rhythm of a perfect melody. But one day, exasperated beyond measure by Manuelita's coquetries, Antonio lost his self-restraint, and a bitter quarrel ensued. They parted angrily, not coldly and haughtily as would the lovers of our more advanced civilization, and the next week Antonio enlisted as a soldier in the Mexican army.

It was in the autumn of '46, when the trouble between the United States and her sister country was at its height. Antonio soon distinguished himself by his reckless courage, and in the course of a few months was raised to the rank of commander of a corps of infantry.

In the meantime poor Manuelita

was eating her heart out in the little adobe casa at Juarez. She had heard no word of Antonio, and knew nothing of his successes, but after weeks of weary waiting love triumphed over pride, and she wrote an appealing letter, which by some good chance reached him. It was only by chance, but both Manuela and her lover attributed its delivery to the tender saint under whose care she had sent it.

It was a poor enough letter, written in very incorrect Spanish, for the daughters of the Mexican people are more skilled in the use of their needles than their pens, just as her sons can easier carve their names with sword than with stylus on the tablets of fame. But unpretentious as it was, it brought a joy to Antonio's faithful heart that far outweighed all the glory he had achieved. To send an answer was an easy matter, and soon Antonio's "peerless rose" regained her blithe beauty, and went about her work happy as the bird that has been restored to its mate.

During the long summer twilight she would sit in the picturesque plaza of her father's house singing the incomparable love songs of her people, while her slender fingers made a glad accompaniment on the guitar. Those were happy days for Manuelita. The war was rapidly drawing to a close, as every one recognized the necessity of yielding to the victorious army of the invaders; but the defeat of her country caused no unhappiness to Antonio's betrothed, who cared little which way the tide of victory went, provided the war was ended and Antonio safe again with her beneath the shady alamos of Juarez.

They would be married, she decided, during Easter week; that would give her four months to prepare—a long time—but, then, much preparation was necessary now that her lover had become such a very great man; almost as great, she thought with awe, as the General Santa Anna!

Alas! that girlhood's dreams are so rarely fulfilled!

Poor Antonio, who seemed to carry a charmed life through the many battles and sieges wherein he played so gallant a part, fell, shot through the heart, at the storming of Chapultepec. Many weeks passed before the news reached Juarez, and when Manuelita heard it, she, too, fell as if shot—but God was not so merciful! For a long time she lay at the door of death, and when at last life crept once more through her veins and the strength of youth returned, they found that the shock had impaired her reason; sane on every other subject, she could not believe her lover dead. She went about her old duties changed from the careless, laughing girl into a saddened, weary woman. Every Easter she looked for Antonio to come and claim her as his bride; they had taken him, she would insist, and put him in their cold, dark prisons; but some day he would elude their vigilance and come back to her.

It was this illusion, the doctors said, that kept her alive and gave her courage to face the new troubles as they came. Each year as Easter drew near she made ready for her marriage, and she would allow nothing to keep her from the evening exercises of el Sabado Santo nor the grand High Mass of Easter morning, for it was then she expected to meet Antonio.

All this happened fifty years ago: Manuelita's parents had long since died, and she had drifted, by force of circumstances, away from her native place, Juarez. Her sisters and brothers had married and made for themselves new homes, so that she was finally left alone. But Manuelita did not mind solitude; the neighbors were kindness itself to the gentle old creature, and, until of late years, when her eyesight failed, she had made a good livelihood by selling her exquisite drawn-work to the strangers who flocked every winter to San Vincente.

No other work could vie with Manuela's in daintiness of design or execution, and it always found a ready sale. She did not mind being alone—why should she need companions when she had the blessed hope of any day seeing Antonio?

As she left the darkened church she said to the kindly little priest, who was deferring his well-earned rest in order to guide her feeble footsteps over the stony, uneven road: "I feel so sure, dear father, that Antonio will soon be with me. Tonight I finished another novena to our patron saint, and I know that this time he has heard my prayer."

Oh, wondrous faith that had not failed through all these years of weary waiting!

"Perhaps, my child," answered the priest. "Rest assured that God will do what is best for you both, and be content to await His own good pleasure. It will not be long now, so good-night, and a happy Easter, Manuelita."

Happy it certainly was, for when the day dawned bright and fair, and the neighbors stopped on their way to church to bring poor Manuelita their homely gifts of flowers and fresh-laid eggs, they found that another visitor had been there before them—the Angel of Death—and Manuelita's waiting was at an end.

THREE LILIES — AN EASTER ETCHING.

J. Torrey Connor.

Three lilies lay at the foot of the altar in the Mission San Gabriel.

It was Easter morning, and a fairer never gladdened the earth.

The sunlight streaming through the narrow, barred windows rested like a halo upon the head of the Virgin; the sacred images, that for one hundred years and more had looked down upon the worshippers from the niches, high above, seemed to smile in benediction.

Other lilies there were in profusion; on every side they bent lowly heads, like pure-faced nuns at prayer.

The chapel was sweet with the odor of them.

But at the foot of the altar were three lilies—only three.

The first was brought by a little child, a babe, almost, with the light of unconscious angelhood still shining in its dark eyes.

Awed by the silence of the place, it stole timidly along the aisle, and, dropping the flower in haste, ran out again into the sunshine.

The second lily was laid with reverent hands by the side of the first, and over the sweet face of the novice there dawned a look such as a saint might wear.

From the farthest corner, where the tapers cast but a dim light, a squalid figure crept.

The face turned irresolutely toward the altar was beautiful once, before sin had stamped it with tell-tale lines.

A moment of hesitation, and trembling fingers tossed a white blossom over the rail, where it lay with the others, though a little apart.

On the snowy petals of the third lily was a dark stain, where the cruel frost had set a blight; but who shall say which of the three lilies was the fairest in Heaven's sight?

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

The efficacy of a curfew measure as a means of clearing the streets of children after certain hours is one of the questions upon which public opinion is seriously divided. Without doubt the desire to protect minors from the evils of city streets is in every way a worthy one, but under existing conditions the enactment of legislation to secure the legal power to drive children from the sidewalks, must be productive of great misery to many unfortunates whose homes are in no way safer than the streets, and add to the environment of vice the wretchedness of unsanitary surroundings and physical discomforts. What refuge have these children driven from the streets? Take even those blessed with good parents, but compelled by honest poverty to live in crowded quarters. In warm weather living conditions in such tenements become unbearable, and only for the respite from misery afforded by seeking the streets, the mortality rate would undoubtedly be much greater than it is. It is no unusual sight to see children asleep on the brick pavements or huddled down on steps enjoying the meagre opportunity of "getting air." And such air! What is needed in cities is not a curfew bell, but homes where the decent poor can rear their families with some degree of comfort and with some assurance of having their children protected from the contact of vice. There should be some way of segregating the viciously idle, dirt-loving, and intemperate element; the intrusion of which on respectable poverty is one of the greatest evils of tenement life. Legislation to compel property owners to discharge their duties would do much to promote morality. As it is many of these people never expend a penny in needed improvements, and only show interest to the extent of collecting the rents when the day comes round. It is a disgrace to any city to have within its limits scores of ramshackle old buildings and squalid hovels for the housing of unfortunates, who pay exorbitant rents for the wretched accommodations afforded. Give poor people a chance to live comfortably, provide homes for them and they will keep the children off the streets.

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The paper "Investigating the Trusts," published in this number, will find many interested readers, especially among those who remember the widely-discussed articles "What is This Money Trouble?" and "Trusts and the Way Out," prepared for Donahoe's by James E. Wright, whose thorough knowledge of such subjects eminently qualifies him to deal with those great public questions.

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The consistent Catholic never sacrifices conscience to convenience. This established principle exposes him not infrequently, even in this enlightened age, to much persecution and temporal loss. As an instance we quote the following from the Sacred Heart Review, that alert champion of Catholic interests:

"We stated in last week's issue that the Catholic church holds, and always has held, that a marriage between Christians validly contracted and consummated can be dissolved only by the death of one of the parties to it; so that remarriage of either party while the other lives, even though legal divorce may have been obtained, can never receive its sanction. The truth of this assertion was recently illustrated over in a certain district in Brittany, in France, where, as might be supposed, all the district officials are staunch, practical and intelligent Catholics. A man who had been divorced by the civil law, but whose wife is still living, presented himself with another woman before the mayor of this district for remarriage. The mayor, who knew the facts in the case, peremptorily refused to perform the civil marriage; his assistant, when applied to, did the same, as did every one of the other officials of the district, all of whom sent in their resignations to the higher authorities. These resignations were not accepted, but it was not because the higher authorities upheld the mayor and his official associates on their refusal to perform this civil marriage that they were declined, but for the reason that the government, which is anything but Catholic, wanted to prosecute them, and has already begun action against them, with a view of compelling them to perform the ceremony. It is not likely to succeed in that, though it will probably secure a verdict against them. Catholics of their character are not to be coerced into doing an act which their church and consciences condemn."

"Our naturalization and immigration laws should be further improved to the constant promotion of a safer, a better and a higher citizenship." Will this be accomplished by learning to read and write in any language twenty-five words of the Constitution? That all things desirable will come to pass if this educational test be enforced is taking a very optimistic view. As a matter of fact, given application and normal intelligence, any man or woman intending to emigrate could easily acquire the educational qualification, and having acquired this compulsory knowledge of the Constitution, the question arises, "What help will it be toward good citizenship?" That depends on the moral character, not on mental attainments. There could be no wiser words written on this subject than those embodied in the veto of the late President. "Violence and disorder do not originate with illiterate laborers. They are rather the vicims of the educated agitator. The ability to read and write, as required in this bill, in and of itself affords, in my opinion, a misleading test of contented industry, and supplies unsatisfactory evidence of desirable citizenship or a proper appreciation of the benefits of our institutions. If any particular element of our illiterate immigration is to be feared for other causes than illiteracy, these causes should be dealt with directly, instead of making illiteracy the pretext for exclusion, to the detriment of other immigrants against whom the real cause of complaint cannot be alleged. The provisions intended to rid that part of the proposed legislation already referred to from obvious hardships appear to me to be indefinite and inadequate." Well, if intending immigrants have the right material in their composition, even this educational (?) test won't keep them out.

* * *

The Review of Reviews has this to say regarding applicants for positions under the McKinley regime:

"The rush of applicants for postmasterships and positions in the diplomatic and consular service is almost incredible. The concentrated pressure upon such places is the greater, of course, because the civil service rules have cut off all prospect of party appointments in the classified services. It is to be hoped that Major McKinley and his cabinet officers will adopt as a firm rule the maxim that nobody whomsoever is entitled to anything whatsoever and that they will merely fill vacancies from time to time with the best men they can find for the work that is to be done. There ought to be no haste whatever in making appointments to the consular service, and no appointment should be made except with the single-minded purpose of securing positive improvement in the service. If the man on the ground is a good consul the question of his politics ought not to be raised."

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Mr. Harrington's plan has failed to please his chief. Commenting on this fact in an editorial the Republic considers the attitude of Mr. John E. Redmond opposed to the measure of reunion, he having "placed himself squarely and firmly in opposition to the scheme of reunion which had been under consideration during his absence from the country. Mr. Harrington, who is one of the ablest and, perhaps, one of the most disinterested of the Redmondite group, had gone so far as to seriously outline a plan for reuniting all the factions. There were some excellent points in his scheme and some that the other groups could not approve. But the chief value of the proposals lay in the fact that, they had served to warrant actual negotiations. We have always contended that if the whole question were opened up for discussion the leaders could find a common platform upon which they could meet and unite without forfeiting honor or principle, and, by so doing, advance materially the cause of their country.

"In his speech at Cork, Mr. Redmond professed his adherence to the principles by which his section of the party has been governed. He favored unity, he said, but unity, he concluded, must come from the people and not from the leaders. Perhaps this is true, but recognized leaders can exercise a powerful influence upon the masses, and if they really favored reunion they could bring it about. In his speech, on his arrival in Dublin, he declared emphatically that Mr. Harrington's plan was not only impracticable but impossible."

* * *

The composition of the McKinley cabinet has been subjected to a close analysis, the press of the country voicing the decisions reached.

The Literary Digest supplements a summary of the personnel of the cabinet with press opinions clipped from representative organs. There is in all cases a noticeable absence of extravagant expression, partisanship being subordinated to a desire for fair play in allowing the incoming members opportunity to prove their worth.

The New York Tribune (Rep.) has this to say of the Catholic member: "Judge McKenna leaped into the front rank as a lawyer early in life, and has since won distinction as a judge." Summing up, it says: "It is a cabinet for practical work, and not mere parade. It is also a cabinet of warm and sincere friends of the President, and much will be expected of it in making the new administration a success."

The Democratic New York Sun philosophically deals with the subject, as indicated by the caption, "The Known and the Unknown":

"John Sherman, a known quantity, known to be uncertain.

"Lyman J. Gage, known to be a very handsome man.

"Russell A. Alger, known to know the Star-Spangled Banner when he sees it.

"John D. Long, known to Massachusetts.

"Joseph McKenna, known to the courts of California, and favorably known.

"James A. Gary, known to Maryland.

"James Wilson, known to Iowa and the vegetable kingdom.

"Cornelius N. Bliss, known to have entered the cabinet with the greatest personal reluctance.

"That much is known. The working efficiency of the cabinet as an organized whole, the special fitness of its members for the functions to which the President has assigned them, the fame of usefulness or opprobrium that awaits them in their several departments, the genius and character of the McKinley cabinet in every respect except as an ingenious and tolerably successful construction of political architecture, are all as blankly and completely unknown as anything that yet reposes in the loins of Time.

"To style it, therefore, a strong or satisfactory cabinet would be as unjust as to pronounce it a feeble one. The one thing known at this writing about the McKinley cabinet is that it has four years before it, a clear field and the good wishes of all, including the Sun."

The Philadelphia Times (Rep.) points out that "the chief criticism that may be justly made against the cabinet is that there is not a single appointment south of the Potomac or in any of the Southern states. * * * The McKinley administration will be successful or unsuccessful as it shall bring to its support, or fail to bring to its support, several of the leading states of the South."

The Journal of Commerce (Ind.), New York, is well pleased with the representation afforded the business world by the presence of Mr. Bliss in the cabinet. It says: "The business world is well represented in the new cabinet. Mr. Bliss is one of the most eminent merchants of this city, whose active interest in public affairs has been purely unselfish; while he has given much time to the work of his party, he has sought no office at its hands, and he has always declined to become a candidate even when the circumstances warranted confidence in success."

So runs the comment—varying with individual interests and personal feeling, the whole forming a compendium of public opinion worth preserving for future reference.

* * *

The New York Sun makes editorially some caustic remarks about the Indian famine and England's attitude toward her suffering subjects:

"While the attention of the whole world is centred on an island with a quarter of a million of inhabitants in the Mediterranean, millions of people in India are lingering in the agonies of death by starvation under the alleged best government on earth. The subject is so disagreeable that the English papers refer to it as little as possible, and the Cretan question and the preparations for the celebration of the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign absorb public attention. In their solicitude about the lives of a few hundred Mussulman ruffians in Crete they forget or ignore the mute appeals of the famishing millions of their fellow subjects in India. The Lord Mayor's fund for the relief of the distress is far from being successful, and it is asked whether this is so because people fear that the money will be wasted or stolen, as so much of what went out in 1877 was. It is stated that subscribers can obtain absolutely no information as to how the fund is administered, and but for one solitary correspondent in India no one outside official circles would have any knowledge at all of what is going on there. What makes this callousness of the British public so hard to understand is that the present famine far surpasses that of 1877 in horror; it extends over a wider area and finds the government wholly without the means of meeting it in its full extent.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

THF PRIZE CONTEST — WHO IS THE WINNER?

Before answering this important question, we must review some of the many interesting essays that reached us since our last number was issued. Being anxious that full justice should be done to every competitor, we have read and classified the essays with the fullest appreciation of their merits, and also of the writers' courteous acceptance of our invitation to express their views.

Where excellence is a general characteristic, it is difficult, indeed, to arrive at a decision, and it was only after close comparison and careful weighing of the value of the suggestions advanced that we were able to award the prize.

We trust that readers of the winning essay will approve our choice, and be satisfied of the fairness of our judgment.

If anything could lessen the difficulty, it was the generous assurance contained in every essay that the writer was not actuated by a hope of winning the prize, but by the desire to be of service to others.

"I want to form friends with the magazine," writes a little maiden, who proudly makes known her right to enter the contest, as she is "a little over fifteen," across the border of childhood. Ah, well! we have all felt that fifteen was a respectable old age, and certainly our little woman has very wise ideas. We are glad that her father found such pleasure in reading "Ireland's Past and Future."

From Independence comes a bright picture of what Donahoe's is to the home circle. The writer was much impressed by the article on "Child Study in a Sunday School" and also by Father Twomey's defence of "The Rights of Children." Our little folks are fortunate in having so many friends to guard their interests, and our contributor will, we hope, hold us guiltless of all attempt at punning when we say that her letter breathed the spirit of independence, honesty and candor, and was, accordingly, valuable.

"As you say, Catholic women, as a rule, are most retiring, partly from nature and more so through convent training," writes a West Superior friend. Convent training does impress upon girls the beauty of a modest, retiring nature, but we notice that it quietly fits them exceedingly well to take their part in the world's work when necessity demands the effort. Will our West Superior contributor pardon us if we take exception to the suggestion implied in the sentence, "Many women earn their pin money this way"? Now, please don't think us selfish, but we have always been a wage-earner, working for bread and butter, and have met scores of women seriously intent on the same engrossing occupation, and one and all raised the voice of disapproval of the pin-money-worker's doings. "Pin-money" women in the labor field are doing incalculable harm, and it is our emphatic opinion that they ought to stay at home and get their pin money from their fathers or husbands, as was the case when the term "pin money" came into use. If a father can't give his daughter pin money, then he needs her help, and she ought to come out as a breadwinner, giving value for value. If a husband can't give his wife pin money—well, we never did give advice how to act in a situation we never were in, nor are we mean enough to wonder "what she married him for." So—we'll skip that part.

Our Fond du Lac contestant will please accept our grateful acknowledgment of her kind offer. Our readers will, we are sure, profit by her experience.

A young girl writes: "How many little things I have puzzled over, and, on picking up Donahoe's, have found there something to help me." This Waltham correspondent pays further tribute to the worth of Donahoe's, "A standard Catholic publication, for old and young."

Who says that women are not interested in politics? If he or she will come forward, we will have much pleasure in showing a letter from Malden, wherein the assertion is made "that, after the Question Box," the writer liked the articles on "Elections" and "Presidential Administrations." This letter is only one of many bearing testimony to the same preference.

"The magazine is a growing necessity," declares a Maine correspondent, who draws a sharp contrast between the mission of our Catholic Question Box and the Question Box or Query Column of the secular publications devoted to satisfying such vital questions as "How shall I save my complexion?"

We hope our Springfield friend found in our March frontispiece a proof that we did not forget St. Joseph.

From Newport comes a graceful wish for our continued prosperity, and this assur-

ance of appreciation: "I hope I will always have the subscription price to pay for Donahoe's, as I will never take my name from the list of its subscribers for any other reason."

We were a little surprised to find that fashions had so few advocates. Many writers expressed their views in words similar to the following from the pen of a Philadelphia contributor: "Fashion notes are usually a bone of contention. Most of us feel that they can be easily spared because they are seldom or never of practical value, and share with the stereotyped household hints the stigma of being too frequently a 'rehash' of hackneyed material. Of all features, originality is most to be desired and striven for. Even crudeness, with the sauce of originality is attractive. Nothing is so apt to kill the popularity of a periodical as the possibility of recopying in it something recently met elsewhere in another guise."

Oddly enough, the next letter we take up makes a plea for fashions in the Women's Department, and closes with a request for information on ways of getting work in small towns. This is an important topic, and we would be pleased to hear from some of our women readers whose experience qualifies them to answer our Fairmount contestant.

"'A Drawing Room Shower' in the February number was a source of much amusement to my little ones," writes a mother from Escanaba, Mich. Of course it was; we know some grown people who were delighted with that picture of mischief let loose. Our Michigan friend tells us that she read "Causes of Thanksgiving" from Donahoe's in the meeting of the Holy Family Court, and that it was well received; also, that selections from Donahoe's are frequently read in her Reading Circle. Parents will find food for thought in this writer's comment: "There seems to be a tendency at the present day for parents to look only at the present life of their children. They are very anxious to have them educated and accomplished and to compete with or excel other children, but we do not see this same solicitude displayed in the direction of training their children in the true walks of life."

"Encourage good writers," pleads a voice from Memphis, Tenn. "The world is in great need of good, pure literature." The pity of it is that Catholic effort in this direction is so hampered by lack of means. In a recent editorial in Donahoe's, this point was dwelt upon at considerable length. Every Catholic who takes a Catholic publication is helping the cause. There are plenty staunch Catholic writers, ready and willing to do their part, but the great Catholic public holds the executive power.

We must differ from our Spaulding, Neb., friend. Beautiful raiment never yet made a convert to Catholic belief. If we would influence our Protestant neighbors, we must do it by the Christian rectitude of our daily lives.

Why, of course, contributors are welcome! How could our Wilkesbarre correspondent suppose that the latchstring wouldn't hang out for her? Here is one of her suggestions:

"Being a contributor, I may not be allowed to compete in the 'Five O'clock Tea' contest, but would like to say that a most interesting feature to add to the interest of your book would be music."

No, we won't tell you her name, but if you look through Donahoe's, you will find it quite frequently. Perhaps her suggestion will afford a clue.

Will some of our gardeners take up this question, asked away off in Kansas, where a busy mother wants to make home beautiful outside and in for the two human blossoms given into her hands? Here is her request:

"In the Women's Department I find many beautiful thoughts in the short sketches by renowned persons and also helpful hints to lighten my daily work. Would it not be a pleasant task for someone to give us, once in a while, a few hints regarding the culture and care of house plants?"

An interested reader writes from Moville, Iowa, to tell us how much her family appreciates Donahoe's, and from Waltham we receive the following request:

"Continue to give the beautiful illustrations of places and copies of the famous works of the great masters that are such a feature in the magazine. It would make the works of art still more interesting for some, whom I have met, if there were a short note of explanation accompanying each."

Continued stories? Of course everyone likes them if they are the right kind, and we know more than one family given to the practice our Waltham friend comments on as follows:

"A continued story would form a pleasing discussion in the family throughout the month. The characters become so familiar when all are following up the same story that we call one another, in passing, by the names in the tale whenever the words or acts of any member correspond with the characters in the plot, causing much amusement."

Here is an honest little reader who

scorns to enter the contest under false pretenses. "I want to tell you that I am not by any means a grown-up lady, but am just thirteen years old," she says, "but I am so much interested in books that I didn't think you would mind my entering the contest." Mind? No, indeed, Frances; we are delighted to welcome such a bright little critic, and if we had space would print your letter in full, it is so well and wisely written. Our "People in Print" editor, and, in fact, every "grown-up" will appreciate this extract:

"The new paper entitled 'People in Print' has interested my papa very much. Dr. Blake, whose wife is mentioned in this article, was papa's family physician when he lived in Boston. All your political articles, the current questions of the day, and especially the many papers on Ireland, the 'Emerald Isle,' are of unusual interest to him. He also likes to hear about Archbishop Williams whom he knew twenty-six years ago when His Grace officiated at the old Castle Street Cathedral."

Our St. Louis friend's request has been referred to the department where such suggestions are considered. Earnest, sincere workers in any good cause may always be sure of our best efforts, but advocates must remember that over-zeal is at times as dangerous as tepidity.

A plea for a "small space given to music, musicians, and what they are doing," comes to us from Peoria, Ill. Our musical friends have been sadly neglected in the Women's Department, but in the body of the magazine from time to time papers on music and musical interests have appeared. It is difficult to do such a subject justice within department limitations.

"Donahoe's Magazine should be in the library of every well regulated household," declares an Illinois reader, who makes a careful analysis of the value of books, and points out the necessity of reading, not only for pleasure, but to develop and strengthen the mental powers.

Ah, here comes our poet-editor with kind words and practical suggestions, and a tolerant thought for the "new woman" our boy wanted to bar out. But we like best of all this commendation of our effort to include the children in Donahoe's reading public. "This is, indeed, of almost the first importance. There are so many bright little children in Catholic families. And, among the latter, are many who can afford but one publication of this kind. For this reason, the management of Donahoe's has acted wisely in devoting a portion of its pages to the small people who are curious to know and understand."

Well, we really must move an adjournment, but not until we return our sincere thanks for the kindly thoughts, good wishes and large-hearted encouragement of our many friends, who will, we know, one and all, join with us in offering congratulations to our Wisconsin sister, the winner of the tea set.

Prize Essay.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., Feb. 18, '97.

Donahoe's Magazine, Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen—I venture to offer a few suggestions concerning matters likely to interest women. I think your view of the matter a very sensible one, for the magazine that caters to women is a successful one.

As you say Catholic women, as a rule, are most retiring, partly from nature and partly from a convent training, their modesty is highly developed, and many of them seem to have that sentiment that Emily Dickinson expressed so aptly when she wrote—"How dreary to be somebody."

However there are numbers of Catholic women who have attained prominence in different lines, and their example is to be imitated. A write-up on women who have achieved success in business, society, literature or philanthrophy would be of much interest, and would do much to encourage their more retiring but no less brilliant sisters. Public interest runs to personalities, and anything localized tends to increase the popularity of a magazine. Of course, the illustrations would have to be profuse and as good as they always are in Donahoe's.

New receipts are ever hailed with gladness by women, especially seasonable ones. Dishes composed of fruits and vegetables in season are of much value to a housekeeper.

An article on fashion is one that a woman never misses. Spring weaves, designs and styles, and spring millinery, are very fascinating topics. Styles come so much earlier in the East than they do in the West that an article written in New York would contain much information for a western woman.

Suggestions for original parties or entertainments are always in order both for private and church purposes. They, also, should be seasonable. For instance, a George Washington party would be appropriate this month, or a May Day party on May 1st, etc., etc.

Flower culture as an employment or amusement for women is much favored, and at this time the planning for the gardens in done. A short article on the new varieties that are being introduced, as well as the standards, treating the modes of cultivation and the fitness of the different locations would be very valuable information.

The majority of men enjoy reading of men whose careers they wish to imitate. Business men deserve more recognition than they receive. A man successful in business during those uncertain times is as much to be commended as a warrior or a statesman.

The story of the lives of some of those men is as interesting as a tale of fiction, and they should be recognized along with the statesmen, the churchman, the general and the scholar.

A mention of the successful Irish-American business men would do much to prove that they are not all engaged in politics, or on the police force, an illusion comic papers take great care to foster.

The Irishman is noted for his unfailing wit and ready humor. A column devoted to satire, wit and humorous anecdote would be characteristic and a great addition to your magazine.

Short articles upon art, of which the church has ever been the best patron, would be instructive.

The record which the Jesuits made in the history of the early days of our country is one to be remembered. Every part of this lake country is teeming with traditions of them. Show endurance, their patience, their sufferings, and their martyrdoms have been handed down in legends from century to century. Scattered through the country there yet remain marks of their labor, and the simple faith and piety of the Indians and half-breeds of the region is a living monument to their deeds.

The public has been interested in the Jesuits lately because of the discussion over the statue of Father Marquette which some fanatic objected to having placed in the Capitol.

I fear I have been bringing coals to Newcastle, and that my few ideas have all been considered before.

The article on "The Order of the Sacred Heart" seemed to me an especially good one.

Donahoe's is good just as it is. Most people in these modern times prefer fact to fiction unless the fiction is most exceptionally clever; and there is a preponderance of fiction that is not clever in the majority of the magazines. Donahoe's is a bright and shining example in that respect, because of the quantity of solid reading it contains.

With best wishes for your continued prosperity, I am respectfully yours,

MRS. EDMUND TWOHY.

The names of contestants who sent in many helpful instructive essays will be published in the next issue, together with a letter we have purposely reserved to print it entire for the benefit of older readers to whom "fifty years ago" may not seem so far away. It will speak for itself with its tender memories, and retrospective glances, and loving appreciation of the events and people of those bygone days.

Spare Hours.

"I hate to come up stairs," said a discontented neighbor; "your place is so pretty. I don't see where you find time to make so many pretty notions."

"Why, there are the long evenings in winter, the spare quarter and half hours, and then the two weeks in summer when we go away and are only too glad to have something in our hands to help out the long chats on the veranda or the beach. It's really wonderful how lace, embroidery and knitting fairly grow under one's fingers."

"But what about patterns and materials?" asked the neighbor, brightening up. "Why can't I begin to do some fancy work?"

"Of course you can," encouraged the home-maker; "just do as I do. Get a book of designs now and plan out what you want to make. Then select the materials. See? I have just received this little book from Belding Bros. & Co., New York. The designs are lovely, and the directions so simple any one can follow them. I made this set of doyleys and am going to embroider a bed-spread. Belding's embroidery silks wash perfectly, and their crochet silks and cottons are the best made. Invest 10 cents in their little book, "Needle and Hook," and you will have delightful employment for every spare hour."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Easter Eggs.

"Look, Charlie; **aren't** they lovely? Here is the old home down on the coast, and there's Risreck light; this is Jennie, the brown bantam, and that's father's old dory, the Meta Bell. And see," lowering her voice in unconscious reverence, "these Easter lilies twined through 'He Is Risen.' "

"They'll sell like hot cakes, Nan," said practical Charlie, taking the gaily painted eggs from his sister's hands and deftly arranging them in an open basket. "Oh, won't I cry them up. Listen, Nan." The strong young voice made the room ring with "Easter eggs! Easter eggs!"

The girl clasped her thin hands in an ecstasy of enjoyment; her blue eyes shone lovingly on the sturdy little pedler. "You're so strong, and merry, Charlie. If I were only like you, what a help I'd be to mother. Girls can earn so little, and have such weak backs—mine gets tired so very soon, but—" assuming a resolute expression strangely at variance with the delicate, childish face, "we must earn more money some way. Mother's side is worse than ever. Sewing's killing her."

"Don't worry, Nan," advised the boy, cheerily. "It won't mend matters. We'll turn quite a penny at these—here, run this lot on a string to go round my neck."

"Aren't you tired, Charley?" asked gentle Nan, as she did her brother's bidding. It's too bad, after running errands and selling papers all day to have to go out again. I'd rather go myself, only mother won't let me sell in the streets."

"Mother's right," was the sturdy answer. "The street's no place for girls. Cheer up, Nan, we'll be rich yet. Well, I'm off! Easter eggs! Easter eggs!"

As the shrill cry died away in the distance the wistful look on the girl's face brightened into a smile. With quick, womanly touches she tidied the litter of paints and silken scraps, pausing once to whisper to a crude painting of an old dory lying on a strip of beach beside a fisher's cot, "Oh, father, father; you'd be with us now; and mother'd be so happy if you'd stayed by the Meta Bell."

The little picture recalled to Nan the happy home-life of her early childhood, when sturdy Ben Holden was reckoned the best fisher on the coast. The dory, the strip of beach and the shingled cot embodied the child's baby-dreams of bliss. Before she was old enough to understand what it meant to them, a subtle enemy—discontent—took up its abode beneath the shingled roof and urged ambitious Ben to hasten the making of a fortune by sailing out of the placid bay into the wide world. The Meta Bell was sold, and the good ship Northern Light, with Fisherman Ben on board, spread her white sails and floated proudly out to the ocean, growing smaller and smaller in the distance, till even the tall spars rising against the horizon faded into mist.

Eight long years went by but the Northern Light was never heard from. The fisherman's wife toiled and waited in the shingled cot, where two hungry birdlings kept hands and brains busy. Hope never died in the patient heart, but mother-love was strong, and bread was scarce on the rugged coast; the fisher-folk, though kindly, could ill afford to cast much on the waters; so, turning her back on the placid bay, the weary toiler went forth with her babes to seek a home mid strangers.

While Nan mused over this simple story, the cry "Easter eggs!" rose cheerily above the din of the great thoroughfare down in the city, sometimes ringing out clearly, again breaking off suddenly as the young pedlar was hustled about by the shifting throng or paused to serve a customer. On such occasions Charlie became aware of little footsteps pausing beside him and trotting on again when he resumed his course. Absorbed in business, the boy paid no heed till after a larger sale than usual a gasping sob made him turn sharply, to discover a wretched little figure in draggled frock and soaked shoes, hovering near him.

"Hulloo, Chicken; what's wrong?"

"Your's is all goin' off, an' I ain't sold one," wheezed the child, striving to clear her throat with a pathetic little cough.

Charlie noticed the basket hanging on the child's arm, and was filled with pity for his draggled rival in trade.

"You ain't built for business, Chicken. Why don't you show your wares an' cry 'em up?"

"I can't. It sticks here," laying her hand on her slender throat. "That's why I follered you; you're so big an' strong," with increasing admiration, "you could wake the dead, you could; an' I kinder thought mebbe you'd shout fer both, an' I'd hang roun' when folks stopped."

A shrewd gleam of speculation lighted up the round eyes and sent an odd thrill through Charlie's big heart, such a troublesome heart the boy had. It wouldn't stay placed in his sturdy body, but persisted in pumping something into his throat and

forcing ridiculous tears from his merry eyes.

"Great Scott, she's just a sick baby," muttered the boy. Then, with suspicious hoarseness in his own voice: "We'll go shares, Chicken; lemme see your stock."

The child drew back the cover, displaying six roughly-painted eggs, quite unlike Nan's dainty work. Charlie transferred them to his basket, and taking the child's hand, led her carefully over the slippery pavement.

"I'm goin' to leave you in the station, Chicken, till I sell out. What are you askin' for 'em?"

"I don't know," faltered the baby. "I don't know nuffin' 'bout things. I jes' came out fer dad."

"He must be a nice dad," muttered Charlie, "the great, hulkin' land-lubber."

"He ain't no land-lubber," panted the child, turning fiercely on Charlie, "he's ortul good to me, but the tide's agin him." Then with a quick little dab at the basket, "Gimme them eggs, you sha'n't help cure dad."

Her blue eyes blazed with anger, but suddenly the angry light was quenched in a shower of tears, and she allowed herself to be consoled by good-natured Charlie.

"There, there! Chicken, I didn't know an' I'm real sorry. It seemed funny to turn you out in the slush."

"I comed myself. He was groanin' orful, an' I stole out with them eggs. He painted 'em last Easter fer me. I hain't nuffin else to sell. Granny Fletcher sez that nuffin heals like a plaster, an'," with an eager, questioning look at Charlie, "mebbe they'd fetch one fer dad."

"They'll go high," answered the boy, gravely. "We've the street trade to ourselves, partner. Here we are at the station. Dry your shoes, Chicken, an' I'll be back in a jiffy."

The child shivered and nestled down in a corner. Her eyes followed the boy wistfully, and as he reached the door an eager "Say!" brought him back to her side.

"You 'n' me's mates, ain't we? I ain't mad any more, an' I'm sorry 'at I called you names." Then, laying her hands on the eggs, "Ef they more'n fetch the plaster, you might save this un fer me. It's dad's ship."

"Keep it, Chicken," and placing the coveted egg in her hands, Charlie ran off.

The little girl smiled on her recovered treasure and nestled back further in her corner. Presently the yellow head nodded, the tiny fingers relaxed their grasp, and away went the Easter egg, reaching the floor in two pieces.

"A squall's comin'," muttered a big man in seafaring garb who was taking his ticket at the window. "There, there, lass," as the child awakened to a sense of her loss, and began to sob bitterly. "Don't ee fret; it's only a smashed egg."

"It ain't," sobbed the child, "it's dad's ship goin' down. It's the wreck of the Northern Light."

With a startled exclamation the man dropped ticket and money, and picking up the shell, pieced it together. "The wreck of the Northern Light fast enough," he said. "Now, lass," lifting the child in his arms and drying her tears on his rough jacket, "don't cry any more, but tell me all about father. Mayhap we was mates."

"It was long ago," began the little child, playing with the buttons on the sailor's jacket.

"Eight year come this Easter," commented the man.

"I was jes' a baby," resumed the croupy voice, "when dad sailed, an' mam died 'fore he came off the v'yage. Folks said ez he'd never come back more, an' put me in a orfin's home, but," proudly, "dad did come back, an' him 'n' me 's sailed together ever since."

"You couldn't have sailed with a sounder craft," muttered the sailor. "So you're Jack's baby. Poor Jack! he's met foul weather again, I'm thinkin', but all his home crew wa'n't foundered by the loss of the Northern Light. Take me to father, pet, I sailed with him 'fore you did."

The delighted child slipped from his arms, but remembering her partner, clambered back again, explaining, "We must wait for my mate; here he is now." Charlie ran in, looking merrier than ever.

"I told you they'd go high, Chicken—Why, you've been cryin' agen," then noticing the broken treasure, "never mind, pet, I've one of Nan's left, an' you may have it. Such a snug little craft! father's dory, the Meta Bell."

"Let me see it, lad"; the sailor's voice quivered strangely. "Yes, it's father's old dory, an'," drawing the boy to a close embrace, "you're father's little lad."

* * * * * *

"Charlie's late, Nan. I do hope nothin's wrong."

Mrs. Holden's voice had an anxious ring. The old clock on the mantel pointed to eleven, but Charlie was such a steady lad. "Only for," touching the shimmering mass of gauze in her lap, "I'd run down to the crossing, but I haven't a minute to spare, it must be done before the Easter ball."

"Let me go, mother. Not that you need fret about Charlie. That's his step now.

Oh, you sold them all." Charlie entered the room, leaving the door open, and boisterously crowned Nan with the empty basket.

"What did they fetch?"

"A big figger, wife. Home again, Mary."

The next moment the shimmering gauze lay in a heap on the floor, a glad cry, "Ben, my man!" mingled with Nan's "Father, father!" and mother and child were clasped in the sailor's arms.

The clock on the mantel ticked off the minutes, Nan slipped away to rejoice with Charlie, but the wife was loth to lift her head from its resting place. All the pain of weary years found vent in the yearning "Eh, my man, but I've hungered for you," and the faithful heart wept out its joy.

"Don't, Mary, I'm not worth it. Greed fer gain druv me from you an' the bairns, an' brought me nigh to death. I thought to be home in six months, an' it's gone eight years since I saw your bonny face. It's grown thin an' pale, Mary." His voice broke. "It was hard work rowin' alone fer our hungry bairns."

"Never mind me, Ben; tell me about yourself since you sailed. Charlie, get out the big chair, an' Nan, fill father's pipe. Now, Ben."

"It's a long story, Mary, an' I can't abide goin' over it all. We had fair weather first, then come a storm, the ship struck a reef, was scuttled an' went down. The surf swamped the boats, an' a fallin' spar keeled me over. Only fer Jack Binkhorn I'd never have seen land, but he lashed me to a spar an' floated 'longside till we was picked up by an outward-bound steamer. They put me in hospital at the nearest port, an' then my head went wrong. When I come to myself I was all broke up an' hadn't a ch'ice of masters. So I signed fer a whalin' cruise. That wa'n't nothin' to findin' the old cot empty when at las' I was able to sail fer home. My head came near goin' wrong agen, but I took it firm between my hands, an' asked the A'mighty to guide my course, an' He did. His ways are wonderful, Mary; to think of my lad steerin' Jack's little lass inter that old drydock in the city. An' them Easter eggs! Blest if Jack didn't come near smashin' another timber when we all sailed in, Chicken a-carryin' a plaster big as your apron. 'Dad,' sez she, 'them eggs foun' your old mate.' Jack swung roun' in his berth quicker'n lightnin', an' I jes' had to hold onter him. They're in a bad way, Mary, down in an old tenement hulk, an' hardly a snack in the locker. I did what I could fer 'em tonight, an' tomorrer"——

"You'll jes' move Jack an' all his b'longin's up here," interrupted the little woman, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron; "I'll give him sech care as he never dreamed on—an' that darlin' child; but there, it's wonderful, wonderful! To think of a child younger'n our Charlie bringin' us all together—a-workin' the will of the Lord. We can never be thankful enough fer all His mercies this holy Easter. Allers remember, Ben, that we're heavy in debt to the Lord."

And drawing his children closer to him, the sailor made answer, with simple reverence, "Ay, ay, wife. He was allers good to fisher folks."

—Blanche McCarthy

Letters and answers to puzzles will appear next month.

The almost phenomenal growth in the sale and use of Malt Extracts is certainly evidence tending to prove their virtue, as a lawyer would put it. In a recent medical journal appeared a lengthy article from the pen of an eminent professor of Harvard College, in which the large sale of Malt Extracts by grocers and druggists was deplored, for the reason that such sale and use deprived the doctor of a considerable revenue. That the invalid, instead of calling on the doctor, now called on the grocer for relief. There is some truth, perhaps, in this, but careful investigation tends to show that by far the larger number of physicians favor and use extracts of malt, and most of the genuine preparations of that kind are taken under medical advice and direction. It is much better so, for the physician, studying and observing his patient's condition, can best indicate the required quantity and times of use to secure the best results. There can be no question that pure Malt Extracts, used intelligently, are of great benefit in many cases.

—Ellivas.

Ninety-seven per cent. of the retail grocers in the United States sell ENAMELINE.

For irritation of the Throat caused by cold or use of the voice, Brown's Bronchial Troches are exceedingly beneficial.

Oh Rose-leaf! flushing when the South
Doth woo thee with a warm caress,
Thy dainty hues enchant me less
Than Hebe's rosebud cheek and mouth;
For nothing ever can repair
Thy tender blushes when they fade;
But Hebe, happy little maid!
Hath **Ivory Soap** to keep her fair.

Copyright 1896, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cin'ti.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

M. P., Los Angeles, writes: What is the religious belief of the King of Italy?

He doesn't seem to have any of practical value. He has at times attended Catholic worship, but in his case that would prove nothing, considering his attitude toward the church and its head, Leo XIII., the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

T. B. writes: If we are judged just after death, why are we judged again? Is not one judgment sufficient? I have a friend who says we sleep until the last day. Then we have general judgment. The wicked are then burned up, destroyed; the good inhabit the earth again.

We are judged at the moment of death, a private judgment for each soul; and again on the last day, a general judgment for all souls, reunited to their bodies in the resurrection. We do not sleep until the last day. The body, corruptible as it is, dies, disintegrates, returns to dust, but the soul, an immortal spirit, lives in heaven, in purgatory or in hell. The soul's fate is decided at the moment of death in the private judgment, and decided for eternity. The soul is absolutely awake in its every faculty. The saints are in heaven, and we pray to them; the lost are in hell, and we cannot even pray for them. The souls that are saved enjoy their infinite happiness now; eternity began for them at death. The souls in purgatory suffer for a while; the souls in hell suffer now, and will suffer forever. There is no destruction of a soul, good or bad. Forever the soul must live. The wicked will burn, and not be destroyed; the good will live with God in heaven.

A general judgment is required, that complete justice be rendered to Jesus Christ, to God, and to men. In the general judgment, solemn reparation shall be made to Christ for all the ignominies and insults He has borne from sinners; then, too, God's just dealings with the good and the wicked shall be revealed; while then only can a full and perfect estimate be made of man's actions and life, with all their consquences and results. Then, too, will be manifested the virtues of the good and the vices of the wicked. And finally, the bodies shall with the souls receive their recompense or punishment.

New York Subscriber asks: 1—Meaning of I. H. S. and I. N. R. I.? 2—How do we know that our prayers help the souls in purgatory? 3—When a priest forgives a sin in confession, has he also the power to remit all the punishment due to that sin? It does not seem possible that the slight penance inflicted will satisfy God for the terrible insult offered him by a mortal sin. 4—Does the Bible speak of a place to which persons not baptized are consigned?

1—I. H. S. means Jesus, Saviour of Men. I. N. R. I. means Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews. The initials are taken from the Latin words. 2—The Holy Scripture tells us: "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins."—II. Mac., xii., 46. The Council of Trent declares: "The Catholic church, instructed by the Holy Ghost, has, following the sacred writings and the ancient traditions of the fathers, taught in the holy councils, and now in this oecumenical council, that there is a purgatory, and that the souls detained therein are aided by the prayers of the faithful, and especially by the precious sacrifice of the altar." 3—The same God who forgives sin can forgive punishment due to sin. When a mortal sin is remitted, the eternal punishment is at the same time remitted. But the sacrament of penance does not always remit the temporal punishment, because God at times requires this as a satisfaction for sin. Thereby we learn the great evil of sin, and are deterred from falling again. The dispositions of the penitent, however, may be so earnest, so infused with divine love, as to merit the remission of even all temporal punishment. And since it is in the power of the sacrament to remit all punishment, it will do so, where the penitent's contrition is of this kind.

Our correspondent is somewhat at fault in her conception of the value of the sacramental penance. This does not satisfy God for the insult of a mortal sin. Only the merits of Jesus Christ have been able to satisfy the justice and the injured honor of God. And these merits are applied to the soul to the remission of sin. Nothing else can remit sin. But we can either place on ourselves or receive a penance to pay the temporal punishment due after sin is remitted. Prayer, fasting, alms, corporal and spiritual works of mercy, the patient bearing of the ills of life, all may serve as penances or works of satisfaction. The penance given by the priest in confession has a value beyond other works of satisfaction. This value is due not only to the worth of the pen-

ance itself, but chiefly to its being a part of the sacrament, and so possessing a sacramental value from the merits of Jesus, which give all its value to the sacrament.

4—No. But the Bible is not our only rule of faith. Tradition, or the teaching of the church from the beginning, is equally the rule of faith with the Bible. This question evidently concerns the disposition of unbaptized infants. From the statement of our divine Lord, that "unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost he shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," we have the knowledge that unbaptized infants cannot enter heaven unless they suffer martyrdom, and are thus baptized in blood, witnesses to the Christ. Nothing has been defined, nothing authoritative, regarding the place to which they are consigned.

F. M. writes: My father and mother were Protestants, and lived up, as well as they knew how, to the general teachings of King Henry VIII.'s church, I happily saw the light of the true faith, and embraced the Catholic religion, in which my soul found perfect rest. I loved and esteemed my parents. Can I pray for their eternal repose now, without violating any of the tenets of the church?

The more perfect is religion, and the more perfectly it takes hold upon us, the more will it incline us to the practice of every virtue. Filial love will lead us to pray for the souls of departed parents. And while the Catholic church will not publicly pray for those who were outside her fold, she certainly does not forbid, but rather encourages prayers for all who are in purgatory. By all means pray for your father and mother. Many die outside the Catholic faith, who, had they known the truth, would have entered the true fold. Many in their conformity to their conscience and belief are saved. And while these are in purgatory they need our prayers, and are entitled to such benefits.

Reader inquires: Did the Roman Catholics practice baptism by immersion up to the 14th century?

In apostolic times, baptism by immersion was practiced, as is evinced from the language of St. Paul, who speaks of this immersion as typifying burial with Christ. This method still prevails among the Copts and Nestorians, and St. Thomas speaks of this as the common practice among the Latins in his time, the 13th century. But from the beginning, too, baptism by infusion, or aspersion, was practiced, as is amply testified by tradition. Persons in danger of death were baptized on their sickbed without immersion. And this baptism was always considered valid. Some authors state that in the East, among the Greeks, baptism by immersion is alone used, while others testify that the actual Oriental rite is to place the child in the font, but to baptize him by pouring water on his head.

On Monday the 15th, Harold Marquisee, of Utica, N. Y., was arrested in Syracuse, N. Y., on a warrant sworn out by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., charging him with forgery. On the 15th of December Marquisee visited a photo-engraver in Syracuse, saying he was the representative of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., and arranged for the making of a full set of plates for the direction sheets, labels, etc., of the famous Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. News of this reached the home office, and no time was lost in arranging for his arrest when he should return for the plates. He returned on the 15th and was accordingly arrested, and is now in jail in Syracuse awaiting examination, which occurs on March 2.

This arrest proves to be an important one. In addition to various plunder, such as medical books, typewriters, rugs, etc., found in Marquisee's trunk when arrested, the police also found counterfeit coin both in the trunk and on his person; and in a search of his apartments at Utica found a complete outfit for counterfeiting, consisting of crucibles, bellows, nickel, lead, bismuth, antimony, a small blacksmith forge, a charcoal furnace, and several plaster-of-paris molds. The United States marshals want him just as soon as the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. are through with him, and no doubt he will be sentenced for a long period.

In selecting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for his counterfeiting operations, he showed his knowledge of the proprietary medicine business; for these pills are in such great demand that they are easily sold at any drug store in the United States. His scheme was to work the country druggists and sell his imitations at a discount of from 2 per cent. to 5 per cent., explaining the reduced price by the fact that he had picked them up in small lots and at a discount from dealers who were overstocked. By working fast and making long jumps he would have secured many hundreds of dollars in a short time. The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are most fortunate to have caught the rogue before he had fairly started, and to have thus kept these spurious goods out of the market.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Literary, Scientific, Etc.

The world has hardly yet recovered from the shock which it received when, about three years ago, Mr. Purcell's extraordinary and now famous Life of Cardinal Manning appeared. The fact that the biographer, who was a personal friend of the great Cardinal, presented, in the pages of his book, a portrait entirely at variance with the esteem and veneration in which Manning was universally held, created a most painful impression. It is, indeed, strange that the most complete and crushing refutation of the view taken of Manning's character by Mr. Purcell, should be from the pen of a French Protestant, the son of a Calvinist minister; yet this unlooked-for champion has done more to clear Manning's character from the aspersions cast upon it by a professed friend than any of the writers who have come to the defence of the dead Cardinal. Francis De Presseuse, the author of this "Life of Manning," writes more like a Catholic, and with finer appreciation of Manning's character than the professed Catholic Purcell, who, according to Presseuse, shows a lamentable absence of all the qualifications necessary for the impartial and high-minded biographer. Presseuse's book is a reproduction of two articles which appeared in the Revue des Deux Mondes, with an introduction in which the author critically examines Mr. Purcell's methods of writing biography and draws up against him a terrible indictment. Few biographers have ever received a more severe castigation than is administered to Purcell in a few pages of this introductory, while the author's own vindication of his position in appearing as the champion of the Catholic Manning is written in admirable spirit.

The book consists of two parts: The first dealing with the life of Manning as a Protestant, the second considering Manning the Catholic. It is a noble tribute to the great English Cardinal, and presents a portrait of the true Manning as the world knew him and loved him, with all the captivating grace of manner which we naturally expect from the educated Frenchman. The English translation is well done by Francis T. Furey, A. M. Philadelphia. John Jos. McVey. $1.00.

The "Philosophy of Literature," by Conde B. Pallen, Ph. D., LL. D., is a series of philosophical essays in which the origin and growth of literature are interestingly traced. The view taken of the subject is essentially a Christian and Catholic one, and the close relation between religion and literature, as illustrated in the history of the different peoples, is admirably brought out. The main points of the different discussions have been written upon by other authors, but they are here presented with a freshness and originality, and a forcefulness and elegance of style, that are sure to arrest and hold the readers' attention. St. Louis. B. Herder & Co. 75 cents.

The Ursuline Sisters of New York have conferred a lasting benefit on Catholic schools and the general reading public by issuing "Immortelles of Catholic Columbian Literature," compiled from the works of American Catholic women writers. The imposing array of writers presented in this book gives us a new idea of the prodigious literary activity of our American Catholic women. Selections carefully made from the works of sixty-three American Catholic authoresses, with a short biographical sketch of each, make an interesting volume of over six hundred pages, which is admirably adapted to the purposes of a school reader. The book is illustrated with portraits of the distinguished literary workers from whose works the selections have been taken. This first attempt to give the American reading public an idea of what Catholic women are doing in the domain of literature has been eminently successful, and has given us a book that should meet with speedy and generous patronage from the Catholic public. D. H. McBride & Co. New York, Chicago.

Under the heading "Leprosy and the Charity of the Church," Rev. L. W. Mullane gives an interesting account of the dread disease which afflicts thousands, and of the heroic efforts of the Catholic Church to care for these outcasts of humanity. The life and labors of Fr. Damien, whom the world reveres as a martyr to charity, occupy a prominent position in the book, while the labors of others in the Sandwich Islands, Africa and other places, make a story of heroism, which must convince the most skeptical, that self-sacrifice of the most heroic grade is confined to no one century, but may be found in this materialistic nineteenth, as well as in those which were called the ages of faith. Chicago; New York. D. H. McBride & Co.

"On Many Seas" recounts the life and exploits of a Yankee sailor. It is from the pen of Frederick Benton Williams, and is edited by his friend, William Stone Booth. There is not a dull page in this deeply interesting narrative of adventures, extending through a number of years, and over seas and through lands in different parts of the world. The peculiarly reckless life of the sailor, the strange adventures, which he encounters on shipboard and on land, are told with graphic effect by one who shared for many years the perils and hardships of the sailor's life. The McMillan Co. New York; London. $1.50.

Religious.

"Sermons and Lectures," by Rev. Michael B. Buckley, edited by his sister, Kate Buckley, with a memoir of his life by Rev. Charles Davis, is a highly interesting volume. Fr. Buckley, whose early death was deplored by the Catholics of Cork, where he labored with great success, was the possessor of a flowing and graceful style, and had the power of presenting his thoughts in a strikingly effective manner. We have no doubt that these sermons and addresses must have produced a deep impression upon the audiences to which they were delivered. The series includes charity sermons, panegyrics, sermons suited to special occasions, as the dedication of a church and opening of an organ, sermons suited to the principal feasts of the ecclesiastical year, and instructions on the principal duties of the Christian life. Subjoined are six addresses, historical and critical, and relating mostly to Irish subjects. This new edition of Fr. Buckley's sermons will, no doubt, be welcomed with the favor which their excellence deserves. Dublin. Sealy, Bryers and Walker.

Novels.

"Mademoiselle Blanche," by the rising young novelist, John W. Barry, is a charming story, sustaining its interest from the beginning to the end. Much of its interest is derived from the charm of personality with which the author invests the young heroine, an acrobat in the Paris circus, who earns her living by performing the amazing feat of diving backwards from the top of the building into the net below. Notwithstanding her station in life, she is a girl of pure and guileless character, sincerely devoted to her religious duties and lovable in all respects. The lover is a young Parisian of the period, once religious, but at the opening of the story an indifferent, good-natured scoffer of all things relating to religious belief. He goes one evening to the Paris circus, sees the daring leap of Mademoiselle Blanche and is fascinated on the spot. Then follows one of the most charming love idyls, which has ever been read in the pages of a novel. The sweetness and goodness of the girl's character begin to exercise a potent influence over the careless young man; his whole life and modes of thought become changed, and the indifferentist, who a short while before would have scoffed at the idea, kneels at the feet of the priest to confess his misdeeds. We almost regret that the vision of blissful paradise, so delicately drawn by the author, does not endure. But the element of motherhood enters and the whole scene changes. The young girl, who up to this time was absolutely fearless and performed her daring act without the slightest misgiving, suddenly finds herself unnerved. The thought of her child comes to her, as she is about to make the fearful descent, and what was before a pleasurable excitement becomes a very agony of fear and suspense. She has finally to give up, and immediately the love of the husband grows cold. He had been in love, not with her, but with her act. The picture that follows is as painful as the preceding was beautiful and agreeable. Domestic unhappiness holds full sway, until finally the tragic end comes, when the fear of losing forever her husband's love induces her to try again the fatal leap, when her worst fears are realized. The domestic scenes in this deeply interesting story are drawn with rare skill and with a delicacy which we shall seek for in vain in many novels of our time. The other characters are interwoven in a natural way into the narrative without destroying the unity of the story. Judged either as a delicately drawn and chaste picture of domestic life, or as a psychological study, this book gives promise of future brilliant results from the pen of the author. New York. Stone and Kimball.

The romantic adventures of Prince Charles Edward in his effort to build up the fallen dynasty of the Stuarts, and recover a lost throne, have been a favorite theme for novelists. This romantic personality appears in the pages of the latest novel by Owen Rhoscomyl, entitled "For the White Rose of Arno." The interest of the story, however, centres in a young Welshman and his betrothed, who after various adventures following upon the fatal retreat from Derby of Prince Charles' army, finally succeed in escaping to the shores of France. From the preface we gather that many incidents related during the course of the story possess an historical value. Longmans, Green and Co. New York; London; Bombay.

THE SECRET.

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

Donahoe's Magazine.

VOL. XXXVII. BOSTON, MAY, 1897. No. 5.

IRISH COTTAGE INDUSTRIES.

BY JOSEPH J. SHARKETT.

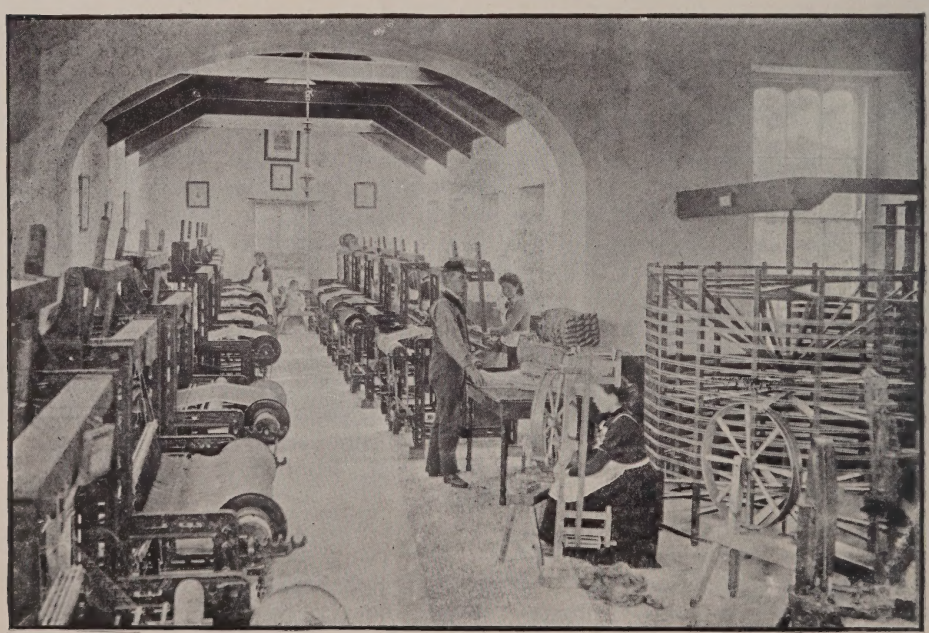
So much has been done within the past few years by the Irish Industries' Association, local co-operation, and by the various Convents throughout Ireland, in the promotion of home industries that great hopes are now entertained as to the future prosperity of the Irish people. In many districts the work is already very favorably advancing, and there is every reason to believe that the example will prove contagious. The people of Ireland, it is true, so long accustomed to disappointments of every kind, require a very strong stimulus before undertaking a decisive line of action; but the stimulus is forthcoming. For if, in the barren tracts of portions of Donegal, Fermanagh, Kerry and Mayo, industrial development is steadily progressing, it is very likely that a general energy in the same direction will gradually be infused into the nation as a whole, and comfort and happiness brought to the thousands of rural homes heretofore scenes of hopeless distress.

Had Ireland been permitted to carry on her national manufactures, which were in such grand swing at the time of the Commonwealth; had the nefarious Navigation Act of Charles II., restricting and ultimately destroying Irish export trade with the Colonies, been withheld; and had the final blow, leveled at the woolen industry in the reign of the Third William been averted, Ireland would now be numbered amongst the opulent nations. But English jealousy and tyranny triumphed; the looms of Munster were stilled, while the Earl of Stratford's planters carried on, in undisturbed security, their linen factories in the North. In consequence of such enactments the people of Ireland, stricken with poverty, and obliged to subsist almost exclusively on agricultural produce, fell victims to famine when the crops failed. Hence, when the wet summer of 1845 brought about the potato disease, the events which followed gave to history one of her most lamentable and heart-rending pages; while the population of the country, between famine, the pestilence which succeeded, and emigration, was speedily reduced by 2,000,000. Ever since, owing to the unfruitfulness of the soil, the cry of distress has not ceased to come, year after year, from the congested districts.

It was with a view to prevent the recurrence of such a crisis, to relieve such wretchedness, and to make the people independent of the evil effects of bad harvests that the Countess of

AN EVICTION SCENE.

Aberdeen founded the Irish Industries' Association. At the request of Mrs. Ernest Hart, one of the most unproductive localities in Ireland was selected as the starting point for the establishment of Cottage Industries—



LINEN FACTORY, SKIBBEREEN. CONDUCTED BY SISTERS OF MERCY.

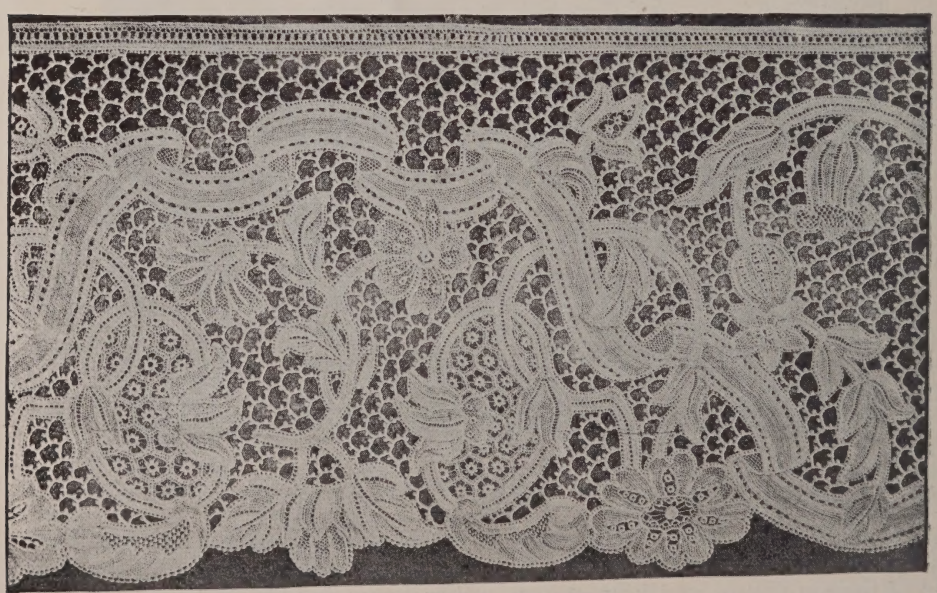
South Donegal. Aided by the Congested Districts Board, the Association at once supplied looms and spinning-wheels with the best modern appliances, on the half-yearly payment system; teachers were sent to the several centres to instruct in the manipulation of the apparatus, and homespuns were soon manufactured, which found a ready sale in London in the Co-operative Stores. About forty such looms are now at work in Gweedore, each capable of keeping from fourteen to sixteen persons constantly employed, and of turning out forty yards of excellent cloth in an ordinary working day. Besides weaving and spinning, many other home industries, such as knitting and shirt-making, are also carried on to a great extent; and, as the Asso-

IRISH SPINNING WHEEL.

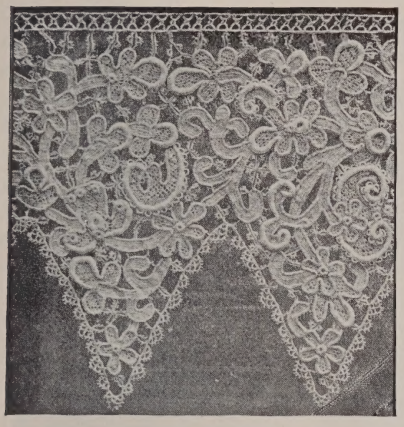
THE PRIZE WINNERS.

ciation is a trading as well as a teaching body, the people are always sure to find a market for their work.

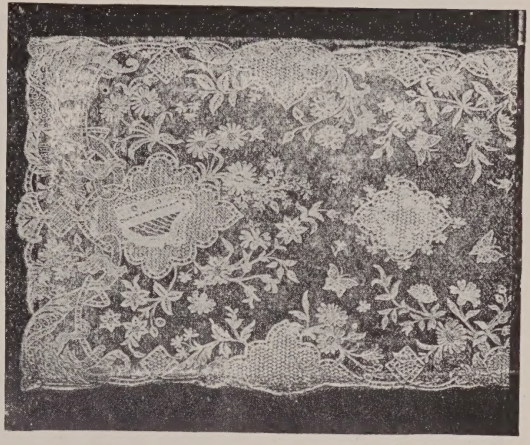
The effect of such a state of things on the homes of the peasantry is wonderful. The poor fisherman's toil, on account of his rude fishing gear, the wildness of the coast, the distance of the markets and the absence of railways, is badly repaid. Since the introduction of improved machinery into the English harvest-fields the Irish laborer who goes in the early autumn to the sister island in quest of a means of livelihood for the winter, now returns scarcely richer than he went. At the present time his daughters are in a posi-



FLAT POINT LACE FROM YOUGHAL.

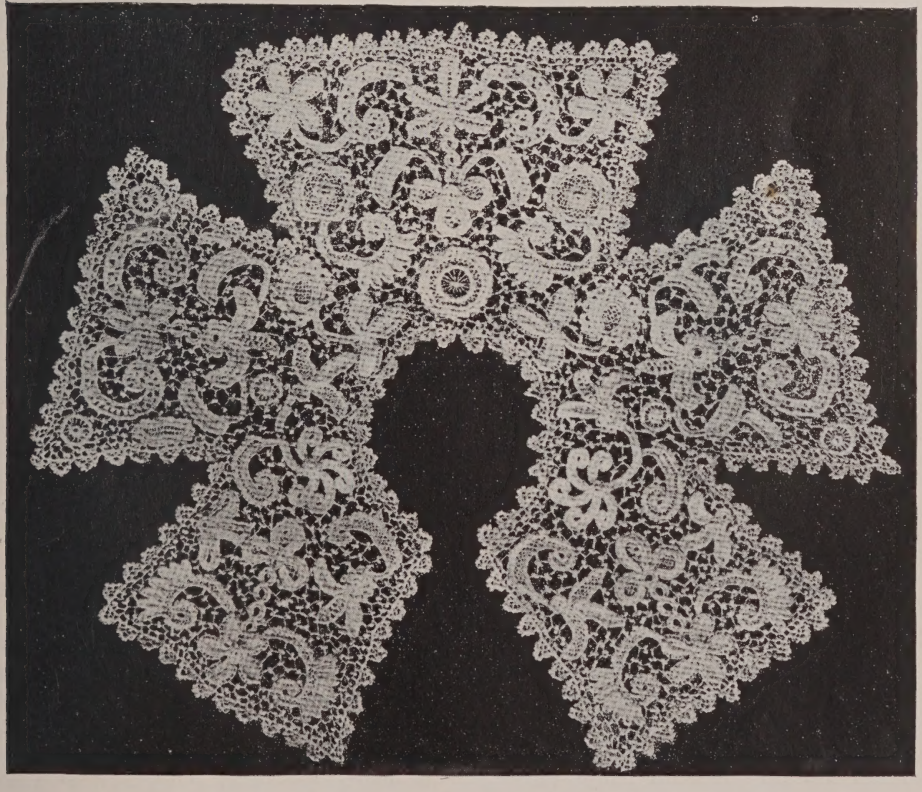


ROSE POINT LACE FROM INNISHMACSAINT.

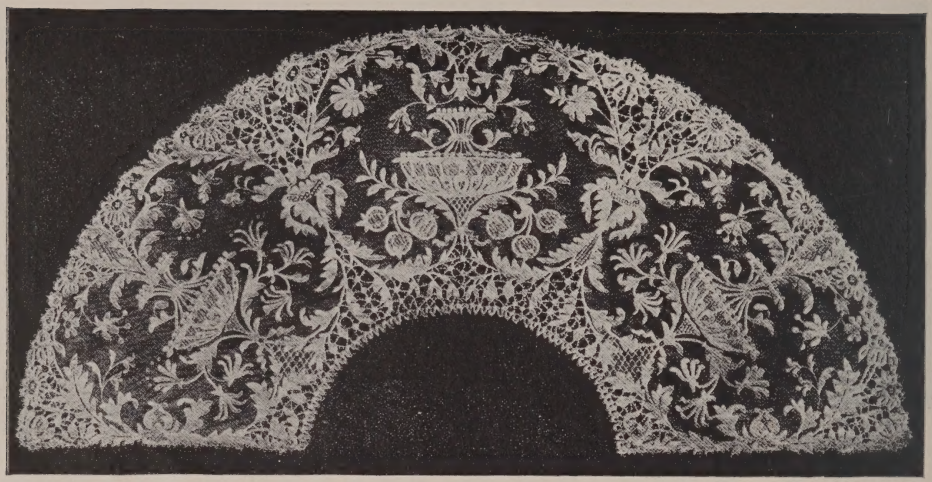


LIMERICK LACE SCARF.

tion to supplement his earnings by from four to nine shillings weekly. This sum is now earned by girls of sixteen and seventeen in their own cottages, and, as was proved by the Edinburgh Exhibition, and especially



IRISH CROTCHET LACE COLLAR. (Relief.)



CARRICKMACROSS FAN. COMBINED APPLIQUE AND GUIPURE.

by the success of the Irish Village at the World's Fair, the quality of the work done is second to none that Scotland can produce. Similar remarks apply to other centres, such as Belturbet, Lisnaskea, Limerick, Cork, Achill Island, Carrick, etc., where the Association is at work.

FLAT POINT BORDER, KENMARE.

Among the different industries pursued by Irish women, lace-making has become by far the most general. Needle-work of various kinds was actively promoted in Ireland during the years of the Great Famine as a means of preserving the poorer classes from starvation. At that period, when men could do but little for their families, nearly 320,000 women were engaged between sewed-muslin work and lace. This industry, however, subsequently declined, and it is only within the last

CORNER OF FOXFORD WOOLEN TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

few years that it has begun to be revived and to receive a thorough development. Depots for the sale of lace and other textile commodities were established by Lady Aberdeen at Lon-

don and Dublin, where an extensive stock of fancy materials, beautiful and artistic in design, workmanship and finish, is displayed. The sale at the Dublin depot often amounts to £11,000 in one year; and the profits of the business are devoted, under the management of the I. I. Association, to the encouragement of cottage industries. In the counties of Fermanagh and Monaghan; in the Carmelite Convent, New Ross; the Ursuline Convent, Blackrock, County Cork; the Mercy Convent, Kinsale, and other places in the South, the "Irish crochet lace" is produced. This fabric, known in France as "Pointe d'Irlande," durable and decorative in its two chief varieties of "relieved" work and "guipure," has already acquired a large Parisian sale. The working of Carrickmacross "applique" and "guipure" and of the "rose point" or "Innishmacsaint lace," so called from a wild region in Fermanagh, in which it is principally made—is becoming an extensive and profitable occupation in many places. Only a few months ago the Sisters of Mercy, Ardee, started a school of this lace for the grown-up girls, and, judging from the results since attained, a substantial amount will very soon be added to the weekly income of many of the local cottagers. If space permitted, other specimens, such as the famous Limerick "Tambour" and "Run" and the "Greek" lace might be dwelt upon. A word, however, must be given to the "Flat Point"—the "Queen of Irish laces." This magnificent and costly fabric (often amounting to £80 a yard for deep flounces, £20 for handkerchiefs and £50 for fans) is produced by Irish women and girls at Youghal, Kenmare, Killarney, New Ross, etc., and obtains a ready sale in London, Paris and Vienna. It is very consoling to the Irish peasant to know that the native talent of his daughters is appreciated by Continental urban connoisseurs, and more consoling still to experience the comforts, so long withheld, which the work of their hands brings home to his fireside.

We now come to consider Irish Convents in their connection with this movement of Revival. What the Nuns have accomplished for the girls of Ireland in ordinary educational training cannot be over-estimated. But they have not stopped here. They are foremost in the field of industrial enterprise; and in upwards of sixty Convent Schools home industries are now being taught in connection with the Board of National Education. All kinds of lace-making, art needlework, embroidery, vestment-making, dressmaking, machine knitting, etc., are carried on, and the girls paid according to the work done and its merits; while in many institutions there are departments of cookery, laundry, horticulture, etc. But since 1889, notwithstanding many initial financial difficulties, still greater things have been achieved. Linen, woolen and hosiery factories have been opened by the Sisters of Mercy, the Sisters of Charity and other religious communities at Skibbereen, Foxford, Gort, Ballaghadereen, Galway, Kilkenny, Carrick-on-Suir, Queenstown, Stradbally and some other towns. A word of a few of the leading ones must suffice to show how auspiciously they are progressing.

At Skibbereen, County Cork, and at Gort, County Galway, the Sisters of Mercy are successfully conducting the linen industry, of which Belfast, Derry, Carrickfergus and other Northern centres had hitherto the monopoly. Woven medium and fine linens, towelings, sheetings, tape-borders, dress-lawns, etc., are manufactured; and from the fact that orders are constantly coming in from Down and Antrim, as well as from the testi-

mony of experts, the material turned out by the Southern and Western looms is in no way inferior to that produced in Belfast. At Gort several other advanced needlework industries give lucrative employment to upwards of thirty girls, while nearly seventy are instructed in the different departments.*

The greatest and most unexpected results, perhaps, have been attained at Foxford—in the heart of an unfruitful and congested district in County Mayo. Here, as in Donegal, famine threatened yearly, owing to the barrenness of the soil; and so late as 1890 disastrous consequences would have ensued did not the relief works instituted by Mr. Balfour ward off starvation. Industries of every kind were totally unattempted and unknown in the wretched hovels so profusely scattered through the bogs and in the recesses of the mountains, until the Sisters of Charity came. These energetic ladies, by means of loans and donations, established a woolen factory, which is worked by the young men and women of the district. The fabrics produced, which are equal to those turned out by the best Yorkshire looms, include blankets, friezes, clerical cloth, flannels and tweed. Medals have already been won at the Chicago Exhibition and the Royal Dublin Society's show, and the goods are patronized by persons of every denomination and every rank of society in the Kingdom.* The Sisters are also conferring an inestimable boon on the rural population of the district by their dairy, laundry and cooking classes, and by the interest they take in encouraging poultry rearing, bee-keeping, cottage gardening and the training of domestic servants. At the Ball's Bridge Winter show of last year the Foxford cottiers were awarded several prizes for their agricultural entries; and at the Connaught Exhibition held in 1894 at Foxford, Lord Arran, Lord Ashbourne, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and several other distinguished visitors spoke in very complimentary terms of the magnificence of the exhibits and of the splendid work effected by the Nuns. If every impoverished district in Ireland had such a community of Sisters, destitution would soon cease to prevail.

The Convents at Ballaghadereen, Sligo and other towns have recently opened hosiery factories, and are also engaged at other industries similar to those pursued at Foxford and Gort, and with equal success. It is noteworthy that in all these technical schools and factories mentioned the wool is invariably, if not entirely, supplied from Irish pastures.

This is a rough and by no means

*Lady Gregory, writing of the Gort Cottage industries, says of the workers: "They have some right to be proud of their success, for this year they have carried out an order for richly colored vestments of purple linen for the Bishop of the Diocese. And, having received an order from the editor of the Savoy Magazine for window hangings of the same Tyrian dye, they feel themselves quite up-to-date and fin de siecle. . . . . In the dim old days, the resource, through the prolonged 'blind man's holiday,' was to sit 'round the fire and tell stories. . . . . Now, light has come, and, while the men of the household content themselves with rereading the weekly national papers, the girls will find time for more paying occupations; and an industrial training will be more than ever a boon to them. . . . . Some of the finest lace has been made by a girl who walks some miles from her home on the mountain side every morning and back again in the evening."

*Mr. Max Greene, in the "New Ireland Review," says: "You rarely see an account of a state function without reference to the beauty of the Irish lace or poplin worn at it; and there is hardly a sportsman amongst the aristocracy who does not possess at least one suit of homespun made by the peasants of the wilds of Donegal, Mayo or Kerry, and still reeking with the peat smoke of its birthplace!"

an exhaustive sketch of the industrial movement in Ireland up to the present. Uncertain notions are astir in the minds of some theorists, principally in regard to the factorial departure on the part of the Sisters, as to future success. No doubt these various communities have undertaken a work which, considering their small capital, their limited experience and the competitive opposition they would necessarily meet with from the solidly established and flourishing firms so long in existence throughout Great Britain, political economists were at first somewhat slow in advocating. But to stay the flood of emigration, to supply a people with the necessaries of life, which the soil denied, and to terminate that infamous series of evictions so long in operation, the Sisters disregarded theories. And if some of Mr. Mills' principles were overlooked it matters not, as long as other principles succeeded. It is worthy of remark, however, as Mr. Glynn, Secretary of the Gort Association, points out, that the usual predominating factors of interest on account of capital, middleman's profit and managerial expenses, are, with the Nuns, but secondary considerations, their capital being made up almost entirely of free donations, their goods supplied direct to the consumer, and the superintendence of their factories gratuitious on the part of the Sisters. And if any profits are made they are devoted, as in the case of the Irish Lace Depot, to the improvement and development of the industries.

It is evident to anyone who gives the question serious consideration that the future industrial prosperity of Ireland lies in the hands of her teaching bodies. "Educate that you may be free." Hundreds of thousands of poor girls are sitting in idleness in their cottages waiting for an opportunity to emigrate, and are absolutely helpless to themselves and their parents, owing to utter ignorance in the matter of home industry. At the poultry, vegetable and butter markets the cottier fails to obtain an average price simply because something was wanting in the rearing and the manufacture. Again, well-trained hands are constantly in request in the large factories, and are difficult to be found. The Hon. Horace Plunkett, M. P., somewhere observed that "The most important element for the process of a manufacturing industry is the existence of a trained industrial class"; and the absence of such a class in Ireland accounts for the fact that English manufacturers, who are ever ready to invest when there is hope of a liberal return, have kept away from Ireland. No other cause can be assigned. The Irish people are intelligent, and if proverbialisms are to be believed, fully as intelligent as their brethren in England; there is an abundance of wool and a splendid water power in the country; and the workmen are more willing to toil for lower wages, and are less addicted to "striking" than the tradesmen of Britain; hence Mr. Plunkett touches the radical cause of this apparent anomaly.

If the Irish local authorities only interested themselves in the matter, technical training might be carried on all over the provinces in connection with the Science and Art Department, Kensington. This department has guaranteed, with some slight restrictions, to grant a sum equal in amount to that granted by any of the local authorities in Ireland—as, for instance, a Board of Guardians—to support technical education. Of this not more than ten schools have thus far availed themselves, though there are upwards of one hundred towns in the provinces in which, together with several populous country parishes, the experiment is quite possible. A scheme run on

somewhat analogous lines has met with remarkable success in Austria. In 1868, with a view to provide occupation for the daughters of the artisans, a work school was founded at Klagenfurt, in Carinthia. Though the school was the first of its kind in the empire, over four hundred such institutions now exist, in which eighteen thousand girls receive instruction.

The rural population of Ireland, according to the census of 1891, amounted to three and one-half millions. Now, considering that, though the rural area is about twenty millions of acres, only five millions are under tillage, the remainder being taken up with pasture (ten), bog, mountain and plantation (five), it is hard to conceive how the Irish farmer can support himself on the produce of the land alone. If to this be added the excessive subdivisions of small farms between the grown-up sons of a family, the occurrence of periodic famine in the congested districts is easily accounted for. It cannot be denied that the Agricultural Co-operative societies, of which more than one hundred are now actively engaged, are diminishing to a great extent in many localities the disabilities under which the farmer labors, and will, when they become more general, confer an enormous benefit on the country; but this sphere of action is still very limited. And even granting that there existed such an organization in every parish in Ireland, home or cottage industries are essential as a complement to their work. Moreover, it is estimated by Dr. I. Bowles Daly that upwards of £15,000,000 is annually spent abroad by the Irish upon fabrics that could be as well manufactured at home; if half that sum were kept in the country what an amelioration it would produce in the present state of things. And if Irish men and women insisted on getting home-made goods the effect would be speedy and permanent. The necessity of such policy has long been felt, and decisive action too long deferred.

The movement, however, is well initiated. Looms and spinning-wheels are becoming busy once more, and homespuns are beginning to hold their own again in the Irish markets and in those of other parts of Great Britain. We wish success to Lady Aberdeen's association, to the Convents and other bodies who are interesting themselves in Irish industrial affairs; and if the future can be judged by the past, we may prudently hope for better things for Ireland.

Will the Dingley Bill Revive Business?

A SYMPOSIUM.

INTRODUCTION.

The pending tariff bill has made famous the name of its author, Nelson Dingley, Jr., "the man from Maine," now most talked of in the world of commerce.

Descended from thrifty working people, Mr. Dingley inherited many staunch qualities and early learned the important lesson of personal effort in marking out a successful career. Conservative in character, unremitting in application, and steadfast in purpose, this man who, at sixty-five years, shows an eagerness for the fray of political life that many younger men would shrink from, presents an instance of the triumph of mental force over waning physical activity.

Like many others who have achieved a record, Mr. Dingley attributes much of his success to the maternal influence that molded his early years. His mother was a teacher, a woman of fine intellectual ability and progressive ideas.

Under her tuition he acquired his early education, and unconsciously prepared for the triumph of later years, when he graduated from Dartmouth at the head of a brilliant class.

With a natural gift for journalism, the young man subjected his mind to the discipline of a course of study of the technicalities of law, that his subsequent work as a journalist might thereby be benefitted and strengthened.

There was no phenomenal progress to reward his efforts. Steady plodding, close application, and an ever-increasing mine of information on matters of finance and political economy brought him gradually to the goal of his desires, the proprietorship of a newspaper and a seat in the legislature.

In 1881, Mr. Dingley was sent to Congress, having previously served his people for six years as Speaker of the House, and for two years as Governor.

Here his assiduous preparation eminently fitted him for the position he naturally assumed, and quietly filled term after term, his constituents being well satisfied to leave their interests under his protection.

To counteract the strain of public life, Mr. Dingley lives temperately, keeps early hours, and seeks in the home circle the needed rest and recreation. The orderly, thrifty habits of his boyhood serve him well, and help to conserve the forces that might otherwise yield to the weight of sixty-five years.

Few men of that age would be willing to enter on the labor of framing a tariff bill, and meeting the strenuous opposition such a measure logically rouses into aggressive life.

It is not the purpose of this introduction to weigh in the balance the defects or merits of the Dingley bill. That can best be done by those in whose hands the people have placed the power to determine an issue of vital importance.

Therefore, we append expressions of opinion formulated by men prominent in opposition to the bill, and in a later issue will present the views of advocates of the new tariff scheme.

HON. MARION BUTLER.

I am asked to give my views in response to the question: "Will the Dingley Bill Revive Business?"

If the Dingley bill will increase the capacity of the American people to purchase, even to the extent of supplying their necessities, then it will revive business. If it fails to do this, then it cannot revive business. The Dingley bill cannot open the mills and keep them open unless there is a market for what the mills produce. If there were such a market, that is, if those who desire to consume were able to purchase, the mills would be open now, running full speed. To-day the commercial salesman finds that he cannot place as large an order with the retail merchant as formerly. The merchant explains that he has not yet disposed of his last purchase. Some of the goods are still in stock, or else they have been sold to customers on credit, who have not yet been able to pay. The salesman, therefore, sends in smaller and fewer orders; and, in turn, the jobbers place fewer and smaller orders with the wholesale man and the factory. This tells the story. It is the condition of the consumer, the inability of the masses to purchase, that has shut down some mills and caused others to run on short time. This condition cannot change until the condition of the agriculturists and producing classes is improved, and improved materially. Now, will the Dingley bill accomplish this? Not even its author is rash enough to make such a claim.

The cause of industrial depression is much deeper than the difference between any high protective tariff or revenue tariff. We have suffered business depression, strikes and lockouts alike under a low tariff and under a high tariff. In short, we have always suffered business stagnation and depression when the volume of money was contracted or within the control of any combination of men other than the Government itself.

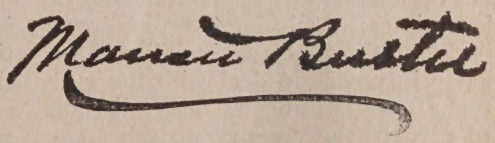
The Republican party has promised to give the country prosperity with its policy of protection and the gold standard. It is an impossible task. Free trade and the gold standard go together. They have promised to protect American industry and American labor against the pauper labor of foreign countries. I would be glad to see them carry out this pledge in good faith, but the Dingley bill falls far short of their protection promises. Nine-tenths of the protection which it will afford will be for a few specially favored manufacturers. Even the labor employed in such factories is guaranteed no protection, save such as the generosity of their employers may see fit to grant. Besides, farming, which certainly must be included in the list of American industries, is not protected at all against foreign competition. There are only about four million laborers employed in manufacturing, while there are over nine millions employed in the cotton fields of the South and the wheat fields of the West. These men are certainly as much American laborers as those engaged in the factories, yet the Dingley bill does not even propose to protect a single one of this vast number. These laborers are forced to meet the competition of foreign pauper labor, just the same as the laborer in the factories. It is true that the great agricultural industry, and the nine millions of laborers employed in it, cannot be protected by an import duty, because the products of their labor are exported, but they can be protected by a different method. Protection is the principle for which the Republican party stands, and to which it is pledged to the American people. The import duty is simply the method

which it employs to protect the manufacturers. Now let the Republican party employ some other method that will protect agriculture and agricultural labor. Let them apply their great principle of protection to every American industry and to all American laborers, by whatever method necessary to give such protection. I submit that there are two methods by which this protection can be given:

First—By taking from our competitors in India, Russia and Argentine the bounty due to the enchanced price of gold, which they now enjoy to our detriment. The difference of exchange, which amounts to a protection, or rather a bounty, of nearly one hundred per cent. to our competitors, can be removed if the Republican party will establish an independent American system of bimetallism at the present legal ratio. I realize that the Republican party, however, is pledged by its platform not to give this method of protection. There is but one other way left open to them to keep their promise to agriculture and agricultural labor.

Second—That is by an export bounty. I do not favor the principle of bounties, but will favor it in this case, if no other remedy can be had, on the principle of offsetting one bounty with another bounty. If the Republican party can protect agriculture and agricultural labor by any other method which is better, then let them do it. If it cannot, I submit that it is bound by its solemn declaration to the American people to protect all American labor and American industries against foreign competition by adopting this method.

But if the Republican party should adopt the wisest and most equitable tariff system that it is possible to devise, it cannot restore prosperity by that means. The gold standard and monopoly rule are the two cancers that are paralyzing the industrial life of the nation. These evils must be remedied before there will be any general revival of business or permanent prosperity.



THOMAS G. SHEARMAN.

The enactment of the Dingley Tariff will, of course, give considerable profits to a small number of judicious speculators, including manufacturers, who purchase their materials in advance and reserve their products until the rise in prices, made to some extent inevitable by the increase of duties, shall take place. This will produce a temporary activity in these lines of business, which may for a short time so far extend its influence as to seem like a general improvement. Of this, the present great activity in importing is an illustration.

But the history of all high tariffs shows that this improvement is limited, factitious and short. Speculation on the advance in price expected as a result of tariff changes is always overdone and always disappointing. The constant and irresistible tendency of manufacture, all over the world, to a decrease in cost of produc-

tion, and the disposition of home manufacturers to increase their production, in the delusive hope of finding more customers, soon neutralize the effect of any increase in tariff duties. A rise in prices does at first take place, but it is mainly speculative; and the speculators soon find that the mass of the people simply cannot buy at the advanced prices. The increase of duties results in a lessened consumption, in greater hardship to the people at large, and in a partial paralysis of business. Such were the results during the first year of each of the high tariffs of 1824, 1828, 1842, 1861, 1883 and 1890; and such must be the result of the tariff of 1897.

The business effects of the Dingley Tariff cannot be considered separately from its political effects; for the one will react upon the other. The political effects have already shown themselves, in a universal reaction against the high tariff party. It is quite true that this reaction, thus far, has not been directly caused by the new tariff, or even by the proposals for it. It has been caused by the continuance of hard times; which, however, is directly due to the confessed inability of the party in power to deal with the currency question and its determination to give to the country no relief except greater tax burdens.

The cause of the present popular dissatisfaction will continue in force. To those causes will soon be added the destruction of important and flourishing branches of business, which will promptly follow from the enactment of the new tariff and the general refusal of the people to buy goods at the increased prices asked. Importers and manufacturers alike will struggle hard to hold their goods for higher prices; while purchasers will steadily hold aloof. The dominant party will entirely fail to solve the currency question during the present Congress; and nobody doubts that they will lose the next Congress. The whole series of elections for the next four years will go heavily against the Republican party. In November, 1898, an immense majority of the elected House of Representatives will be Democrats and Populists. It will then be so clear, even to short-sighted observers, that the Dingley Tariff cannot survive the next Presidential election, that capitalists will have no faith in new investments which depend upon that tariff for profit. Even if the country at large should have a revival of industry and prosperity, simply as the result of years of previous depression (as did happen in 1880, without any change in the laws), that revival will be at least as brief as the revival of 1880, which all came to an end by the summer of 1881. The boom of prosperity cannot come early enough to save the Republican party from defeat in 1898; and if it should come in that year, its effects will be exhausted before the summer of 1900; and the effect of a reaction, after temporary prosperity, if we have any, will be just as fatal to Republican success in the Fall of 1900, as would be a continuance and unbroken series of hard times.

The Dingley Tariff, in substance, will undoubtedly become a law. It will last four years, and no longer. It will kill several branches of profitable business; but that is what a tariff is for. It will compel the great masses of half-poor people to do without many of the decent comforts of life. It will retard the return of prosperity, although the industry of our people is so great that nothing can entirely destroy prosperity. It will bring about a crushing defeat of the party responsible for its enactment; and, so far, that is a good thing. But it is extremely difficult to see how, with that defeat, it is possible to avoid a free silver triumph; and that is a bad thing. When the business world be-

come convinced, as it probably will by the summer of 1900, that the establishment of a silver standard is coming, as the certain result of the Dingley Tariff, it is probable that there will be a commercial panic in the East, equal to that which was feared, but for a time avoided, in November, 1896. But no panic will then change the result of the election.

Thomas G. Shearman

HON. JOHN F. FITZGERALD.

The Dingley bill, in my judgment, will not produce permanent prosperity in this country. The measure is not framed in the interest of the people of the country. It is put together in the interest of manufacturers, trusts and combinations of capital.

The victory obtained by the Republican party in the last election was due in a great extent to the use of money in states like Ohio and Illinois, and the amount of money contributed by the manufacturers must now be paid back. It is a well-known fact in Washington that the different schedules were suggested and practically framed to the Ways and Means Committee by the different interests involved. Under these circumstances, it is a very easy matter to determine how much consideration the people received at the hands of these representatives of capital.

There is no question in my mind but that for a short time the effect of this bill on New England's industries will be very good, as it cannot fail to stimulate manufactures in all of the large cities of this section, thereby giving employment to a great deal of capital and labor. Inasmuch, however, as the permanent prosperity of this country rests, in my judgment, on the prices obtained for its agricultural products, and, under the provisions of this bill, opportunities for selling our agricultural products are restricted, rather than encouraged, I do not think that the prosperity, even in this section, can long continue.

If the people of the West and South are not receiving fair prices for their goods, they cannot obtain purchasers for the manufactured products of the East; and when the small dealers in the West and South are not purchasing from the wholesalers, then the wholesalers are not purchasing from the manufacturers; and when the manufacturers are not selling, the mills are not running. It is, therefore, my opinion that a bill which increases the prices of manufactured goods to the great bulk of the population of the country, giving immense profits to protected industries, but affording no wider markets for the agricultural interests, cannot bring continued prosperity to the country.

John F. Fitzgerald

NOTE — The photograph on the cover, of Nelson Dingley, is by Howard of Lewiston, Me.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

By J. J. Mangan, M.D.

PART II.

The poet is modified by circumstances and surroundings, and though Mangan had few wants to provide against, yet the claims of his family and invalid brother proved sufficient to force him to submit his neck to the necessary yoke, and we accordingly find him, in 1833, contributing his wonderful translations from the German to the "Dublin University Magazine," to the fame of which periodical they gave an added lustre. Jeffrey of the Edinburgh Review, writing to Tom Moore a few years earlier, said: "Could you hunt me up a good, smart German reviewer, do you think; one who knows that literature thoroughly, without thinking it necessary to rave about it, and above all, who can write in a concise, vigorous and striking style? If he understood Russian and Polish, so much the better. I want an account of the vernacular productions of these countries at the present day." Jeffrey never got what he looked for, and so this unknown and undefined field of literary research lay fallow, until Mangan's wonderful abilities became known to the editor of the Dublin University Magazine, when he recognized that he had Jeffrey's long-sought "disideratum literarium" and the greatest poet in Ireland besides. This man who had struggled all his life against poverty and ill-health, had somehow acquired a thorough knowledge of many tongues, both ancient and modern, together with several recondite and abstruse branches of learning, and amongst other things, the fashionable, rationalistic, German philosophy of the time. So this brilliant but erratic genius was set to work translating, reviewing and explaining the misty poets of Germany, which he did in his own realistic way, bringing his fine, discriminating taste to bear on them in praise or blame, with unerring judgment. For sixteen years he labored thus, somewhat intermittently, it is true, for he had the aggravating habit of disappearing for weeks at a time, when he would give himself wholly to his beloved opium and to the wooing of his own particular muse. At such times would the patient editor have to start out in search of him, or luckily waylay him "in the devious turnings" of some lane, and compel a scrutiny of the hat for the furnishing forth of the monthly instalment.

"Every man," says Theodore Parker, "has at times in his mind the ideal of what he should be and is not"; and it is very evident that this line of thought frequently came home to Mangan, for we find him occasionally breaking off in the middle of his translations to insert an original poem of rare beauty in thought and phrase, but some imp of perversity would immediately prompt him to attribute it to an impossible German, Turkish or Persian writer of his own creation, thus indulging in the strange and unnatural delight of hoaxing the public at the expense of his own fame and reputation. Lovers of his cult are still engaged in unraveling the tangled web he wove.

As a translator he was probably unequaled in his own particular field. Of the estimation in which he was held in this respect by the editors of the Dublin University Magazine, to whom he was best and most intimately known, the following extract from an editorial in the magazine itself will testify: "Of Clarence Mangan, it is scarcely necessary for us to say anything in this place. We may, however, be permitted to express our admiration and wonder at the spontaneity of his genius, as well as its richness

and profusion. Month after month he twirls his poetical kaleidoscope, as if it required no effort but the shifting of his fingers to produce those ever-changing forms of the beautiful and the grotesque in which he delights to indulge. He seems but to breathe on the strange, quaint legends and wild melodies of distant lands, frozen up, as it were, by the frosts of a hundred dialects, and lo! as if of their own accord, the foreign harmonies break melodiously on the startled ear, like the tunes in the bugle horn of Munchausen." Then after showing how he made the writers of Germany famous by his inimitable translations, which, after all, brought him very little personal emolument, the editor goes on to say, that, fortunately for himself, Mangan "also stamped his name on a few, and those principally of his own creation, which, we rest satisfied, the swans of immortality will rescue from the oblivious flood and bear to the Temple of Fame, there to be consecrated forever." This is "praise from Sir Hubert," for they were not speaking of a Moore, or a Byron, or a Campbell, or any of the many writers of the day, most of whom were the leaders of literary cliques, able to give color and shade to criticism, but, on the contrary, to an unaspiring and unfashionable child of the muses. His translations are literary curiosities in many ways. He openly confessed that he was not literally faithful to his originals, for "fidelity," he says, "is occasionally a merit of a very questionable kind." He scrupled not to embellish and adorn the commonplace, and it is probable, that, if the authors whom he translated could have seen their works when framed in Mangan's English, they would have preferred his to their own. It is related of Schiller, that, having seen his Wallenstein translated and beautified by Coleridge, he retranslated it into German, making of it a far better poem than was his original effort. Had he lived to see Mangan's versions of his poems, he would have had many opportunities of repeating the same performance. Like Coleridge, Mangan was too great a poet to be a slavish imitator. There is, too, a great deal of truth in his quaint remark that, "none but good poems are susceptible of being well translated. For it is in this department, as it is in love; the maintenance of fidelity towards the beautiful is always easier than it is towards the ordinary." The impetus that his beautiful renderings gave to the study of German poetry was lasting and widespread, and a host of translators, both in England and Ireland, followed him into the same field of effort, and it is only the exact truth that he states when he says of himself that, "we have awakened a wide, and deep, and intense, and permanent interest in favor of the literature of Germany, solely by the bold, arrogant, audacious, judicious, and original manner in which we have dared to improve upon its poetry, and hector its poets."

But Mangan's sad self permeated his translations, as well as his original work. His wretched environment and his unhappy love could not change or destroy his genius, for genius springs from inherent qualities. But they did affect the color of his thoughts and sentiments; they operated on his choice of topics, and are visible in his selections for translation. Who that reads his touching rendition of Rueckert's "And Then No More" but feels that he or she is listening to the story of Mangan and his Frances.

AND THEN NO MORE.

I saw her once, one little while, and then
no more:
'Twas Eden's light on earth awhile, and
then no more.

Amid the throng she passed along the
meadow floor;
Spring seemed to smile on earth awhile,
: and then no more.
But whence she came, which way she went,
what garb she wore,
I noted not: I gazed awhile, and then no
more.

I saw her once, one little while, and then
no more:
'Twas Paradise on earth awhile, and then
no more.
Ah, what avail my vigils pale, my magic
lore?
She shone before mine eyes awhile, and
then no more.
The shallop of my peace is wrecked on
beauty's shore;
Near hope's fair isle it rode awhile, and
then no more.

I saw her once, one little while, and then
no more:
Earth looked like heaven a little while,
and then no more.
Her presence thrilled and lighted to its in-
ner core
My desert breast a little while, and then no
more.
So may, perchance, a meteor glance at
midnight o'er
Some ruined pile a little while, and then
no more.

I saw her once, one little while, and then
no more:
The earth was peri-land awhile, and then
no more.
Oh, might I see but once again, as once
before,
Thro' chance or wile, that shape awhile,
and then no more,
Death soon would heal my grief; this
heart, now sad and sore,
Would beat anew a little while, and then
no more.

In the same way he appears in all his poems; they reflect himself. This is also true of all the great poets, and is the secret of their charm, for Goethe says, "the true poet, when his works tell of the world within his breast, cannot be thought of but with love." In other words, they are egoists of a lovable kind.

His attributes as a translator were his power of illuminating the mystic and obscure, his broad gaze of contemplation, and his grasp of comprehension. In addition, he had, what so very few translators have, the gift of harmonious numbers, "the vision and the faculty divine." His translations are only nominally such; they should be called by the name of him to whom they owe their existence in our poetry, or indeed in any poetry at all, for most of his German originals are dull enough. To meet the possible challenge which such a claim on his behalf may incur, let us illustrate this point and at the same time add a beauty to our page by quoting his beautiful rendition of Wetzel's simple and severely plain "Schnsucht."

MY HOME.

Morn and eve a star invites me,
One imploring, silver star,
Woos me, calls me, lures me, lights me,
O'er the desert deep afar,
To a lovely Orient land,
Where the sun at morning early
Rises fresh, and young, and glowing;
Where the air is light and bland,
And the raindrops fall so pearly—
Therefore, am I going, going,
Home to this, my lovely land,
Where the sun at morning early
Rises fresh, and young, and glowing;
Where the airs are light and bland,
And the rain is warm and pearly!
All unheeding, all unknowing,
I am speeding, I am going,
Going home to my, to my land,
To my only, lonely island,
In the desert deep afar,
Yet, unknowing and undreaming
Why I go, or how, or whither,
Save that one imploring star,
Ever burning, ever beaming,
Woos me, lures me, lights me thither!

Wetzel's meagre original was of eight lines, and has perished utterly. Mangan in twenty-five lines made it an "immortelle." Whose then is it? Wetzel's or Mangan's?

Before leaving this phase of his genius, it would be unpardonable to omit mention of his abilities as a translator from the Irish. Here he is "facile princeps," even though we willingly give all due praise to Sir Samuel Ferguson and a host of others in this same field of effort. Many of them have an equal facility of versifi-

cation, and most of them are faithful in a marked degree; but they somehow fail to give us that Gaelic smack and flavor which is impossible to describe, but is so easily recognized by the initiated. If the reader would like a taste of the genuine article, let him take the trouble to read over to himself Dr. Todd's "Maureen," or Louise Imogen Guiney's first "Irish Peasant Song," and he will see what is here meant, if he have a dash of Celtic blood in his veins; otherwise I fear for him. Now Mangan was Irish to the finger tips, and knew the stops of the Irish harp as no one knew them since Carolan, so that it is only small praise to say that he was the most successful of Irish translators. His work in this line has been so often reviewed, and no later than in the February "Donahoe's," that we will refer those interested in this matter to his published works.

Mangan, like Shelley, died without having published any great original poem, and hence like Shelley, too, he is more likely to be remembered by his noble translations than by his original writings. Some evidences there are of poems lost or destroyed by his carelessness, the existence of which is hinted at by beautiful lines or couplets which appear here and there in his prose writings, as this one:

"There runs through all the dells of Time
No stream like Youth again."

Certain it is, that he occasionally entertained the idea of an "opus magnum," and when he says in one of his prolegomena that "the biographies of the Christian saints might, if condensed into one imaginary history, form a nobler epic than any extant," it is not beyond the bounds of probability that such a task and such a subject had presented themselves to him, only to perish with the rest of his withered hopes.

How comes it then that Mangan is only lately beginning to receive the attention which he merits? Let it be remembered that persons endowed with the genius of poetry are rare, and even of these privileged few, one sometimes goes to the grave without being appreciated at his full worth; for know you that this is a very busy world, ofttimes too occupied to listen to the poet, unless his lyre be attuned to themes which strike startlingly on the ear. Moreover, this same world wishes in its pausing moments to be amused, and the jester is more congenial to its heart than is the tragedian. How then could Mangan win a rapid fame when his life was one long tragedy, and

"Melancholy had marked him for her own."

Then, too, let it be also borne in mind that he courted neither present nor posthumous glory. What was the world to him that he should conform himself to its whims and fancies? Some poets have been discouraged by the public demand, feeling that their own powers lay another way, and hence were hampered by extraneous circumstances. Not so with Mangan; he simply refused to sing unless in his own way. And his own way was the utterance of the feelings of a soul steeped in woe personal to itself, selfish if you will, and hence unattractive to a world which is more selfish still. But the merits of a poet are not to be measured by contemporary praise, as our greatest poets can testify, and if he has only imbibed his inspiration at the Castalian fount, his voice will surely reach posterity. Besides, "there were giants in those days," and he was penumbrated by the greater brilliancy of Moore and Scott, of Campbell and Wordsworth, who were fashionable poets and had bank accounts to draw upon. But now he is becoming more

widely known; his beauties are more frequently quoted, and a clearer knowledge of his genius is being diffused amongst literary circles.

Poor Mangan! It is difficult to trace the workings of his mind, to follow him in his wayward imaginings, to lay bare his soul that was filled with ideas of which the mere worldlings that surrounded him never dreamed, and which urged him to actions for which the world could see no motive. Yet where in his conduct he used to outrage the conventional, he did it not from a spirit of defiance, but because he was so dominated by opium as to be irresponsible. His mind was rapt in dreams and isolated from the ties that bound him to humanity, and his spirit was awakened to every-day life only by wants and disappointments which were calculated to exercise none but the most gloomy phases of his nature. His affections were tender and pure, his disposition gentle and amiable. He delighted in eccentricity, in abstraction, in unworldliness, in love of solitude, and in disregarding all vulgar ambitions. Of his love of eccentricity, let us quote himself where he says, "I should far and away prefer being a great necromancer to being a great writer. My natural propensities lead me rather to seek out modes of astonishing mankind than of edifying them. Herein I and my propensities are clearly wrong; but somehow I find that almost everything that is natural in me is wrong also."

He was not blind to his own failings certainly. We cannot judge him or any poet by the same laws that govern other mortals. Thoughts and images torment them which pass unheeded by us who have not been touched by the sacred fire. His best poems were written in his most solemn hours, and out of the depths of his most vivid emotions; and this is the reason that his works awaken in others that intellectual condition that he felt in the writing of them. His inspiration was wild, disjointed and romantic. His indulgence in opium procured him visions that are not vouchsafed to ordinary mortals. He always lived in a state of waking dreams, and what are called the proprieties of life had not a sufficient dominion over him. He was solitary in his pleasures and his miseries; misunderstood, pitied and laughed at by the mob, but idolized by the few whom he permitted to know him and who could recognize the sterling quality of his genius in spite of the dross with which it was surrounded. He reflected much on that saying of Shelley that "Every religious man is a poet"; but in his mind the thought was reversed to read that "Every poet ought to be a religious man." He was always penetrated with a sense of humility, as one who had been a great sinner, but still trusted in the Lord to snatch him as a "brand from the burning." He knew he would die young, and rejoiced in the knowledge, for he longed to be at rest.

"Soon will my sad eyes close,
O, Lyre, on earth and thee;
I go to woo repose
In God's eternity."

He died on the 20th of June, 1849, in the Meath Street Hospital, from what was said to be an attack of cholera; but knowing his life and habits as we do, every experienced physician can readily recognize that his death was that of the typical opium-eater, namely, nerve exhaustion, with the usual and final colliquative flux. He passed away calmly and peacefully, possibly repeating his own beautiful lines:

"Farewell, thou lamp of this green globe!
Thy light is on my dying face;
Thy glory tints my faded robe,
And clasps me in a death-embrace!

Farewell, thou balsam-dropping Spring!
Farewell, ye skies that beam and weep!
Unhoping and unmurmuring,
I bow my head and sink to sleep!"

Not unhoping, though, for he died a good Catholic, fortified by all the rites of the Church and surrounded by friendly faces—the faces of those who knew him for a great mind wrecked on the shoals at the beginning of life's voyage, which, after many and herculean efforts to reach blue water, finally succumbed to the storms, and went magnificently to pieces.

Mangan was fortunate in his friends, if in nothing else. What a list of them! Some great names—all great souls of heroic mold—Brenan the poetic, Meehan the tender and yearning friend, Mitchell the chivalric, who wrote the first account of his life to prefix to a first collection of his poems, and Haverty, who heralded them to the world at his own expense; Anster, Petrie, Curry, O'Donovan, O'Daly, all Ireland's greatest and proudest in those days; and last and noblest of all, Charles Gavan Duffy, "clarum ac venerabile nomen," who, even in the early days of Mangan's career, had recognized him as a true child of the Muses, and was the first to draw attention to his peculiar genius. Age is creeping on apace with Sir Charles Gavan Duffy (Gavan Duffy he has ever been to us—the idol of our boyhood's days); and let us hope that before the inevitable occurs he will write and bequeath to us a fuller and more explicit life of Mangan than any one else could possibly write.

We are informed that a new edition of the poems is to be issued shortly from the press of Lamson, Wolfe & Co. of Boston, under the supervision of the scholarly and sympathetic poetess, Louise Imogen Guiney, from which we anticipate much pleasure, remembering her elegant and touching memoir of the poet, which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, November, 1891.

And now to make an end of this fascinating subject, let us append a poem of Mangan's which has hitherto escaped the notice of his editors and has been buried for a generation in the yellowing pages of a periodical file:

I.

"Why was I cast 'mongst those, with whom
My tastes accorded not;
The mindless, drudging, sleek, contented crew,
Who blindly drag the weights their fathers drew,
And labor's lot
Would choose, if they were free to fashion their own doom?

II.

"Why seized by Fortune's ruthless hand,
And flung, unpracticed, in,
To struggle singly, 'midst a stormy world,
And not one plank in mercy to me hurled,
But bid to win
By efforts of mine own the dim and distant land?

III.

"With sense to higher objects strung,
How could I toil all day,
And at the end come cheerful up, and ask
The common wages of my menial task,
To hoard away,
Or still more blindly waste my fellow-serfs among?

IV.

"What Nature's hand had formed me for,—
And early was it known,—
Was to go wandering forth from land to land,
Or, pacing on the tide-deserted strand,
To muse alone,
And reason with each wave that idly rolled ashore.

V.

"Or 'neath the lamp abstractedly
Ponder from hour to hour,
Upon the page of history or high song,
And weave myself some mystic web along,
Or wreathe some flower,
As the vague fancies of the passing mood might be.

VI.

"Or near a fountain catch a gleam
Of something half divine,
Lovely beyond the lot of Adam's daughters,
Pure as the moon retiring o'er the waters,
And at her shrine
Pass through all shapes and shades of passion in a dream.

VII.

"Such was my instinct—strong indeed
Life's waking glare to shun,—
Not fitted for communion with my kind,
Contented in my solitude of mind,
Yet goaded on
To sue for sympathy, of which few saw my need.

VIII.

"Why am I thus? Why feelings given
None are disposed to share?
Why tortured with a sense so finely strung,
That by the hand that touches it 'tis wrung?
—My heart! forbear.
The reason's just and good,—'twill greet thy gaze in heaven.

IX.

"There is all known—the shame and wrong,
The rough mistake of man—
The galling of the ill-fitted garment, worn
To ward from a too-sensitive frame his scorn,
The unworthy plan
Of smiling to elude the raillery of the throng.

X.

"There known, how largely it hath drawn
From the account of life
All that I've failed to prove to those most dear—
The human feelings I encourage here,
And the pale strife
Kept up through life's long night, till longed-for death shall dawn.

XI.

"Then peace, my breast! though sore the cost,
Endure! and place a seal
On the more secret things within thee stored,
But freely be the fount of kindness poured;
That all may feel
Thy wells are far too deep for misery to exhaust."

THE SONG OF THE LARK.

By P. B. Mellish.

This was the song of the lark,
As he soared from the mead and its dew
Into the fathomless sky,
Losing himself in the blue.

Mary's month has come,
The merriest month of the year.
Winter has'gone with his frosty frown;
Dame Earth in donning her greenest gown;
April has smiled while her tears ran down;
Summer is near!

Up, up to the blue!
Follow my flight who can!
Winging my way,
Singing my lay,
Praising the Giver of all that's gay!

Thanks for the wings I soar on;
Thanks for the song I sing;
Thanks for the Sun with his heat and his light;
Thanks for the cool of the spangled night;
Thanks for the meadows with flowers dedight;
Thanks to the Giver of Everything!

Up, up to the blue!
Follow my flight who will!
Winging my way,
Singing my lay,
Praising the the Giver of all that's gay!

As he soared from the mead and its dew
Into the fathomless blue,
Losing himself to my view,
This was the song of the lark.

Deaf and Dumb Institute. Main Building.

THE BLIND SEE, THE DEAF HEAR, THE DUMB SPEAK.

By Harlow Howe.

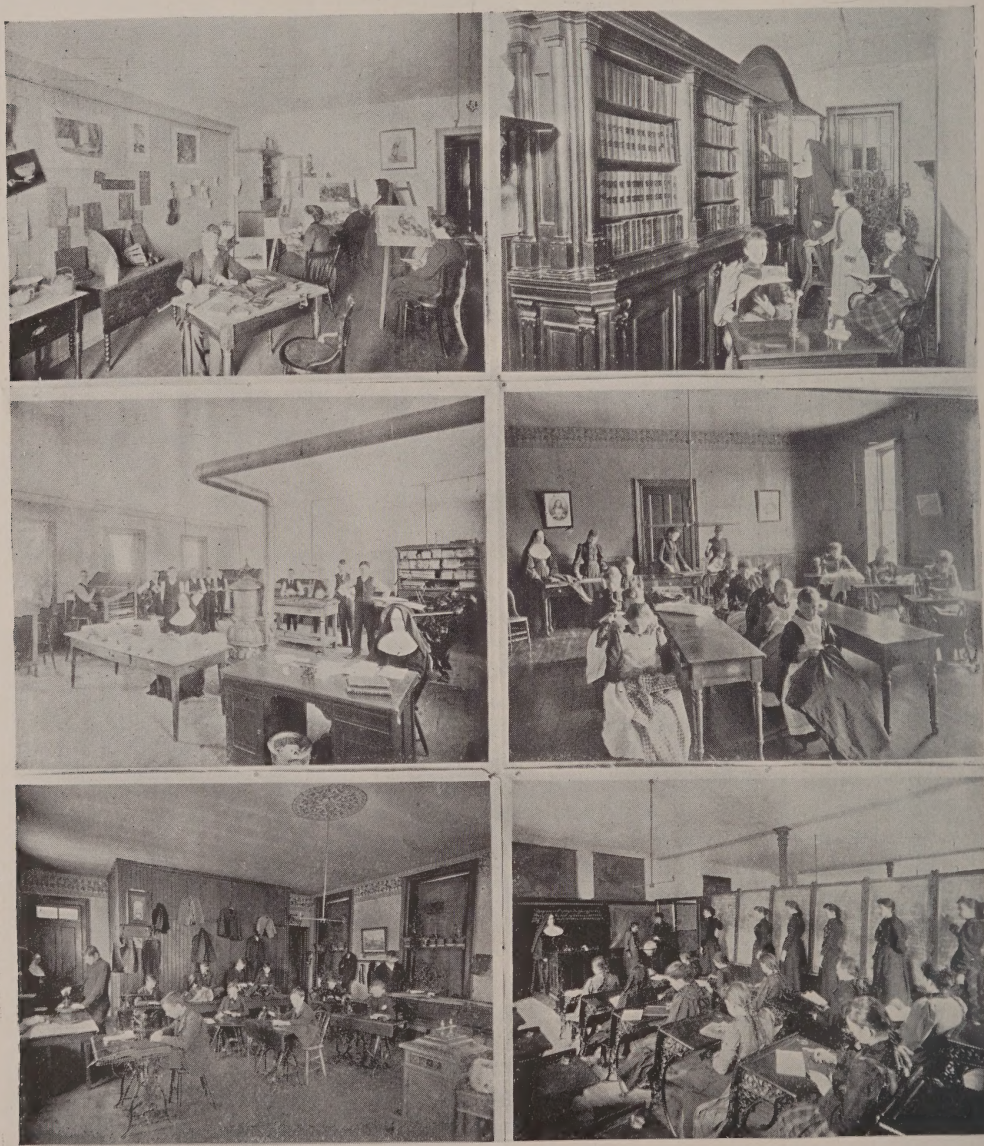
In the garden of the Institution Nationale de Paris is a statue made and presented by the deaf mute sculptor, M. Martin. The pedestal is adorned with three bronze bas reliefs. The statue represents a priest teaching a deaf boy the word Dieu (God). The holy name is inscribed, its dactylogic representation depicted on a tablet he holds in his left hand, while with the right he makes the initial letter "D." His eyes are bent tenderly on the boy at his side, the latter gazing intently at the inscription which he is trying to imitate with his fingers. The priest is the Abbe de L'Epee, the founder of the modern institution for deaf mutes.

It is a characteristic fact that almost all the great monuments for the relief of the unfortunate have had their origin in religion. Venerable Bede wrote a volume on "Teaching by Signs of the Fingers." The first systematic attempt to teach deaf and dumb was made by Pedro Ponce, a

Sister Mary Anne Burke.

Benedictine Monk. He taught his pupils to read and write Spanish and Italian, and to understand Greek and Latin. What he effected in Spain was attempted with more or less success in all the countries of Europe by religious men and women.

To France, however, belongs the honor of establishing institutions that made modern methods of deaf mute



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GIRLS' LIBRARY.
GIRLS' SEWING ROOM.
GIRLS' CLASS ROOM.

instruction possible. The Abbe de L'Epee was the first successful instructor in the language of action, founded on a simple and methodic analysis of objects. He was succeeded by his disciple, the Abbe Sicard, who brought the system to a far higher degree of perfection, and it was one of his assistants who came to our own country to aid in founding institutions for the instruction of the deaf.

Here as elsewhere, the Catholic Church, through her sainted prelates, was the first to succour the unfortunate; and among the institutions in the country none deserves better of humanity than the Le Couteulx St. Mary's Institution for the deaf at Buffalo, N. Y.

A brief history of its existence and work will be of interest to all lovers of the benefactors of the race.

Rev. P. S. Gilmore, Institution Chaplain and Pastor of the Adult Deaf of the City.

On the 26th of September, 1853, there was incorporated in the city of Buffalo a society or corporation to be known as the "Le Couteulx St. Mary's Benevolent Society for the Deaf and Dumb," which society was established for benevolent and charitable purposes and to aid and instruct the deaf and dumb. The number of trustees or directors of the said society was to be seven. Rt.

The Cottages.

William A Briel
Walter W. Wheeldon.
William O'Rourke.
John Clarence Selby.

Peter J. Bollinger,
Edward P. Breen.
Samuel J. McCarthy.
Eugene McCarthy.

Johf P. Conlon.
Edward J. Wallace.
William J. Hallett.
Albert C. Holland.

Rev. John Timon, president; Louis Le Couteulx de Chaumant, treasurer; Peter Bede, secretary; John Walsh, Thomas Dolan, Daniel Vaughan, and Edwin Thomas, constituted its first board of trustees.

Rev. Bishop Timon an acre lot in the city of Buffalo for the purpose of establishing in Western New York an institution for the education of deaf-mutes. Having no building on the lot, nor sufficient means to erect a

ANNIE, MARY AND RITA KRNENBERGER.

In 1854 Louis Le Couteulx de Chaumant, one of the trustees and a distinguished benefactor to charitable foundations in the city of Buffalo, generously presented to the late Rt. suitable edifice, the bishop purchased three small frame buildings, which were in the neighborhood, and which he caused to be moved on the lot.

In the year 1857, three sisters of St.

Joseph, who had acquired a knowledge of the sign language and methods of instruction at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Caen, France, and who were then in St. Louis, Missouri, consented to come to Buffalo to take charge of the new institution. They were obliged immediately to open a day-school for hearing children, to enable them to support the house and prepare it for the reception of deaf children.

In October, 1859, the institution of the deaf was commenced with four girls, who resided in the institution, and a few boys residing in the vicinity, attending as day pupils. But as these children were poor, and the sisters without sufficient means of support, they were obliged to suspend the instruction of this class for a time, and had it not been for the benevolence of the bishop, whose charity for those afflicted children was unbounded, every idea of its continuance would have been abandoned. He, with his indomitable zeal and courage, in the meantime (in 1861) sent one of the sisters (Sister Mary Anne Burke, the present principal) to the institution of

MRS. WILL'AM A. BRIEL,
nee HATTIE LORANGER, Buffalo.

MRS. JOHN P. CONLON,
nee FRANCES TOWN, Buffalo.

LAURA FREIBURGER, '97.

MARY ALICE CARROLL, '92.

ELIZA O'CALLAHAN.

NELLIE BENNETT.

A Kindergarten Class.

Base-Ball Club of '92.

MARY A. LYONS. MARY N. REILLY.

the Deaf and Dumb in Philadelphia, to become acquainted with the methods used in that well-known establishment. This instruction was cheerfully, freely and gratuitously given by the late A. B. Hutton, then principal of the institution, in a manner which may be easily understood when it is remembered that his whole life was devoted to the education of the deaf.

In 1862, the first wing of the present building was erected. Improvements were made every few years, till 1880, when the east end, thirty by seventy-two, was built, thus finishing the plan of the institution and making a front of 170 feet. The girls' dining-room occupies the basement. The first floor is used for assembly hall and girls' play room. The girls' class rooms are on the second floor, and the third and fourth floors are laid out in dormitories, bath rooms, etc.

In 1883, twenty-three and a half acres of land were purchased at a cost of 30,000 dollars. This property is about two and a half miles from the

A PICNIC AT NIAGARA FALLS.

main institution and serves as a boys' annex.

The whole number of pupils connected with the school to January 1, 1896, was 532. Of this number 131 are still in the institution.

The method of instruction pursued in the beginning was the manual or sign method, the one in general use in all the American schools at that time. The one now used is the "combined," or American method. This method enables teachers to reach all grades of mental ability, and to give to each child as much instruction as his mental capacity will allow. The school is for the deaf as a class, not solely for the especially gifted among them. As among hearing children, so among the deaf, there are various degrees of intelligence, some possessing brilliant minds, and quick perceptions, while in others natural dullness and slowness in seizing, and difficulty in retaining, impressions from without, are still further heightened by their infirmities. The former classes, by reason of superior mental endowments, soon acquire a knowledge of written language, and facility in expressing their thoughts by means of it. They moreover seize the ideas of their teacher in regard to articulation and take pleasure in learning to speak and read from the lips. The latter, on the contrary, master the rudiments of knowledge with difficulty, and only after the most persevering efforts on the part of the teacher. Signs are used by the teacher to illustrate and impress an idea the more forcibly. They are used as a means of instruction, never as an end. They are a dictionary, as it were, for the deaf pupil, until he has acquired a vocabulary sufficient to be able to use one word in defining another.

One great aim of the school room work from the first was to impart to the pupils a knowledge of the English language, so that they might be able to write and understand it correctly. To this end language lessons have always formed an important part of daily instruction. The teachers seek, as far as possible, to adapt their methods to the evident requirements of the pupil, without regard to general theories on the subject. Written language, the manual alphabet (by which sentences are spelled out by the letter, the same way as in writing) and oral dictation are used constantly to enable the pupil to master the English language, the attainment of which, is the constant aim of the teacher. As soon as the pupils are enabled to write and understand sentences, to describe objects and actions correctly, they are allowed to take up Arithmetic, Geography, History, etc., using the same text books as are used in the city schools.

Articulation or "improved instruction" having been introduced into several of the schools for the deaf, this institution was one of the first to adopt it. For that purpose, in 1873, two of the teachers attended the school of oratory in Boston, and were trained in "visible speech" by Prof. A. G. Bell. On their return speech was taught to all the pupils who were capable of receiving such instruction. The other teachers took up the study of "visible speech," and the same year Miss Locke, of the Boston University School of Oratory, one of Prof. Bell's students, gave them a course of lessons on the subject at the institution. In 1884 two of the most experienced teachers went to the Philadelphia institution, and spent three months in a training school for articulation teachers. Much of their time was spent in the class room observing methods, etc.; thus they obtained a systematic training in both the theory and practice of articulation teaching. They also attended the convention of

articulation teachers of the deaf, held at the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-mutes in New York City in June of the same year. In 1888 and 1889 oral schools for the deaf at New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Northampton were visited by several of the students.

Earnest and persistent endeavor is made to teach every pupil to speak and read from the lips. For a number of years speech was taught through Bell's visible speech symbols, but gradually they were dropped, as they were found that the pupils could acquire speech as easily by the German method, or method of imitation, in which the pupil is taught by watching the speech of the teacher to speak the words thus presented. Charts prepared by the teachers, with diagrams of the vocal organs for the principal elements of speech, with the corresponding letter or symbol written under each, have been a help to the older pupils in acquiring speech. Individual drill with each pupil before a mirror fifteen by twenty-two inches, enables the pupil to adjust his vocal organs in uttering sounds while watching those of the teacher. In this way he learns the correct positions, and by practicing with a hand-mirror he has very little difficulty in recognizing the same words on the lips of others. Daily breathing exercises, articulation and lip-reading drill, and oral reading are also given.

The class rooms are well furnished with wall slates, maps, charts, etc., of every available use. There is in each of the primary departments a large collection of objects.

In 1889 two reading-rooms were fitted up, and a well-filled book-case of suitable books provided for each. The pupils are encouraged in every way possible to improve themselves by reading, and the reading-rooms are very much appreciated by them.

As time advanced the necessity of teaching trades became obvious. In 1874 the boys were taught chair-caning, and the girls different kinds of needle-work, for an hour or two each day. In 1876 tailoring and dress-making were introduced. In 1877 shoemaking was added, and a practical shoemaker was employed to take charge of the class. All the clothing and shoes required by the pupils are made in the institution.

In 1878 a number of pupils who manifested sufficient aptitude were instructed in typesetting by an experienced printer, assisted by one of the Sisters, herself a practical printer. They made rapid progress, and it was soon discovered that their labor could be utilized for their own benefit, and that of the institution. The Catholic Publication Company, of Buffalo, kindly gave them the printing of the Union and Times. They employed a foreman, furnished their own press, type, etc.; the institution supplied the room, steam power and compositors, and received therefor a remuneration. Work on such a large paper, with an extensive circulation, published on the premises, gave the pupils a thorough knowledge of the business on a larger and more elevated scale than they could have obtained on an institution paper. In 1885 the printing of the Union and Times was withdrawn. In March of the following year the institution purchased new type, press, etc., and began the publication of a twelve-page weekly magazine, Le Couteulx Leader. This magazine was dedicated "to the memory of the Abbe de L'Epee, to whose charity we owe the first perfected system for the education of the dumb." The pupils evince great interest in it, and much enjoy the privilege accorded the most proficient of contributing to its pages. In 1889 the Leader was enlarged to sixteen pages; and to-day holds a

prominent place among current publications.

Printing is a valuable auxiliary in the education of those employed in it. They learn a good trade, and, moreover, acquire in the very act of practicing it much valuable information, and an increased knowledge of language. A number of former pupils have entered upon steady and remunerative employment in newspaper and job printing offices near their homes in Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Rochester, Albany, New York, Philadelphia, and other cities.

Cooking was added on the list of girls' industries in the spring of 1889, and wood-carving was introduced on a small scale in 1891.

The industrial department has been carried on under competent instructors, with a view to cultivating industrious habits, and teaching such trades as will enable the pupils to secure employment at or near their own homes. There are at present seven instructors in this department. Pupils of proper age and sufficient ability are instructed in some line of daily employment so as to educate them to pursue some avocation by which they may be able to make an honorable living in after life. Many of the pupils evince a great eagerness for this instruction, and show great earnestness in their work, knowing well that the discipline of hand, eye, mind, practical judgment, and the formation of industrious habits thus acquired are of inestimable value to them. We here append a few names of the most prominent and successful:

William A. Briel, tailor. Graduated in 1877. Foreman of tailor shop in institution. A first-class workman. In 1888 he married Miss Hetty Loranger of Monroe, Mich. They have one child.

John P. Canlon, tailor. Employed at the dyeing establishment of Chester & Co., Buffalo. In 1888 married Miss Frances Town of Syracuse. They have two children.

Peter J. Bollinger, printer. Employed at the office of the Catholic Union and Times since he graduated in 1885. Supports his mother and two sisters.

Edward P. Breen, printer. Works in the office of the Monroe Family Story Paper, New York city.

Eugene McCarty, printer. Lives with his parents in Philadelphia and works in one of the offices in that city.

William O'Rorke, printer. Works on the Catholic Register, Toronto, Ont. (Graduated in 1894.)

William T. Hallett, printer. Lives with his parents at Niagara Falls. Worked for the past five years in the office of the Niagara Falls Gazette.

Walter Wheeldon, printer. Employed at the institution of Le Couteulx Leader.

Albert C. Holland. Learned printing, but works at silver burnishing at his home in Oswego.

Samuel J. McCarthy. Lives with his mother in Norwich, Conn., and works in an office of that place. Is also an artist.

Edward J. Wallace, tailor. Lives in Warrensburgh, N. J. Is also an artist of considerable merit. Every year his pictures draw the first premium at the Warren County Fair.

Mrs. William A. Briel, nee Loranger. Graduated in 1884.

Mrs. John P. Conlon, nee Town. Graduated in 1886.

Miss Mary N. Reilly. Graduated in 1894. Formerly of Savannah, Ga.; now resides in Buffalo, and is assistant in kindergarten department of institute.

Miss Mary A. Carrol. Daughter of Dr. Jane W. Carrol of Buffalo. Graduated in 1892.

Miss Eliza O'Callaghan of Washington, D. C. Graduated in 1894.

Miss Ellen Bennet of Elmira, N. Y. Left school in 1885. Is a first-class dressmaker.

Miss Mary R. Lyons of Philadelphia. Graduated in 1890. Works as a typewriter.

Annie, Mary and Rita Krnenberger. Three little girls who three years ago were left orphans, both parents having died within three months of each other. Have been in the insitution ever since.

There is one, however, who deserves more than passing notice, viz.: John Clarence Selby.

One of the interesting features of the entertainment recently given by the pupils of Le Couteulx St. Mary's Institution on Saturday was the presentation of a medal to John Clarence Selby, the blind deaf-mute, who is about to leave the institution where the good sisters found a way to open his mind to the knowledge of the world, to develop his understanding and to teach him to speak.

The teaching of young Selby is one of the greatest conquests of perseverance over stubborn obstacles of which there is record.

He entered the institute blind and deaf. To the sisters of the institute it is a common task to develop the minds of those who have been born deaf and dumb, but it is done largely through the agency of the sight.

Here was a boy from whom the gift of sight had been recalled at the age of eight years, and when he entered the institute he was losing the power of speech.

The slow and tedious work of teaching deaf-mutes to speak becomes a matter of ease compared with the work of enlightening this lad.

It took years of untiring effort to bring about the condition in which young Selby is at present.

By patient and repeated efforts he was finally taught to recognize raised letters of the alphabet by touch, and then a glove was made for him on which raised letters were placed, and he familiarized himself with the location of the letters on the glove so that the sister could communicate rapidly to him by spelling out the words on the glove.

Now he can understand a sister when one makes the letters of the sign language with her hand placed inside of his. He delights to talk with strangers, and as they are naturally slow in picking out the words on the glove, he often helps them by recognizing the word which they are about to spell, from the first letters or from the context, and spelling it out for them, so eager is he to reach the end of the sentence.

Young Selby answers all questions in a plain voice, with the intonation peculiar to the deaf.

He is now twenty years old, and will shortly return to his home in Chicago to live. He has not followed the regular studies at the institute for the past year, although he has lived there.

The only study which he has been unable to master is Arithmetic, in which he is somewhat deficient.

The silver medal which he received was conferred on him as a mark of great excellence.

At the same time similar medals were awarded to Michael O'Neil of Geneva, Eliza O'Callaghan of Washington, and Kitty Nichols of East Randolph.

The entertainment given by the children was remarkable, consisting of recitations, oral and by sign language, songs, dialogue and a play.

Truly, on visiting this institution one cannot but be impressed with the noble work being done by these good sisters. Every want, corporal, intellectual and spiritual, of these afflicted ones of humanity is attended to. A priest, the Rev. Father Gilmore, ministers to the spiritual wants of the inmates, and preaches publicly every Sunday afternoon in the Church of the Immaculate Conception to the children and to all the deaf-mutes of the city, sometimes having an audience of nearly one hundred people.

Truly, the words of Christ here find through the ministrations of religion and sweet charity, their nearest realization, for here, indeed, in a marked degree, "The blind see, the dumb speak, and the deaf hear."

CHERRYSIDE.

A MEMORIAL DAY SKETCH.

By M. Gertrude Reynolds.

Captain Bassett had followed the seas more or less in his earlier years, and wore the bronze of the ocean tramp.

He was one of Stuttgart's honored citizens, and now appeared on the threshold of his leafy little home, his hands braced against the casement, calling in to his good wife forebodings of stirring doings in the village to-night. Did she notice which direction Jack took?

"Jack, indeed!" she suggested, evasively. "Village doings were not likely to trouble our Jack—he loved his violin better!"

The Captain was not so sure, and casting down his garden shears, set out, with an anxious look, across lots.

"See my Jack on the way?" he said further on to an old-time teamster.

"No, Captain."

"Anything new?"

"Well, Tom Lane's son's 'listed."

"Anything further'n that?"

"No, Captain; not to my knowing."

The teamster lashed his horses, and the Captain faced around again homeward, his forehead and round his mouth gathering hard, drawn wrinkles. It was this terrible fear that had kept him restless and that weighed upon him of late, this fear of Jack's enlisting.

It was an hour later when his only daughter, a girl of thirteen, burst tearfully upon his presence.

"Oh, father!" she gasped, "they are enforcing the draft. Widow Hentz's only son is drafted, and people say our Jack will fight in his place—that he has substituted for the widow's son!"

The Captain silently swung himself upon the back of one of his horses and rode to the scene.

Crowds blocked the square, the colors fluttered from every point. There was the officious village sheriff; there were the recruiting sergeants, the mounted patrols; there were weeping women, from whose sides husbands and sons were drafted; and there were impromptu orators rallying the men of Stuttgart with such burning words as only the nation's crisis could inspire. But one man in the throng seemed unmoved—he gave no cry like the rest of "God save the Union!" He looked on with eyes that were glassy and lips tight pressed. It was Captain Bassett. One glance there at Jack's face satisfied him that his son was ready to sacrifice everything to his country's struggle. The young man's patriotism struck his townsmen like contagion.

"Why should there be need of coercion?" he cried. "The Union is at stake!" He, too, had mounted the town house steps as others before him, and with the Stars and Stripes gripped in his right hand, shouted "Death to slavery!"

* * * * *

It was close upon midnight. The rays of Cherryside penetrated through the massing green of the trees after which it was named. The outer gate was heard to open. Kitty started, thrilled to her fingers' ends at sound of it. The

door swung ajar and Jack, wearing the Union blue, stepped into their midst.

"Father," he said, taking the Captain's hand; "Mother," resting a hand lightly on her shoulder; "Kitty," bending to press a tender kiss on her white upturned face, "I have volunteered. Make it easy for me!"

For a moment doom seemed to concentrate in the Captain's look. Then, with an effort like one breaking loose from a "hundred strong," he wrung the volunteer's hand. "Your forefathers were Lexington and Breed's Hill men, Jack!" he cried shrilly. He paused, the glory of the truth flaming in his eyes; he looked long and steadily at his son. "God be with you, boy!" he said, without a quiver, and loosened his hold.

Then he went out into the excited homes of the drafted ones, where no one thought of sleep or rest. He put on a heroic mien as he cheered them; and yet, under this shard of steel, a feeling tightened his heart as if time were no more, and that some sort of an eternity had begun in which the workaday concern of this mortal career had vanished.

PART II.

The few days preceding Jack's departure were taken up by Mrs. Bassett in providing with the mother instinct for the future wants of her son in the long march and camp.

The Captain sought the rallies and drills now, as if excitement had become an essential to his being.

Kitty followed her brother about in a subdued, reverential way. True to her mother's teaching, she showed no sign of grief. The Union blue on Jack seemed to emancipate him in her eyes from the "earth earthy." He was great now—glorious, like heroes read of in books, and the halo of chivalry crowned him who was facing the battle in lieu of the widow's son. She saw him under his present conditions with the eyes of a romantic girl of thirteen, and after the first appalling shock of his decisive step, fashioned for herself this silver lining, this glory of the hero.

The day of the departure arrived, a day that sent such a thrill through Stuttgart as was never before experienced. The local band, "the Sax Horn" itself, composed of volunteers, buoyed up the brave comrades facing an unknown fate, its martial strains inflaming a liberty or death spirit that spurred them on. Everyone carried something for a boy in blue; those who brought plenty never minded the burden; those who could afford but some little thing treasured it preciously.

Then came the last moment; the thronging forward to the boats; then the prolonged cheering on of the assembled spectators, the waving of handkerchiefs and hats, the tears, the last, long, yearning gaze, when the blue mists hid the receding vessels from sight. Then the Stuttgart people turned homeward, their little village enmities all buried and hushed before the awful sacredness of the sacrifice. The whole tenor of their natures on that return trip seemed uplifted and changed. The good word prevailed, and the lowliest and most despised who had contributed a hero to the nation's strength wore a certain halo to which everyone did reverence. But how empty and dead the little village looked, how lonely its hearthstones!

Well, time wore on. The pivot on which Kitty's life now seemed to turn was the daily news from the battlefield. She was first at the office of the Stuttgart Mail for the latest edition and "extras." Her father watched at the gate and her mother from the window for her return with the news, and all the way up the Stuttgart

road, with its tall, embowering elms, Kitty would run, waving the paper, still wet from the press, whose tidings proclaimed victory for the North.

The neighbors watched for her return also, and would gather in little forces while she read breathlessly to them here and there the brave deed of some Stuttgart hero.

But a day came when her returning step was slow, the paper was crunched in her hand like the grip of agony, her eyes were as fire in their intensity of pain. She walked on, her white face set and staring. The neighbors gathered on the way with the usual clamor for news; but she passed unheeding. Surely something was wrong. They followed her at a distance. The Captain, too, burdened with an omen, watched at the gate. Kitty's step was not wont to be like that. She met him there with averted face; she parted her lips to speak.

"My daughter," he faltered faintly, "is it our Jack?"

"Oh, don't tell mother yet, daddy," she begged, and her voice dried in her throat. He seized her hand almost roughly and held it like a vice, as if his support depended on it, and like that, together, they went their way into the house.

The little knot of neighbors stood almost motionless without; not one there dared approach what they felt to be a very bolt of sorrow.

The news of Jack's death, "shot through the heart at the battle of Bull Run, while cheering his comrades on," spread the town like wild fire; the very air seemed weighted with gloom; the bell of the village church he had attended since boyhood tolled at intervals throughout the day; other bells took up the tolling, and knots of black were tied on every door for Stuttgart's first martyr.

And then, one day, after the young volunteer's remains, swathed in the Stars and Stripes, were brought home for burial, the Captain was found on the river's bank unconscious. He was tenderly carried to Cherryside and laid on his couch to die.

"Heart failure," the physicians called it; but everyone knew it was Jack.

PART III.

The war which decided victory for the North and freedom for the slave had long since ended, and passers-by on the Stuttgart "pike" noticed with a pang of regret that Cherryside was placarded "For Sale."

Everyone knew why the old estate must pass to the hands of strangers. Long-standing mortgages were threatening to foreclose, and Mrs. Bassett, who had borne up Spartan-like under the double blow dealt by death, she who had proved in prosperity the loyal friend with ready heart and hand to the less fortunate, must now pass over the home threshold—where? She knew not—wherever the scant revenue left after the sale would admit.

Well, such was life's strange drama, and were it not the fact that she was a woman of strong Christian conviction, faith itself at that final blow would have crumbled.

The village had grown, and Kitty taught in its principal school; and her sable-clad form passing regularly to and from her post of duty was as familiar a sight today as in that other time when she watched for news from the field of battle.

She stood gazing out now on the surroundings of her home. She, with her mother, had returned but a short while before from the burial ground, where they had reverently laid their wreaths. Under the present conditions it would possibly be the last celebration of the kind they would ever spend at Cherryside. "Why should

this be so?" her heart cried out. "Had not Jack died serving his country; had not the bolt of grief occasioned by his death stricken her father to the grave? And now her mother, incomparable in worth and fortitude, must go through this fresh crucible, yield up the right, and pass out forever from under the sacred protection of home. The figures of her salary as teacher in the Stuttgart school seemed to burn in the air before her, puny and useless as a help in the crisis.

"Oh, had she known in time she might have made some heroic effort. Why had her mother, until now, hidden the cloud!"

And so Kitty's soul was weary today; her hot cheek lay against the trellis of leafy vines her father's hands had planted; she could see him now as he set the roots long ago in her tiny childhood. "Daddy," she whispered, burying her face in the leaves, as if she could feel in them the loving touch, "our darling Jack has gone, you have gone, and now the old birthplace is to be taken. Ah! the world is so empty to us, daddy, dear, without you and Jack; and death no more seems the dreadful thing they say, but a lovely angel that brings us to those we miss and love."

The flickering sunlight broke in upon her as it was dying down to the west, and she was conscious of the sleepy call of the birds and the hum and chirp of insect life. Then through it all there seemed to come to her the sound of voices strong and earnest. She raised her face from the leaves, wet with tears, and listened. The window opened from the trellis into the drawing-room. She peered in. Beyond the drawing-room, in the large wainscotted library, she saw a sight that caused her to hold her breath.

It was Memorial Day, and army men in uniform had turned from celebration into Cherryside. There they stood, a sort of living fortification, surrounding her mother. These were the survivors of the Stuttgart band, the Chaplain and officers of Jack's regiment, and behind them the town clerk, the sheriff and town fathers in general. One among them stepped out from the others.

"Madam," he said, "your son, our dead hero, inspired love and admiration in all who knew him; he offered himself heroically and without hesitation on the altar of his country; he spared the widow her only son, and went forth in his stead to sacrifice; he stood for the Union without flinching; he dared for her to the death; his word for his comrades was one of cheer and inspiration; and a deathless gratitude follows him. Madam, we can honor his memory no better today than by offering our protection to his bereaved ones; and so, as he gave his life to the nation and gave his protection to the widow and his comradeship to us, so we give our protection, in an hour when the old home in which his noble life was nutured is threatened. Madam, Cherryside is dear to every soldier heart in Stuttgart. We cannot let the old landmark go down. The lustre of chivalry swathes it like a signal to the nation to defend in turn in the hour of need. Hence, we bear you the message that soldiers and civilians of Stuttgart have banded together to preserve to you your rightful home, free and unincumbered with debt. We are doing for you what the martyred dead would have done for you, and in his name; and, Madam, in whatever strait the future may have in store, count on us as your ready friends, like him loyal to the death!"

* * * * *

That night before retiring, Kitty stole into Jack's room. The moonbeams crept through the lattices and filled it with a mellow glow. Everything remained untouched as he had left it, even the pen with which he had composed his last sheet of music.

The little bouquet beneath his portrait was replenished with crimson roses, and it seemed to her yearning imagination as if the large blue eyes lived and the true lips smiled.

"Jack, dear," she whispered, "are you Guardian Angel today? And is that why the dead have inspired the living with gallant deeds—is it your prayer of the martyred, then, that has prevailed—and is that why this room, as ever, is to be sacred to you still? And is that why our dear mother, burdened with years and a great grief, will not have to go forth an alien? Ah, Jack! you are not far, dear. You hover lovingly nigh, and God still lives!"

She rested her cheek caressingly against the portrait; the moonlight crept nearer and nearer as she still lingered; the large vine leaves at the window, which had so often screened Jack's face as he mystified her in past days with playful mimicries, wove now their long, flickering shadows.

"Rest in peace, Jack," she whispered, still reluctant to go. Then bending her wistful face toward the Stuttgart burial, "Rest in peace, "Daddy," and closed the door softly behind her.

SHAKESPEAR'ES MEMORIAL.

(Born April 23, 1564.)

By Henry G'Meara.

Poetic orb above our earth-lit kind—
Rare luminary blent of heart and mind,
  The world that scanned thy transit's loftier flight,
  Linking the skies to low terrestrial light,
Her bounteous tribute high may rear to thee;
But e'en more bright must Thought's memorial be—
  The meteor course in which thy themes shall roll
  Across the orbit of the generations' soul!

Boston, April 23, 1897.

NAPOLEON AND POPE PIUS VII AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

CARDINAL FESCH.

BY JAMES CLARKSON.

Concluded.

The exigencies of his new career often forced him to change his residence. Fortunately, the division to which he was attached never crossed the frontier of the War, so he was always able to watch over Letitia and her family. In one of his numerous expeditions he found himself at Aix, where Napoleon was at the time stationed, and, of course, he made his home with the Isoard family. Their house was the asylum of all the persecuted priests in the neighborhood during the Terror. How they escaped destruction was a miracle, for they had Mass celebrated, often several times a week.

One day, during the visit of Fesch, the little congregation was appalled by the noise of a sabre clanking and dragging on the flagstones of the hall, and of a voice calling imperiously for Gonsalve, one of the young Isoards. All the assembly, frozen with terror, remained rooted to the spot. After a moment's hesitation, Madame d' Isoard courageously opened the door. The disturber was Napoleon. The lady recovered her calmness, and rose to the situation.

"Take off your helmet at once, monsieur," she said sternly, "and remember where you are! My son will not go with you until Mass is finished; kneel down." Napoleon submitted with the docility of a child, and, with every appearance of recollection, remained to the end. One of the things Cardinal Fesch was most vehement in asserting, up to the very close of his life, was that his mighty nephew, throughout all his erratic career, "never, for a moment, lost the faith."

The Abbe Fesch, still discharging the same functions, accompanied his nephew in his Italian campaign and, for a time, it looked as if he was to follow him to Egypt, but domestic considerations interfered, and it was decided that he should remain near his sister and nieces in Paris. Here his life was very quiet and happy, varied by an occasional visit to an artist's studio, for art was his passion and he had already begun collecting the gallery which will one day be the wonder even of Rome. He avoided as much as he could the salons of Lucien and Josephine. He could not help exhibiting his dislike to men like Talleyrand and Sieyes, whom he was pretty sure to meet there, and his countenance, we are told, showed that on these occasions he felt the incongruity between himself and his surroundings.

However, this divided allegiance between God and the world was soon to cease. A friend introduced him to Emery, the illustrious restorer of the Congregation of Saint Sulpice. These two great souls understood each other at once. The Abbe Fesch, by the direction of his new guide, retired into an isolated dwelling in the outskirts of the city, and there spent a month in retreat and religious exercises. It was a fitting preparation for the immense responsibilities about to devolve upon him; for he was on the eve of playing a preponderating part in the reorganization of the Church of France and in the reconstitution of its clergy.

An account of the Abbe Fesch's connection with the Concordat would exceed our limits. We must content ourselves with saying here that the part he took in that great treaty excited the admiration both of the Pope and the French people.

On the eighteenth of April, 1802, the bells of Notre Dame, so long silent, rang a triumphant Easter Allelulia to celebrate the resurrection of the old church of France. A fortnight later, the Abbe Fesch learned that he had been nominated to the see of Lyons, but his imperious nephew encountered a very unexpected and obstinate resistance on the part of the priestly uncle, who seems to have had a somewhat exaggerated sense of his own unworthiness, and was quite sincere in reiterating the liturgical declaration: Nolo episcopari.

"What!" he said, when pressed by Napoleon, "I have hardly had time to shake off from my soul the dust accumulated in your camps, and you want me all of a sudden to take my place among the rulers of the church! I will not do it."

The see remained vacant three months, and then Napoleon had recourse to Emery, who had himself refused the bishopric of Angers. Before the entreaties of the most venerated priest of the French church the Abbe Fesch gave way, and, bursting into tears, answered: "Domine in verbo tuo laxabo rete."

The see over which he was called to preside was in ruins. Its churches, convents and seminaries had, during the revolutionary period, seen the strangest transformations, had been barracks, hospitals, theatres, grocery shops, everything except what they were intended for, and still bore the marks of their singular adventures. Then, at least a third of the clergy was made up of constitutional priests, who

looked on the advent of the new order with alarm, if not hostility. Before a year elapsed, the change was magical. Lyons was the first and most completely organized of all the French dioceses, after the revolutionary whirlwind. Under the potent and persevering impulse of its new prelate, institutions sprang up as if by miracle. He restored ecclesiastical discipline to such perfection that his priests were pointed to as models of every priestly virtue. Not only restoring, but creating, he founded trade schools, libraries, museums and missionary colleges, that still continue to send martyrs and confessors to the ends of the earth.

How his art collection continued to grow as it did is surprising, for there was hardly a church in Lyons, and, indeed, in Corsica also, that had not a witness to his generosity in the shape of some fine picture. It is true that he might not have been able to achieve such wonders if he had not had his omnipotent nephew to fall back upon. But does not all real wisdom and genuine ability consist in the skilful use of opportunity?

His first care was the formation of his ecclesiastical household. Like his nephew and all great rulers, he knew men. As an instance—he met De Quelen accidentally. "What did you do during the Revolution?" he said, with his usual brusqueness, to the young student. "I meditated and prayed." "Then come to Lyons; we'll pray and meditate together." He carried off De Bonald in a somewhat similar fashion. He had heard so much of the heroic audacity of one young priest, who had held his ground during the whole Reign of Terror, never leaving his parish, preaching and confessing in caves and forests, and yet appearing to bear a charmed life through it all, that he felt he must have that man with him at any cost. It was the Abbe Fournier, the nephew

A Marshal of France.

of Emery, a genuine orator of the fiery, impassioned kind. He was hardly out of his hiding-places before he began denouncing the crimes of the Jacobins in the most scathing way, to the enthusiastic delight of the hotheads of the south of France. Fouche believed, or affected to believe, that a person who acted so imprudently must be insane. So he shut him up among the madmen in Bicetre, where he remained for some years; but freedom came at last, in spite of the cunning finesse of the Minister of Police. "You must send me Fournier," wrote the Archbishop to Fouche. "I will be responsible for him."

The vehement preacher was no sooner in Lyons, however, than he really did give some ground for the doubts of official persons as to his mental balance. The churches of the

city were now much frequented by ex-Jacobins and ex-Terrorists. Many, no doubt, came to scoff; many, because it was just as well not to be on bad terms with the uncle of a manifestly future emperor, few, we fear, to pray. When Fournier ascended the pulpit and looked round on his audience, his eyes lighted on a group of his old enemies. "Gentlemen," he hurled at them, "what brings you here into our temples? There is no longer anything left to steal out of them now!"

The emotion was terrible, and Fouche demanded to have his ex-Bicetre patient back, but he could not tear him from the grasp of the Archbishop; this divine madness, which was soon to fill his cathedral with enthusiastic crowds, thrilled a fibre in his own nature. He did, however, in a half-hearted way, try to moderate the fervor of his effervescent grand-vicar. "For the love of heaven," he wrote to him, "for the love of the church, be more reserved in your discourses and conversations. You are in a country of hot-heads. Abstain from all discussion on our separated brethren. The authorities are always writing to me about you. * * * However, whatever you say, remember never to apologize for it afterwards to them, except you are officially directed to do so by me."

Surely, here was the right sort of a Bishop. No wonder, then, that when Fesch had fallen on evil days the clergy of Lyons, Bourbonists though most of them were, clung to him with loyal devotion to the end.

Some fifteen years after, when an exiled Cardinal was meditating sadly in his library in Rome over the downfall of his house, a Bishop of Montpelier, who had also seen strange vicissitudes, happened to drop his episcopal ring in the pond of his park. His agitation on the occasion struck his friends as out of all proportion to the calamity. He had the pond drained four times in a vain search for the jewel. At last some of the notables of the neighboring towns came to expostulate with him. "Do you think," exclaimed Fournier, "that it is the brilliant I care for? Ah, no! But it was a souvenir given me by a prelate who was modeled after the great minds of history. It has been said his nephew was patterned after the heroes of Plutarch; with more truth might it be said that he was carved in the image of the great Bishops of the finest ages of the Church. If they had known him as I have done they would have been less rigorous toward him, or they would rather—let us speak honestly—have been more just."

But the uncle of a Napoleon could hardly be allowed to spend his whole time in his diocese, however anxious he was to do so. Created a Cardinal, he accepted the dignity with unwillingness and reluctance. Fesch had never any illusions as to his position. He was the kinsman of a great warrior, and this was why he was not living, perhaps, a happier life in some Corsican parish. He had no patience with the flatterers who attributed his elevation to his merits. "No," he replied, with his customary abruptness to the eloquent harangue of one of them; "no, I have not merited this favor from the Holy See; it is a favor quite gratuitous on its part. I am not at all unwilling to hide the fact that I owe it solely to my near relationship to the First Consul. But people may be tranquil about it. If devoting all the health, strength and credit I have to the service of the Church can merit this honor, I shall merit it."

He was sent on his first embassy to Rome soon after, in June, 1803. It would be impossible to discuss the diplomatic incidents of Cardinal Fesch's career in the limits of a short sketch. It has been the subject of much controversy. On the whole, he

appears to have succeeded admirably in reconciling his loyalty to his sovereign with his duty as a priest and prince of the Church. For the ordinary reader, who prefers to turn aside from the great highways and loiter in the recesses and by-paths of history, his quarrels with a young secretary of his, in which he appears to have been entirely in the right, will have more interest than his quarrels with Consalvi, in which he was surely entirely in the wrong. The young Vicomte de Chateaubriand was fresh from his triumphs as the author of a work that was supposed to have created a religious revolution in France. He had many splendid qualities, shaded, however, by intolerable vanity. After a few weeks in Rome he came to the conclusion that he knew a great deal more about diplomacy than his rough Corsican chief. Fesch, who, with all his love for the fine arts, had a genuine scorn for whatever was unreal and unpractical, did not, perhaps, feel much enthusiasm for the "sentimental" Catholicism of the Genie du Christianisme. He wanted a secretary to "keep his place," and Chateaubriand drove him wild by his impudence and presumption. At last, Napoleon heard of it, and said in a rage to Fontanes, the protector of the young secretary: "If your protege does not conduct himself better towards my uncle, I shall have him dragged here on a cart, bound hand and foot!"

One day an Austrian Archduchess was eulogizing in extravagant terms the genius of the great author in the ambassador's presence, until the bored Cardinal could stand it no longer. "Yes, yes, madame," he said, impatiently, "M. de Chateaubriand is a very great man, and knows enough—to sign a passport."

Of course, this could not last, and early in 1804 the secretary was not brought on a cart to Paris, but sent as charge d'affaires to the Valais.

Fesch returned from Rome in 1806, dissatisfied with the curia, still more dissatisfied with himself, and alarmed about the future. The first meeting between the nephew and uncle was stormy. The latter had "yielded too much to Consalvi," had "weakened before the Pope," etc. The Cardinal listened for a time in silence, but suddenly his noble indignation found a voice. "Sire," he said, bravely, "if you do not change your policy, I despair of everything. * * * Think well on it, sire; all who have dared to touch the holy ark have been shattered to pieces."

"Ah! these priests!" returned the wrathful Caesar; "they are all incorrigible, my uncle as well as the rest!"

The time had not yet come, however, for a breach between the two kinsmen, and this year marks the zenith of the worldly greatness of Cardinal Fesch. When kingdoms and principalities were tossed about like playthings among the relatives and marshals of Napoleon, the uncle was not likely to be forgotten. He became coadjutor prince elector of Germany, coadjutor Archchancellor of the German Empire, coadjutor Archbishop of Ratisbonne, with the title of Altesse Eminentissime, the rank of a sovereign prince of the Germanic Confederation and an annual revenue of some millions of francs.

But the happiest year of the Archbishop's life, the year he would always look back to longingly, was the year 1807, for then he was for the first time allowed to forget the cares of the Prince and live solely in the exercise of his pastoral ministry. Marvelous tales are told of his visitations in every part of the three departments of his archdiocese. He seemed insensible to fatigue, and spent entire weeks confessing, confirming and exhorting,

without any apparent intervals of rest or relaxation. "Our prelate," said one of his grand vicars, "is like John the Baptist: he neither drinks, nor eats, nor sleeps." A biscuit and an orange formed his usual nourishment after some long journey that left his attendant priests utterly exhausted. It was a sort of labor in which he fairly reveled. "Oh!" he cried one day, when he appeared prostrated with weariness, "what charms the pastoral life has! I should never have suspected it. There is nothing like it in the life of the diplomat. There all is dead and cold,—external splendor, and deception underneath."

Evil days, however, were approaching. The conqueror of Wagram had sworn before his court that he would punish the Pope for refusing to enter into his plans against the English. The courtiers applauded, but the Emperor remarked the gloomy silence of his uncle, and asked the reason. Then ensued one of those dramatic scenes so common during the Napoleonic era.

"If you touch the Pope," said the Cardinal, "you are lost!"

"What!" exclaimed Napoleon, "Lost! Will the arms of my soldiers fall from their hands?"

MARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE.

If the Cardinal had replied yes he would have been prophesying the literal realization of the answer to the disdainful question on the icy plains of the Moskowa, when the arms did fall from the frozen hands of Napoleon's soldiers.

But he wrestled with his nephew for over half an hour, and if eloquence and argument could have availed, he would surely have diverted him from his fatal purpose. "What will history say of you?" he concluded. "That

you, the greatest captain of the age, made war on the Pope because he could not resist you. Come, come, do not stain by such a shabby ambition as this the laurels you have won on so many battlefields. Be Charlemagne, and not Charles V."

"All that man could do," wrote the Secretary of State of Pius VII. afterwards, "Cardinal Fesch has done."

He returned to Lyons, where new trials awaited him. The persecution had begun. His congregation of the Fathers of the Faith was scattered by an imperial ukase, and the same fate threatened the Sulpitians of his seminaries.

Meanwhile the Archbishop of Paris had died, and Napoleon at once decided that his uncle should replace him. In vain the Cardinal refused; the Emperor insisted that he should, at least, come to the capital. There a subservient Chapter elected him to the Archbishopric, claiming also to give him a provisory jurisdiction before receiving the canonical institution of the Pope. From that day the Cardinal avoided appearing in Notre Dame, and lived as retired as possible in his hotel in the Chaussee d'Antin. Bonaparte took deep offence at this reserve, and went to seek him in the archiepiscopal palace. But the Cardinal was not there.

"Where is he?" he shouted.

"Sire, in his hotel."

"In his hotel! Go tell him that when I need the Archbishop of Paris I wish to find him under the towers of Notre Dame!"

The Cardinal was told that the Emperor was furious, and ran at once to the Tuileries.

"Why," asked Napoleon, "when you have been nominated Archbishop of Paris, do you not administer this church?"

"I am waiting," he answered, tranquilly, "for the Pope to give me the canonical institution."

"But the Chapter has, in the meantime, given you powers."

"It is true. Nevertheless, I should not dare to use them in this circumstance."

"You condemn, then," exclaimed the Emperor, growing more and more irritated, "the Bishops-elect of Orleans, Asti and Liege. But I shall soon force you to change your opinion."

"Sire," replied the Cardinal, drawing himself up with a noble pride, "potius mori!"

At these words Napoleon apparently recovered his good humor, and ended the audience with a jeu de mots.

"Rather Maury? Well, then, Maury it shall be!"

And Maury it was who accepted the nomination of the Chapter, thus staining a hitherto fairly honorable career.

On the 2d of April, 1810, Cardinal Fesch gave the nuptial benediction to the Emperor and Empress Maria Louisa in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. His intervention in this ceremony was very warmly discussed at the time and for long afterward. Now that the animosities of parties have been allayed, it seems to be generally recognized that he could attend the celebration in perfect good faith, considering his views as to the validity of Napoleon's first marriage. Such, at least, appears to be the opinion of M. Welschinger, a writer by no means generally favorable to the Cardinal, in his exhaustive work, Le Divorce de Napoleon.

The closing years of the life of Cardinal Fesch in France form the most beautiful period of his career, and give him an assured right to the gratitude and respect of posterity. Placed on those dizzy heights where self-interest easily biases the view of duty, he never

allowed the man of the Church to become subordinate to the man of the Emperor. He had a presentiment of the fate of the family at the moment of the first quarrel of Emperor and Pope, and always dated its ruin, not all who touch the ark have experienced the same fate. * * * If, as a mother, you have still any influence over him, use it to turn him away from what he is meditating."

He had not seen the Emperor for

CARDINAL FESCH READING REPORT TO MARIE LOUISE.

from Leipsic nor Waterloo, but from Savona. "Oh! my sister," he said to Letitia, when his health was failing perceptibly under the poignant emotions excited by his unavailing struggles with his nephew, "he is destroying himself and destroying us. I see the moment of his destruction at hand; several days, when he heard a report that his nephew was contemplating a schism as an answer to the last non possumus of Pius VII. It was in the middle of April, 1812. He at once hurried to the Tuileries, determined to make a last effort. There, without any oratorical preamble, he asked Na-

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

poleon if there was any foundation for the sinister rumors that were circulating. The Emperor preserved a disdainful silence. Then the Cardinal freed his soul without reserve: "Read history!" he cried. "Is there a single example of an outrage of this kind remaining unpunished? The colossuses have fallen."

The Emperor rose in a fury:

"Be gone!" he shouted; "be gone! prophet of misfortune. I have no need of your lessons; return to your diocese, and do not quit it until I permit you!"

"Oh!" replied the Cardinal, quietly, "if you think you are issuing an order of exile against me, you are mistaken. A Bishop is never in exile in the midst of his flock. * * * You can, if you choose, recollect that during my embassy at Rome I was constantly begging you to let me live in my diocese; and have I been less earnest in entreating the same favor since that time?"

"Well," retorted the Emperor, "you have your wish now. You are ordered to set out for Lyons, and you are given three days to prepare for the journey. If you are in Paris at the end of that time it will be a contravention of my will."

To emphasize his wrath, the Emperor rather meanly suppressed the greater part of his revenues, so that he had to borrow a considerable sum on his jewels and other valuables to meet the needs of his charitable institutions. He was naturally received in Lyons with boundless enthusiasm as a confessor of the faith. But the little men in office were ready, according to their custom everywhere, to curry favor with the nephew by throwing obstacles in the way of the disgraced uncle. Some of them tried to prevent him from holding the celebration of Cor-

pus Christi. "You believe, then," was his haughty reply to an insolent prefect, "that a person such as you can interfere with me! It is because I am in disgrace that you dare to utter such language to me. Know that it does not frighten me. Though you should plant your cannon at the head of every street, we will have our procession as usual, and I myself will bear the Blessed Sacrament."

But events were rapidly approaching which rendered the presence of Cardinal Fesch in Lyons impossible. The enthusiastic shouts that greeted the return of Louis XVIII. from Ghent were sounding in his ears. "Ah!" he exclaimed, bitterly and prophetically, "no cries have ever been more enthusiastic than those that used to salute my nephew, and he is now on the Bellerophon, a prisoner of the English!"

The decree which banished the Archbishop of Lyons from his beloved diocese was signed by Fouche, the regicide!

He spent his closing days in Rome, sheltered, like the rest of his family, by the hospitality of the Popes, a hospitality that often met with an ungrateful return. His life was dignified and edifying, as became that of one who had filled such a lofty place in Church and State. He died in 1839 of cancer in the stomach, a disease fatal to the Bonapartes.

On board the Bellerophon.

"Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
Elaine the Lily Maid of Astolat."

— *Tennyson.*

ALCIPHRON AND ALETHE.*

(*On her death-day, A. D. 257.*)

By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

I.

Mine was a lily fairer far
Than all the lilies of old Egypt's land,
More fragrant in its virgin bloom than are
The sweetest lilies of the Nile's rich strand.
In dark nights growing,
In scant lights blowing,
Love marveled how its petals could expand.

II.

For in the crevice of a stone,
It burgeoned from the prison of my heart;
And to myself I said: when death alone,
Grim Gaoler, comes to wrench these bars apart,
Blest be his power
If my little flower
Bloom but that hour to cheer my sinking heart!

III.

Behold! alas! the Goaler came
Today! Death came, but not to break my bars.
The Angel with the hollow eyes of flame,
Relentless, stole my lily thro' the bars,
And I, despairing,
Thro' my window glaring,
See its white splendor dimming all the stars!

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* Moore's *Epicurean*.

JAMES O'NEILL AND HIS COMPANY.

By Mary F. Nixon.

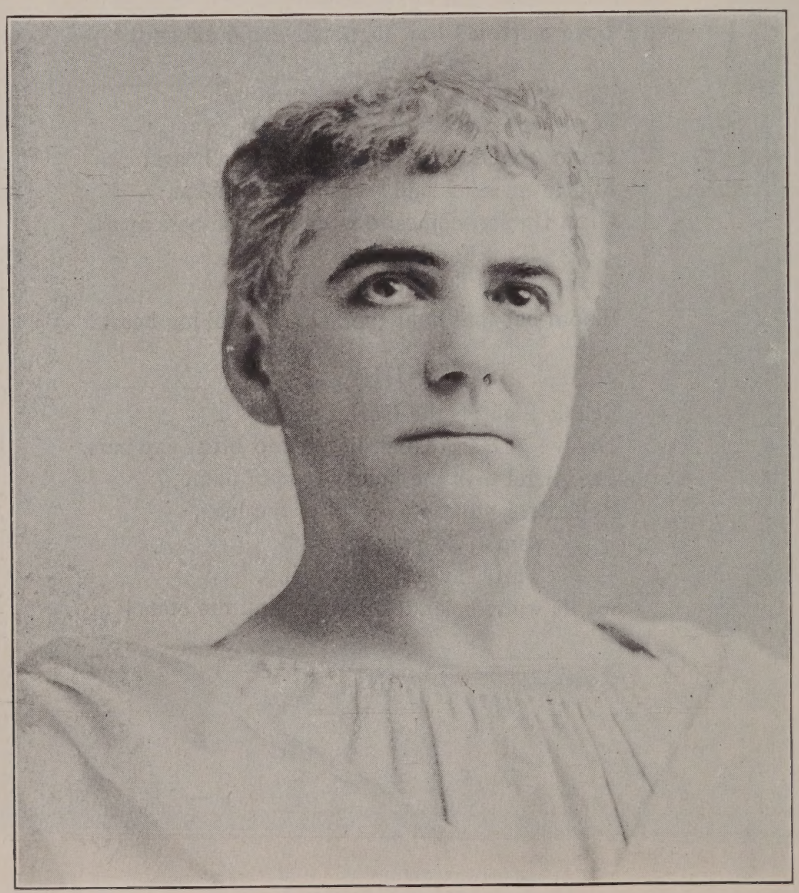
In times when many "stars" deem themselves all sufficient and leave the lesser satellites to revolve around them twinkling feebly, a man is a rara avis who is not only one of the strongest actors on the stage but whose entire company is excellent.

Such is James O'Neill, who for five and twenty years has been a wearer of the sock and buskin, and who is one of those

"Who aspire
To genuine greatness, but from just desire."

The poet says:

"Glory is like a circle in the waters,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse itself to naught."



O'Neill as Virginius.

But James O'Neill's fame has not yet dispersed itself, and his work is too well known in stage circles to require commendation, though it is of such a character that it cannot be too often brought before the public.

Mr. O'Neill's repertoire this season includes "Hamlet," "Virginius," "The Count of Monte Christo" and "The Courier of Lyons." This last named is a melodrama similar to a play of Irving's called "The Lyons Mail." Mr. O'Neill's acting of the double part of villain and innocent man is undoubtedly remarkable, and his entire change of character with no change of costume is well nigh uncanny. Although the play is popular, it is wretchedly insufficient for an actor like O'Neill, and the lines are poor and the moral tone scarcely high.

In one of the Chicago theatres the stage door is close by the gallery steps, and as the "star" passed to his dressing-room one night he heard a boyish voice say excitedly:

"That's him—that's O'Neill!"

"'Tain't," said another boy, as the two gamins crowded over the stairs, nearly tumbling over in their frantic efforts to see.

"'Tis, I tells yer. I seed him afore!" said number one. "Yer see if 'tain't: Hello, Monte!"

"Hello, boys!" said the kindly voice, whose rich notes with the suspicion of brogue in their liquid depths have charmed others than street urchins for many years.

"There! Didn't I told yer?" said the boy in triumph. "You must be from the country, sure. Why, everybody knows Monte Christer!"

Yes, everybody knows Monte Christo, and hence all the world knows James O'Neill, at least, all the American world, for this American actor, although proud of being an Irish-American, has refused many tempting baits of European seasons.

"Monte Christo" is sans doute a clever performance. From the time O'Neill appeared as the merry, light-hearted sailor, "on intimate terms with justice," most winning as the lover of Mercedes, until the curtain drops upon the cultured, elegant, dignified, sometimes Abbe Busoni, then Count of Monte Christo, old and young are

O'NEILL AS HAMLET.

WILLIAM R. PASCOE.

spell-bound by this play, which a very clever man has called "the acme of romanticism."

While Mr. O'Neill is better known in Dumas' play, perhaps his best acting is in "Virginius." Sheridan Knowles' great tragedy has been long before the public. Great actors have played it and staged it well, but O'Neill is one of the few men behind the footlights at present who is capable of conceiving and executing the part of the "noblest Roman of them all."

Virginius is the embodiment of strength and tenderness and all the virtues which go to make up the man, and the true inwardness of his mind and heart is displayed before one's gaze as Mr. O'Neill plays the part. His fatherly pleasure in Virginia's happy love is so natural as to bring tears to the eyes of those whose memory holds the blessing of a good father's affection.

In the war-like passages which attend the death of the stout veteran, Deutatus, O'Neill displays the soldier and statesman, and close upon the heels of this disaster comes the news which crazes the overtasked brain.

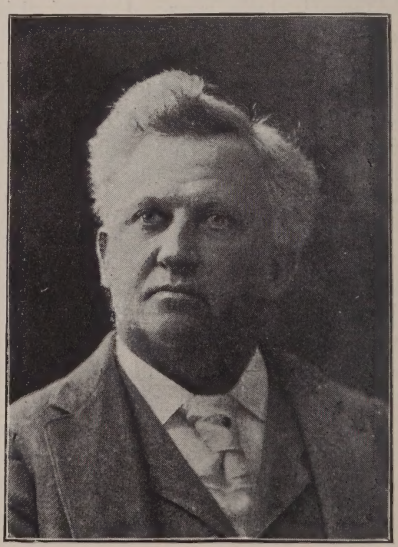
Then comes the stirring scene at the Forum, where the exquisite protection of his attitude toward Virginia wars with his terror at his own powerlessness and the horror of the growing conviction that the only way to save his daughter's honor is by her death.

All these conflicting emotions are hurried in quick succession over the mobile countenance of one who does not act but is his part.

The strain is too great, and the keenly attuned chords of the mind snap; and in the fifth act Virginius kills the tyrant in a burst of rage so sublime as to make one wonder at the genius of the man who simulates so well it seems it must be real.

"For years," says Mr. O'Neill, "I have spent all of my time studying insanity. I have haunted madhouses and asylums in nearly every city in the country. The incurable have been my great interest, and I have watched their faces for hours at a time, pondering over every fitting expression.

" 'Virginius,' says Knowles, 'was ever of a choleric nature,' and his madness must needs be of the vehe-



W. J. DIXON.

ment kind, and it shook the Roman's soul to the very depths.

"Virginius is one of my favorite parts—that and 'Hamlet.'"

Years ago McCullough used to say to Mr. O'Neill: "Jim, if you won't play leads in my company, why don't you take my plays and go on the road with them? You can play them just as well as I can."

There is a story that McCullough's mantle fell upon Mr. O'Neill literally, for he was given all his costumes and stage settings, with the remark: "Since McCullough is gone no one can fill his shoes like you, O'Neill."

Mr. O'Neill's "Hamlet" is, to say the least, original and striking. As the play is, without doubt, the most difficult to act of any of Shakespeare's dramas, so there is much to criticize in anyone's rendering of it.

In appearance O'Neill as Hamlet is robust and manly-looking, as a young prince should be, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form"; in manner every inch a prince, with occasional gleams of a charm which makes one readily see why he was beloved.

He loved Ophelia, and her insufficiency and untruth drove out the good angel within and left him a prey to the demon revenge and his mind filled with

> "Those obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things,
> Fallings from us, vanishings,
> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized."

His was a noble, gentle nature, and his gentleness is shown by his unwillingness to believe in his uncle's guilt until forced to do so.

Doubting even the ghost's revelations, he hesitates, and O'Neill shows much dramatic force in the way he makes the hesitation felt as he says:

> "The Spirit that I have seen
> May be the Devil, and the Devil hath power
> To assume a pleasing shape; yes, and perhaps
> Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
> As he is very potent with such spirits,
> Abuses me to damn me.
> I'll have grounds
> More relative than this: the play's the thing
> Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King."

Grieved at his father's death, shocked at the crime of his uncle, cut to the heart by his mother's falseness, and wrought upon by spiritual agencies, he becomes a mono-maniac; yet that his chosen task is distasteful to him is shown by the emphasis of his exclamation:

> "The Time is out of joint. O, cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right."

There is no madness in him save the occasional fits of anger, no more than the Berseker Rage of the North as when he leaves Ophelia, kills Polonius and finally slays the King.

He craftily deceives them all into the belief that he is mad by apparently irrelevant remarks,

> "To put an antic disposition on."

Yet his reason is not gone, only

> "Like sweet bells, jangled, out of tune and harsh,"

because there was, as the King said,

> "Something in his soul
> O'er which his melancholy sits and broods."

This is O'Neill's "Hamlet," and it is so convincing that as he acts one says impulsively: "Why, of course, this is what Shakespeare meant all the time, and they were blunderers who tried to make us think the clever Prince of Denmark was otherwise."

It is undoubtedly a strong "Hamlet," and a good portrayal of his own conception of the part, though Mr. O'Neill misses the full meaning of the lines at times, hurrying their render-

ing, especially in the scene with Ophelia in the third act. Here his acting is marred by his too frequent disappearances. This is merely an error in execution, and due, doubtless, to the fact that Mr. O'Neill is better in his grasp of a subject than its details.

It could never be said of him as of an English manager in the thirties, that "he entered upon a play sans souci, and left it sans six sous" (Mr. O'Neill has made seven hundred thousand dollars by "Monte Christo" alone), but his minutiae lacks subtlety, while his effects are good.

His "Hamlet" is probably one of the best on the stage at present, but he allows it to be staged abominably, with a Michigan furniture factory table and red plush chairs such as had never been dreamed of in "ye dayes of Hamlet ye Prince of Denmarke."

This carelessness does not extend to his company, which is under the magagement of Mr. William F. Connor, a very able man and a Catholic gentleman.

So far as getting together clever people, who do good work, is concerned, Mr. Connor knows his business thoroughly, and has the happy faculty—not common to all managers—of keeping people smoothed down and in good running order, oiling the wheels of his human machine with a kindly tact.

The leading lady—why does not some one invent a new term for that extraordinary expression?—is Miss Margaret Anglin, a young Canadian girl, who was educated at the Sacre Coeur at Montreal. She studied under Nelson Wheatcroft in New York and made her debut with Charles Frohman's company in "Shenandoah." Miss Anglin is pretty and graceful, with a fresh Irish coloring, and she plays her parts well for one so young as she is—not yet one and twenty.

Many actors, while doing good parrot work, lack the intelligence and education with which to correctly read their lines; but Miss Anglin shows cleverness of conception in much of her work.

She is not good in Virginia—too coy for the part, which should be girlish and sweet, since Virginia was very young, a gentle, spotless maiden, reared in the deepest seclusion and kept from the least smirch of the evil of Patrician Rome.

Miss Anglin is better as Mercedes the Catalan than as the regal Countess de Montcerf, but her strong work is in the mad scene in "Hamlet." Her Ophelia, while unfinished, is better even than Miss Ellen Terry's, for Miss Anglin has the youth, which was certainly a characteristic of the fair Ophelia.

William H. Pascoe, Mr. O'Neill's leading man, is a Massachusetts man, who has been in the company several years, and plays the lovers' parts with a delicacy which in every line shows him to be—as he is—a courtly gentleman. He is a hard worker and a thoroughly conscientious actor, and his Laertes in "Hamlet" is good, although in the scene at the death of Ophelia he fails to conceive the difficult part he has to play in the great tragedy.

As Icilius, the lover of Virginia—a bright, gallant soldier—Mr. Pascoe's acting leaves little to be desired; but his best work is where he appears as Albert de Montcerf. He errs in speaking too rapidly, but he is never ungraceful, even in the most trying costumes.

Behind the scenes, on or off the stage, Mr. Pascoe is a preux chevalier too unusual in these days, and he, Mr. O'Neill and many of the company are good Catholics.

Miss Kate Fletcher has been on the stage for many years, and has had ex-

perience with Booth, Madame Janauscheck and others of the prominent actors. She plays Servia in "Virginius," and the Queen in "Hamlet," the latter unusually well; but as Carconte, the Gypsy hag, in "Monte Christo," she is inimitable.

Miss Fletcher is always in her place, always ready, always with a pleasant word for somebody, and is much beloved in the company.

Hallet Thompson is so unequal in his work that it is difficult to appraise his stage value. His Appius Claudius is well conceived but over-done, while his Nortier is clever. Mr. Thompson should confine himself to the Beau Brummel styles, as this he is to perfection.

Miss Ada Carlton Swan is a St. Louis girl, and was John W. Norton's favorite pupil. She went on the stage last winter and played Hippolita in Daly's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Her best acting is as Jeanne in the "Courier of Lyons," where she is excellent, though too pretty for the part. She is a handsome girl, tall and graceful, and she has advanced so rapidly in her profession that people predict a future for her.

T. G. Lingham, the stage manager, plays minor parts in anything but a minor way.

His Caius Claudius in "Virginius" is his strongest piece of work, and although the part is a disagreeable one, Mr. Lingham's Roman face suits it so well and his handling of the villain is so masterly that one feels much sympathy with his talent.

In "Hamlet" he is the only ghost one would care ever to see again, and as Rosencrantz he is quite the courtier.

W. I. Dixon, the comedy man, is delightful. He is from Columbus, O., and is another Francis Wilson, with a most reprehensive facility for getting the sympathy of the audience. This is especially noticeable when he plays Caderrouse in "Christo," for he is so good one quite forgets he is a drunken vagabond, and only remembers how delightful and droll he can be.

Keane, the leading juvenile, is from San Francisco and a delightful boy, showing talent—especially when he plays Teenan—which may develop into genius if he has the capacity for taking pains, which Sydney Smith said genius is.

Such are some of the members of the James O'Neill company, and one does not often find a more agreeable set of people.

The old saying,

"On this great stage the world no monarch e'er
Was half so haughty as a monarch player,"

does not apply in this instance, for Mr. O'Neill is affable and kindly, with a ready sense of humor, and this spirit seems to pervade the company.

There is a good story told of O'Neill which will bear repeating.

He was playing in a small town in Montana, and his ear was harrowed by the eccentricities of the flute player in the orchestra at a rehearsal.

"Can't you cut out that flute?" he asked the local manager. "It upsets me so that I don't believe I can get through the performance tonight."

The flutist heard the speech, and turned irately upon O'Neill. "I'd have you to know," he said, "that I am going to play that flute if you're going to play 'Christo.' I'm the mayor of this town, and I mean to see this show. If I can't play the flute I'll revoke the theatre's license, and you can get out of town tonight!"

It is unnecessary to state that both the flute and "Monte Christo" were played that night, and Mr. O'Neill tells the story with a keen relish.

This is one of his characteristics, that he can enjoy a good story on himself, and another is his extreme kindliness to beginners in his profes-

sion. The members of his company say he is a most unusual man to act with.

"Most 'stars' storm and swear, and some of them even throw things," said a young actress, "but Mr. O'Neill is always a gentleman. We have so much fun behind the scenes and when we're on the road it's like being in a large family.

"Mrs. O'Neill is nearly always with us, and she is very particular about who is in the company. Mr. O'Neill is perfectly devoted to her and altogether we have few of the annoyances to which many people in the profession are subjected."

"I have just come from the Zoo," said James Smith, one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses," a clever book, no longer in vogue, "and I have seen a most extraordinary animal. What was it? An actor without a grievance!"

Taking the testimony of one who has been literally "behind the scenes," the actors must be very "extraordinary," for from star to property man, there seem to be few grievances in the James O'Neill company.

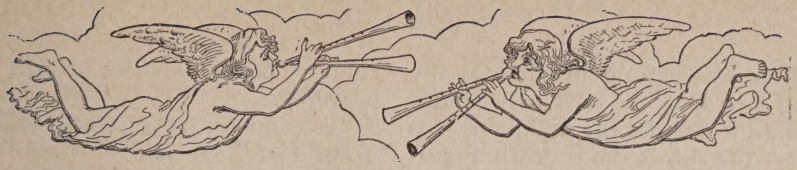
FOR THOU ART BY MY SIDE.

By Daniel J. Donahoe.

O, blessings rest upon the hour
When first thy heart to me was known;
When first I felt the gentle power
That binds my spirit to thine own.
The sweetness of my soul thou art,
The warmth and sunshine of my day,
The strength and gladness of my heart,
A light and fragrance on my way.

The flowers may fade upon the plain,
The barren earth be robed in snow,
The north may send its freezing rain,
And driving storms may rage and blow:
But e'er for me the year distills
The brightest dews of April's prime;
The summer glow is on the hills,
And richest gold of harvest time.

For thou, my love, art by my side,
The light and glory of my life,
My soul's sweet darling, and the guide
To lead me through a world of strife.
Then blessings be upon that hour
When first thy love to me was known,
When first I felt the gentle power
That binds thy spirit to mine own.



A TALE OF THE DESERT—ETCHING.

By J. Torrey Connor.

A trackless waste, stretching from horizon to horizon, its level expanse studded with clumps of giant cacti—those sentinels of the desert standing eternally on guard above the bleaching bones of hapless victims. A brazen sky bends over all, and the sun, a globe of fire hanging midway in the heavens, floods the land with a fierce light.

In the scant shade of sagebrush and chaparral slim lizards pant, and the horned toad seeks shelter, finding it not.

Little puffs of wind, hot as blasts from a furnace, stir the alkali dust, heaping, leveling, whirling it hither and thither.

Yonder the earth's surface has been rent in some convulsion of nature, and a crevice marks the site of a water-hole, choked by the drifting sand and half hidden by a dense growth of Spanish bayonet.

The gusts increase in violence, and blinding sand showers fill the air. Presently from out a swirling cloud of dust a man emerges, moving slowly, painfully, and driving before him a heavily laden broncho that staggers beneath its load. The spikes of the cacti have rent his clothing; his feet, bruised and bleeding, are scarce protected by the broken shoes; but he does not feel the sharp prick of the thorns, nor the hurt of the bruises. The bloodshot eyes turn from side to side as if seeking familiar landmarks, and as one in delirium he babbles of cool lakes, running brooks and tinkling fountains.

The verge of the hollow is gained.

He pauses a moment in perplexity; then, with a mad cry, rushes down where the living stream once welled from beneath the rock.

Dry! Dry as the parched desert itself, though the lean fingers claw the sand with frenzied energy, until they are worn to the bone.

The faithful broncho, with a mighty effort, reaches its master's side and falls lifeless. As it sinks to earth the air is stirred by the downward sweep of heavy wings; already the buzzards have scented a feast.

Low down upon the horizon a white speck appears, like a sail at sea. It is a "ship of the desert," and soon another comes in sight, and yet another and another.

The voices of the men in earnest converse, the creaking of harness as the tired mules strain forward with their loads—almost these sounds have stirred the numbed senses of the man, lying face downward in the grave of his own digging.

Almost! The long caravan skirts the hollow, trails its length across the desert like some huge serpent, and is lost to view.

TOM, THE CORNISHMAN.

By Susan L. Emery.

Winter was setting in early in the mining district of the far North States. Although it was not the middle of November, the birds had flown South and work was growing dull, and at the old Algonquin Mine there was a rumor, only too well founded, that the mine would close in a week. Tom Palmer strode into his little cottage one eventful night, the date of which he was never to forget; and, for the first time in his married life of two years, there was no answering smile on his lips in return to the ever ready welcome of his young wife, sitting at their fireside with their baby on her knee.

It was a very simple home, only three rooms, but clean and fresh, with the table neatly spread and the kettle boiling. In a moment, on other evenings, the baby would be crowing in Tom's arms, and his wife would be getting supper on the table; and he had often said he thought no king or queen could be happier than they. Such a temperate, honest man was this Tom the Cornishman, as his mates called him, and such a happy, sweet-tempered woman was his wife, that they were quite the envy and admiration of all the Algonquin homes.

But tonight Tom flung himself moodily down on the settle. "It's no use, Eileen," he said. "My head was just above water; debts paid to the last cent yesterday, and not a penny beside; and here's the mine closing. What are we going to do?"

The smile faded on Eileen's lips also. She knew only too well what it all meant. She knew he did not think of himself alone, and of her and the baby, but of the many as badly off as they were; in fact, far worse than they. The long, long Northern winter upon them, and no work for men with sick wives and big families and terrible temptation; and, oh, such want and cold! The smile faded, but she spoke bravely.

"We must trust God Almighty, Tom, dear," she said.

"What good's that!" he answered bitterly, and she trembled. She had never heard him speak like that before. To her simple faith the God of her childhood and of her whole life long was as real as he was.

"Oh, it's all the good in the world!" she cried. Then, with sudden intuition: "You've been down in the shaft with Infidel Jake today!"

"Yes," he said bluntly. "You can't choose your mates there, can you? And, after all, what wonder he talks as he does? Who made me, and you, and the young 'un to be cold and hungry, and no work to be had, though I need it; while the owners and the managers grow fat on the copper from the Algonquin that we sell ourselves to dig out for them!"

Eileen made no answer just then. She laid the baby on his arm, and noted with silent sadness that he gave it no caress. Ever since Infidel Jake came into the settlement he had been sowing seeds of mischief, and the crop was springing up in the winter with baleful fruit. She put suppor on the table, and Tom ate it with little relish, still in that moody and unwonted silence. Then he took his pipe, and she put the baby to bed and came with her sewing to the table, where he was conning an odd printed sheet such as she had never seen before. She bent over his shoulder and read the heading and a few lines; then all her face flushed scarlet.

Mrs. Tom Palmer was as much a queen in her poor dwelling as the veriest sovereign in Europe. With swift but determined action she took the newspaper from her astonished husband's fingers and laid it on the fire, her eyes blazing like the coals.

Tom, burly and tall and strong, looked at her in helpless amazement mingled with admiration, though his words sounded sharp: "What's that for?"

"What's that for!" she repeated. "You ought to know, Tom. Whatever Jake says outside, neither his talk nor his papers shall be in this house while I am in it."

Then her face softened. "Oh, nonsense, man!" she said gently. "It's but a cloud. I'd give more for my old mother's verses she used to say to us than for all Infidel Jake could say in a hundred years. We all have our trials, and it's plain to see his make-up, when you turn coward after a day's work with him, just because there's a hard winter afore us."

Tom winced, and she saw it. "Come now," she said; "you're tired out, I'm thinking. I'll say the verses, and you sleep on them, and go to work, light-hearted, the morn."

With sweet Welsh accent she half sang, half chanted verses she had often said to him before, and always with comfort to them both:

"Is it raining, little flower?
Be glad of rain.
Too much sun would wither thee;
'Twill shine again.
The sky is very black, 'tis true;
But just behind it shines the blue.

"Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain.
In sorrow, sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun,
When clouds their perfect work have done."

"Eileen," Tom said doggedly, "I'm tired of that. If your singing and praying would bring us what we need there'd be some use in it. As it is—"

He paused, but she took up his words and spoke in his stead. "As it is, Tom," she said, gravely, "I'd sooner doubt that the breath came from my lips that are speaking than think our good God will not answer my prayer in His own best way."

Then her guardian angel kept her silent, so that her words might come back to her husband in an hour of bitter need.

The next morning, still moody, he left her, and for the first time without a good-bye kiss. She said "Good-bye, and God keep you," but he never answered her.

At the turn of the road he looked back, remorseful, and saw her standing in the humble doorway with her baby watching him; and, somehow, her dear face made him think of a picture he had seen of the Blessed Virgin standing beside the cross. He was fain to go back, but already the other men were gathering, and each with an added rumor of trouble to come.

The tram-cart stood at the mouth of the mine, and the miners were told off in gangs, with shovel and pick, to shoot down the black shaft and make their way to their allotted duties. Each gang was accompanied by a man who acted as overseer, and who also had in his special charge the gun-powder to be used for the blasting in his section. Once again Tom the Cornishman found Infidel Jake at his side. The shaft to which they were detailed was the very oldest in the mine; not only were there many indications that it was nearly "panned out," as the miners expressed it, but it had an insecure look about it that would have made the faces of the women above ground turn white had they seen it. The men were reckless of danger, like sailors at sea in a storm.

Almost at once, that November morning, they had to make preparations for a blast; and when everything was ready the men turned and ran, leaving one, as usual, to light the fuse. That one was Tom.

He had done it unnumbered times before; and always, since Eileen had

come into his home, he had said softly: "God save us!" He did not say it to-day. He struck the match, lit the fuse and started to run like the rest. But he had not gone ten feet when the old shaft caved in at one side, and a mass of rock fell between him and his comrades, knocking him down, a big boulder falling on his leg, pinioning him fast.

Beyond him he heard the cries of horror and dismay from the men who could not reach him; above him he saw the deadly blocks that must fall with the imminent blast; before him was the little yellow flame creep, creeping along the fuse, to the powder that must work his death. And he, the strongest man in the Algonquin mine,—he, with life throbbing in his veins, and love and home waiting for him in that upper air which he could not hope to see again,—he, Tom the Cornishman, lay there, helpless as a new-born baby, watching death coming steady and straight to meet him in, oh! how brief a space.

Yet in that brief space what did he not see and feel? That little, poor home, his wife, his baby—what would he not give now if only he could be sure of that long, hard winter stretching out before them, but he with them to face it? Wouldn't he be glad of the battle if he had but the chance to fight it again? What a coward he had been!

Creep, creep, the flames came onward. Was it years or days? Surely not tiny seconds only the time that terrible weight had lain on his limb that felt so strangely dead—no pain, but, ah! no life. Between the little, creeping flame and him Eileen's face seemed to hover like the picture of the Mother of Mothers beside the cross. In his ear something sounded between singing and chanting in the voice dearest on earth to him, but silent forever now.

"God watches, and thou shalt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done."

"God!" he cried out suddenly. "Eileen's God! God Almighty! in the holy name of Jesus, take this weight off me!"

The fallen boulder moved not. But instead a great weight went off Tom's heart. In its place came back to him the faith of his childhood, the perfect faith of a little child. Peacefully he lay there; and the long, hard winter, his wife, his baby, he left them all in the hands of that God who truly is, and who cares for all. "God forgive me!" he said patiently, and so awaited death.

Silence—an awful yet blessed silence. The flame crept toward the gun-powder, nearer and nearer—all but touched it; flared up a little brighter, and then—went out. And then Tom's eyes, that had—so it seemed to him—been fixed for years upon it, shut close, and the strong man fainted dead away.

When again he knew he was among the living; powerful hands, tender hearts and true, were working for him; he heard well-known voices bidding him have courage. They were working with a will at the fallen boulder, those good mates of his, without one thought of future hard times or trials or any sufferings but his just there. And presently he heard something that made him open his eyes wide in utter amazement, for he heard a voice say: "Thank God Almighty!" and the voice was Infidel Jake's. Then, looking, he saw that his prayer to God was literally answered, for the weight was off his legs, though he did not feel it. All sense of feeling was gone.

The winter that followed was indeed as they feared, long and hard; but in one poor house at the Algonquin Mine there was never heard a murmur, though all that winter a young

man lay helpless there upon his bed, and want stared him in the face. He had called on God in an hour of exceptional need, and God had heard him. He never doubted his God again. Many a poor man came to his bed that winter and sat there by the hour—to cheer him, they fancied, bless them!—and brought him, out of their own poverty, tea and bread, and doing so, left the dram-shop poorer. Tom's intense faith in God worked upon them besides himself. The women came also—to cheer Eileen a bit; and learned lessons in keeping their poor homes clean and happy, and learned to pray and to speak kindly of each other, and to try to be as patient as this woman, who, they thought, had a harder lot than they. But when the last cheery good-night was said and all were gone, Eileen would come and kneel down beside her helpless husband and say, with a radiant smile: "O Tom, how good the good God is!"

When, in the spring, the mine reopened the old shaft was forever done with, and a new quarry came to light, yielding such splendid copper that the Algonquin straightway took the place it had held long ago as the foremost of the Lake Superior mines. But Tom the Cornishman never went down its mouth again in the tram-car, and his stout arm never again wielded the pick, nor did his hand ever again light the fuse; for though his prayer was answered in full to the letter, he never recovered the use of his limbs.

Yet no man did better work at the mine than he. Day by day, in a little cart drawn by one or another of his faithful mates, but oftenest by a man whom no one now called Infidel Jake, Tom the Cornishman came to the Algonquin and took what grew at last into a distinct and official position, a sort of superintendent of the men. At first it was no more than that they saw him sitting there helpless, and they went down the shaft light-hearted and good-humored, because they had just said to him a kindly "Good-day, lad!" or a "Top of the morning to you!" and then bethought themselves how good God had been to them, sparing them strength and limb. Then they got in the way of leaving him their luncheon or their money to look after; or they told him some quarrel, and he stilled it; or he settled some grievance like a lawyer, only he hushed it up and made peace, and charged them no costs. He was everybody's friend, everybody's confidant. The owners themselves came to him and took counsel of him. When every other mine at the Lakes struck one summer the Algonquin stood steady, because of something Tom the Cornishman did, though nobody quite knew what. Anyhow, they were sure that he prayed.

At first he lived on people's pity and kindness and on Eileen's hard, daily toil. But bye and bye the owners of the Algonquin discovered that he was worth gold to them, and they gave him a salary, and dubbed him "sub-superintendent," an imposing and puzzling title that quickly lost itself in plain "Tom the Cornishman" again. As for Eileen, he called her—and they all called her—the Angel. Some women deserve it.

The baby? Ah! God wants His families in Heaven as well as here. The baby went early to Him. After that all God's children belonged to Tom and Eileen. The whole mining settlement, somehow, turned to them, in joy or sorrow, want or love. Rich and poor came alike.

But one thing was especially noticed in regard to the Algonquin Mine. Great men visited it—statesmen, foreigners, owners of shares from different cities. "We never hear an oath around this place," they said. And the overseers made reply: "Nor nobody else, gentlemen. The Algonquin men never swear."

It had become only gradually true of them, but it was true. In their midst lived one who, in his hour of bitter need, had called on God Almighty in Jesus' holy name, and had been heard; and never again could he endure to hear God's name taken in vain.

At first they saw the pallor go over the face that they learned to love so dearly, and the tears spring to his eyes and they swore when he could not hear them "for we wouldn't hurt poor Tom's feelings not for nothing!" they said apologetically. Soon they never swore at all. And at night they drew Tom's cart home to where Eileen stood waiting in the doorway after her motherless day among the sick and the sinning and the sad; and they went away leaving them childless, who, nevertheless, had the whole community for their children; and they said: "Poor Tom the Cornishman!" and then, reverently: "But God is good!"

LULLABY.

By Ida I. Summerscales.

Flitteth the daylight
Over the land
Drowsily, drowsily;
Night is at hand.
Flieth the birdies home to the nest,
Chirpingly, chirpingly; rest, baby, rest!

Cometh the lambkins
Safe from the wold,
Willingly, willingly,
Into the fold.
Floateth wee clouds in evening's deep flush,
Dreamily, dreamily; hush, baby, hush!

Loveth the shepherd
With love most deep,
Wondrously, wondrously,
His little sheep.
Watcheth the shepherd danger to spy,
Faithfully, faithfully; bye, baby, bye!

Sittith the young moon
Low in the sky,
Silverly, silverly;
Stars peepeth nigh.
Yearneth the shepherd his flock to keep,
Tenderly, tenderly; sleep, baby, sleep!

ST. PATRICK: HIS LIFE, LEGENDS AND MIRACLES.

By P. J. Lynch.

Continued.

St. Patrick in Captivity.

It seems that when Patrick was first sold into slavery, four men, of whom Milcho was the principal, united in his purchase; but Milcho afterwards secured the services of the boy altogether for himself. Patrick was employed in herding sheep, and also had the care of a drove of swine.

Milcho, from the accounts of the old chroniclers, must have been a stern master, and Patrick must have found life very hard indeed at the outset. But God was with him, and he soon accepted his fate with a holy resignation. He embraced the occasion as the best opportunity for the practice of piety and devotion. He prayed constantly and fervently, and he grew in faith and the love of God. What his life was we may judge by his confession when he says:

"Many times in the day I prayed, and more and more the love of God and His faith and fear grew in me. And the spirit was stirred, so that in a single day I have said as many as a hundred prayers, and in the night nearly the same, so that I remained in the woods and upon the mountains, and before the dawn I was called to prayer by the snow, the ice and the rain. And I did not suffer from them, nor was there any sloth in me, as I see now, because then the spirit was burning within me."

After a time Milcho seems to have had some misgivings as to Patrick. One night he had a vision in which Patrick, all on fire and with flames issuing from his nostrils, mouth, eyes and ears, seemed to approach him. Milcho tried to repel him, and the flames seemed to turn aside and envelop and consume his two little daughters as they lay in their bed. Then the wind seemed to rise and scatter the ashes through many parts of the land. Milcho asked Patrick to interpret the vision, and the boy, gifted with prophecy even at that early age, told him that the flames he saw were the faith of the Holy Trinity, which he would one day preach to Milcho, but which the latter would reject. "But," added Patrick, "at my preaching your two daughters will believe in the true God, and serve God in holiness and justice during their lives, and then dying the death of the just, their ashes, that is to say, their relics, shall be carried to many parts of Ireland, bringing blessings to many."

Thus Patrick continued in captivity for six long years. His prayers were rendered up unceasingly, and God saw that his period of probation was sufficiently prolonged. One day the Angel Victor appeared before him and told him that his prayers and fasting had ascended as a memorial before God, and that his deliverance was at hand. Victor further told Patrick that he had been specially appointed to minister to him and be his guardian and assistant in all things. The angel told him that in a certain opening in the ground where the swine had been rooting he should find a lump of gold with which he was to secure his ransom, and that at a certain port a vessel was waiting to sail which would carry him to his own country, but that by the divine will she would not get a favorable wind until he got there. Patrick got the gold and redeemed himself, after which he made the journey to the port indicated to him. There he found the ship just ready to sail, but for some reason the sailors would not take him on board. He turned away disappointed, but he had not gone far when the sailors came running up to him. Providence had quickly brought about a change in

ST. PATRICK CALLED BACK BY THE SAILORS.

their ideas, and now they wished Patrick to go with them as a passenger.

ST. PATRICK ESCAPES FROM CAPTIVITY.

Patrick was twenty-two years old at the time of his escape from captivity, and the date of the event would be about the year 394. Viewed in the light of later events his captivity seems to have been a special dispensation of Providence to better prepare him for his special mission. During those six years he had learned the language of the Irish, learned of their peculiar customs and habits, learned of their traits of character, and many other things which in a vast degree contributed to the success of his mission when he came to preach the gospel to them some years later.

The port from which Patrick embarked with the sailors was somewhere in the South of Ireland. Some think it was Bantry Bay. He tells us that the voyage lasted three days, and then began a long journey through Northern Gaul to reach his old home. He continues: "We journeyed for twenty-eight days through an uninhabited country." Soon the provisions of the men began to fail, and the dreadful pangs of hunger assailed them. From the time of his departure with them from the Irish port Patrick had lost no opportunity of telling the sailors of his God and trying to convert them. Now, in their bitter extremity, they appealed to him, saying: "Oh, Christian, thou sayest thy God is mighty and can do all things. Why cannot you then pray for us, since we are nigh unto death with hunger?" Patrick answered that if they sincerely turned to the Lord and believed in Him, to whom nothing was impossible, they might expect relief. The men, deeply impressed by his words, gave their hearts to God, and the next moment they saw a herd of swine appear in the road before them. Many of these they killed, and there they rested for two nights, until they were thoroughly strengthened. They gave fervent thanks to God, and Patrick, as His servant, was much honored in their eyes. Indeed, they carried this feeling to an extreme degree, for when thy found some wild honey later they offered him some in sacrifice. This act filled Patrick with grief and distress, and to make reparation for what he considered a fault of his own he fasted for twenty days. As if in further punishment, he was assailed by a terrible temptation that night, and the assault by the powers of evil was so fierce that he says in his confession that he could never forget that night as long as he lived.

Nothing further of note occurred until they arrived at their destination. Patrick doubtless found cause for grief and despondency on his arrival home. His relations and the members of his family who had survived

the calamities of the previous years were overjoyed at his return, and they told him that now, at least, after having suffered so many tribulations, he ought to remain with them. But evidently his determination was taken to prepare himself for the priesthood and his apostolate, and as the first step he prepared to put himself under the guidance and instruction of his uncle, St. Martin, at Tours.

Despite his determination, however, he must have found the pleadings and entreaties of his relations a great temptation, but he was strengthened by a vision in which the Angel Victor appeared to him and specially revealed to him his Irish mission. The angel bore several letters, and at the beginning of one of them St. Patrick read the words: "The voice of the Irish." And then he says: "And as I read aloud the first words of the letter I thought I heard in my mind the voices of those who were nigh to the forest of Fochlut, which borders the Western Sea, and they cried out: 'We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk still among us.' And my heart was deeply pierced, so that I could read no more, and I awoke."

Thus strengthened and fortified, he set out to go to the great St. Martin. On his journey he passed through what is now the village of St. Patrice, on the banks of the Loire, within a few miles of Tours, and here remains one of the most extraordinary memorials of the life of the Saint.

The Flowers of St. Patrick.

At St. Patrice, near the ancient church dedicated to St. Patrick, which stands near the banks of the river, there is a blackthorn tree which blossoms and bears fruit in the depth of winter. This extraordinary phenomenon has been witnessed year after year from time immemorial, and always at the same period of winter, namely at Christmas time. Science has been unable to account for such a prodigy of nature, and agnosticism has been baffled in trying to refute its existence. In the matter of fact annals of the Society of Agriculture and Science of the Department of the Loire a long account of this phenomenon is given in the report of 1850. Then it continues:

"We have lately verified this circumstance with our own eyes, and can vouch for its truth without fear of contradiction. We can appeal to the testimony of thousands who, at the end of December in each year, are witnesses to its repetition, and we have ourselves gathered these extraordinary flowers. * * * The oldest inhabitants of St. Patrice have always seen it take place at a fixed period of the year, no matter how severe the season may be. * * * Cuttings from the shrubs transplanted elsewhere have only blossomed in the spring. * * * It often happens that the shrub is loaded at the same time with the snow of winter and the snow of its own flowers."

Such is the record of a society not given to recording miracles. Now for the beautiful tradition which the inhabitants of St. Patrice give in explanation of the phenomenon. St. Patrick, while on his way to St. Martin at Tours, passed through this district, and on coming to the bank of the Loire he sat down to rest beneath a blackthorn tree. It was Christmas time; the cold was intense, and the snow covered the ground and every shrub and tree. But even while Patrick rested, the tree in his honor expanded its branches, shook off the load of snow, and the next moment appeared in full blossom, forming a canopy as white as the snow itself. St. Patrick shortly after crossed the Loire on his cloak, and ever since, at the same time of the year, the tree has never failed to blossom in honor of St. Patrick.

St. Patrick at Lerins.

Much of the history of the years spent by St. Patrick in preparation for his mission is obscure. Most of the ancient lives mention his stay with St. Martin. The Tripartite Life says he remained four years with St. Martin, and from him received the order of tonsure. Then he entered upon a period of even more rigorous austerity and devotion, and to perfect himself in the higher branches of spiritual learning he visited the Island of Lerins. This island is in the Mediterranean, near Toulon, and it was at this period one of the brightest spots in Christendom. It was a sanctuary of piety and learning. From it went forth illustrious saints and prelates of the Church and the fame of the "happy isle" filled the countries of Southern Europe. In St. Patrick's time Lerins was sanctified by the presence of such illustrious sons of the Church as St. Hilary of Arles, St. Eucherius of Lyons, St. Lupus of Troyes and St. Vincent of Lerins. Such was the institution in which Patrick now labored to perfect himself for his great mission, and such were the men among whom he dwelt.

Having graduated, as it were, from Lerins, he next placed himself under the spiritual guidance of the great St. Germanus at Auxerre. This good and holy man was, indeed, well qualified to complete the spiritual training of the future apostle. He was distinguished by birth, dignity and learning, and his great holiness of life was attested by his power of working miracles. It was under the immediate guidance and instruction of this holy man that St. Patrick began his apostolic career, and St. Germanus seems to have looked with special favor on the future apostle of the Irish. When, some years later, St. Germanus was sent by the Pope to Britain to combat the Pelagian heresy, St. Patrick was one of his companions, and he did most effective work in rooting out the doctrines which then threatened the Church with such dissensions as those of Arius did some years previously.

St. Patrick Presented with the Staff of Jesus.

There is a very interesting incident connected with St. Patrick's life at this time which deserves special mention. It is told in the ancient lives that during one of Patrick's visits to Lerins and the "islands in the Tyrrhene Sea" he was presented with the Staff of Jesus. According to the account in the Tripartite Life, St. Patrick was cast by the tide on an island, and there he found a strange family. Some were exceedingly old and feeble, and some presented a strangely youthful appearance; but the most wonderful thing of all was that the old and decrepit people were the children and grandchildren of the youthful people. Patrick inquired what the mystery meant, and one of the men replied thus:

"We are here since the time of Christ. He came to visit us while He was on earth, and we made a feast in His honor. He blessed our house and our family, and promised us that we should live without age or decay forever; but this blessing does not extend to our children. And He also foretold us thy coming, and that thou were to preach to the Gaeidhel; and He left a token, His bachall or crozier, to be given to thee."

"I will not take the crozier," said Patrick, "until He Himself gives it to me."

He remained three days and three nights with this family, after which he went to Mount Hermon, a short distance away, and there our Divine Lord appeared to him and gave him the staff. He told him once more that he was to go to preach to the Irish, and that the staff would be of great assistance to him in every danger and diffi-

culty. The Tripartite records that at this time Patrick made three requests of our Blessed Lord, namely: that he might sit at His right hand in the Kingdom of Heaven, that he might be the Judge of the Irish on the day of Judgment, and for as much gold and silver for the Irish as nine men could carry.

The legend of the staff is told by several writers, and the veneration with which the famous crozier was afterwards regarded by Patrick himself and by his successors, to whom it was transmitted, would indicate a firm belief in its supernatural origin. For many years after the death of St. Patrick the staff was one of the insignia of the See of Armagh. Miracles were worked through it; it cured disease, and calamities befell those who swore falsely by it.

St. Patrick Enters on His Mission.

And now the time had arrived when in God's good providence St. Patrick was destined to enter upon his mission to the Irish. For years the "voice of the Irish" had been ringing in his ears; for years he had been diligently preparing himself to respond to the call. He was in his sixtieth year when he entered upon the great epoch of his career. A short time previously St. Palladius had been sent to Ireland by Pope Celestine to preach to the Irish, but he was unsuccessful from the outset and he remained but a short time. It would almost seem that Providence allowed his failure in order to make, by contrast, the success of St. Patrick all the more striking. St. Palladius returned from Ireland, and on his way home he died. St. Patrick, it would appear from some of the old lives, was then at Rome, and had actually set out to assist St. Palladius in Ireland; but when the news of his failure and death came, Pope Celestine gave St. Patrick the commission which had previously been given to St. Palladius. Before setting out on his journey he was consecrated bishop at Eboria, in Italy, by a bishop who is variously called St. Amator, St. Amatorex and St. Amthrex in the old records. Some old authors assert that Pope Celestine ordained St. Patrick. The Scholiast on St. Fiacc's hymn says Pope Celestine and the Emperor Theodosius, the younger, were present when St. Patrick was consecrated bishop.

St. Patrick Showing the Irish People the Book of the Four Gospels.

St. Patrick's Coming Foretold.

It was in the year 432 that St. Patrick landed in Ireland. It was the fourth year of the reign of Leoghaire (Iron Leary), who ruled at Tara. Leoghaire was a son of Niall of the Nine Hostages. The old chroniclers say that as the vessel neared the shores of Ireland God permitted St. Patrick to see hosts of demons hovering over the island and appearing to surround it, as if to prevent his landing. These were the demon foes who were to oppose his mission; but on raising his

right hand and making the sign of the cross they fled.

It is remarkable that the coming of St. Patrick had been foretold by the druids for many years previous to his arrival. In these prophecies he is referred to as the "Tailcenn,' 'and sometimes "Tailcend," the words being interpreted to mean "Reverend person." The ecstasy or prophecy of Conn of the Hundred Battles is frequently quoted. He foretold that in the reign of Leoghaire the land would be humbled by the coming of the Tailcenn, who would erect cities and churches, and that many Kings would take up pilgrim staffs. The coming of Patrick was foretold by Leoghaire's druids, Luchat Mael and Loehra, in the following rhyme, which became common:

A Tailcenn will come over the raging sea,
With his perforated garment, his crooked-headed staff,
With his table at the east end of his house,
And all his people will answer, Amen! Amen!

Students of Irish history will remember the pretty story told of King Connor MacNessa, who reigned in Ulster at the beginning of the Christian era. In a battle fought with the Connaught legions some time previously, a ball lodged in his head, and he was told by his physician that he must live in the utmost quiet hereafter, as the slightest excitement would dislodge the ball and result in his death. When the darkness which overspread the earth at the death of our Lord was noticed in Erin, King Connor called his druid and asked what it meant. The latter replied that at that moment Jesus Christ was being crucified by the Jews.

"What crime has he committed?" asked the King. "None," replied the druid. The druid's reply is well rendered in the following beautiful lines by T. D. Sullivan:

Oh, King, He was gracious and gentle,
His heart was all pity and love,
And for men He was ever beseeching
The grace of His Father above.

He helped them, He healed them, He blessed them;
He labored that all might attain
To the true God's high Kingdom of Glory,
Where never comes sorrow or pain.

But they rose in their pride and their folly,
Their hearts filled with merciless rage,
That only the sight of His life blood,
Fast poured from His heart could assuage.

"Then they are slaying Him, though He is innocent?" asked King Connor, his generous soul leaping into rage at the thought. "Oh, why did not Christ appeal for help to the high King of Erin? Bitter the slaughter which I could wage for his relief. Beautiful the combat which I could wage for the Christ who is being innocently killed." Then, as his indignation grew, he forgot all about the ball in his head. He seized his sword and rushed forth, and in his generous rage, commenced to hack at the first tree he met, until the excitement caused the ball to jump from his head and he dropped dead.

To be continued.

NEPENTHE.

By John C. Connolly.

'Twas at twilight, ere the shower
Of the silvery moonbeams fell,
And a zephyr lulled the bower
Into sleep with its sweet spell —
Thrice sweet to the saddened flowers,
For the day its course had run;
And their loves, the sunlit hours,
Rival western blooms had won.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

By William Hopkins.

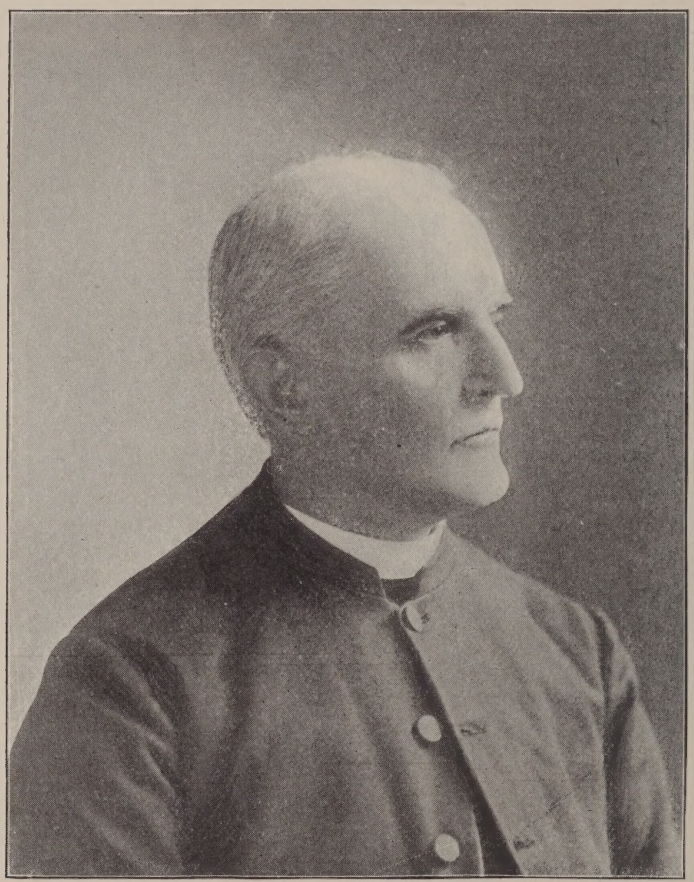
A Tipperary man, eloquent, holy, and always an American—are phrases which but simply testify to the magnificence of Archbishop Ryan's character. The people of Philadelphia in April paid fitting tribute to the distinguished divine who presides over that prosperous archdiocese. It was the occasion of Monsignor Ryan's twenty-fifth episcopal anniversary, and the event was characterized by the most impressive religious ceremonials and elaborate public functions.

Both Catholic and Protestant united in the outpouring of admiration for Philadelphia's beloved prelate.

Most Rev. Patrick J. Ryan, Philadelphia.

The Most Rev. Patrick John Ryan was born in the year 1832, near Thuries, in the County of Tipperary, Ireland. When old enough he was first sent to a school in Dublin for some years, and was entered at Carlon College in the year 1847. He was ordained deacon on Pentecost Sunday, 1852, and left a little later for the United States, arriving in St. Louis the same year. A short time after he was made Professor of English Literature in the Carondelet Theological Seminary, and in 1853 was ordained by Archbishop Kenrick. In 1866 the degree of LL. D. was conferred on him in the University of New

York. During the absence of Archbishop Kenrick at the Vatican Council in 1869-70 he acted as administrator in temporals. In 1882 he was made Coadjutor Bishop, and was consecrated under the title of Tricomia, in partibus infidelium, on April 14 of that year, by Archbishop Peter Richard Kenrick.



Rev. John G. Hagen, S. J., Georgetown College.

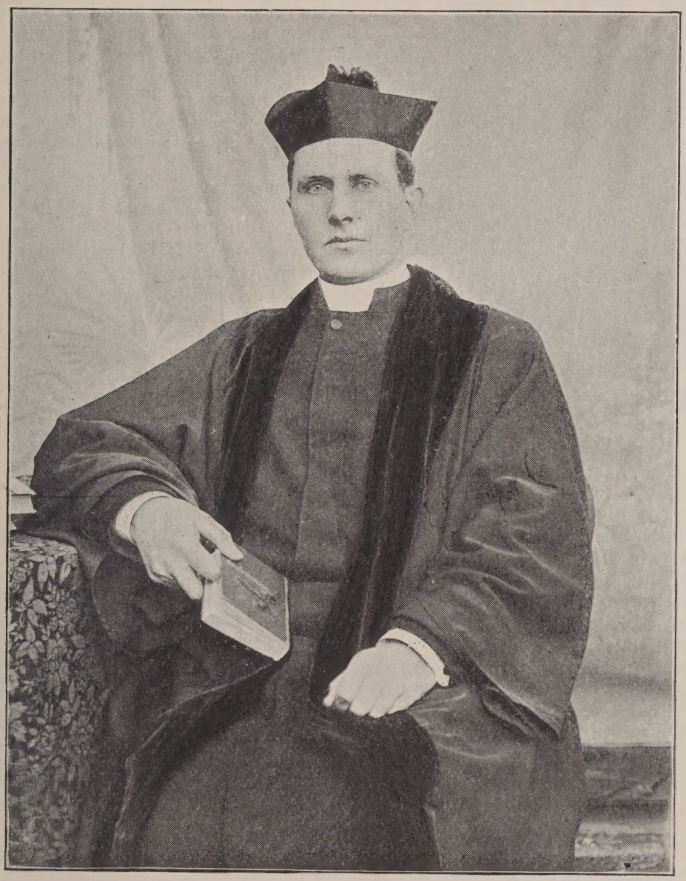
Readers of the literary and educational departments of our leading dailies are conversant with the name and work of Rev. John G. Hagen, S. J., the director of the observatory at Georgetown University. It will be remembered that he was the American representative at the scientific congress that the savants of Europe assembled last year. In September last, at Bamberg, in Bavaria, Father Hagen attended the astronomical congress. Among the notables in attendance were the governor, and the Archbishop of Bavaria. Father Hagen was the first speaker at the most important session of the congress, and his disquisition, embodying lore about the variable stars and the preparation of charts and atlases, won eulogies from his fellow astronomers.

Later in the same month, the reverend astronomer repaired to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where the mathematical congress, composed of two thousand members and many notables, among whom was the Empress Frederick, was in session, Father Hagen was tendered a most flattering reception, and his address treated of his proposed edition of Euler's works. Through a courtesy of the chairman, Father Hagen was invited to speak at the most prominent meeting, and his paper proved that the anticipations of his hearers were realized.

Leonard Euler, as adepts in the science of mathematics know, was one of the great lights of that science; and, strange, his works have never been published. It is in the interests of a publication of these works that Prof. Hagen has been devoting much of his attention. The Royal Academy of Prussia and the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg were not successful in their attempts at a publication, and Georgetown University has perfected most of the arrangements, and would proceed directly to the task if a patron in the cause of science could be found to defray the mere printing expenses.

With houses of learning in almost every great city of the world, it is easy to understand that the Jesuits are capable of furnishing invaluable material to such a work.

When compared with the magnificent benefactions attendant on some scientific branches, the Euler publication would not be a great expense, and at the same time it would assure a universal and lasting reputation to the benefactor. To be specific, there would be twenty-five volumes in the Euler publication, and the expense of each volume being $1,600, the total would be estimated at $40,000. If a donor should offer the sum of $20,000, Father Hagen has the permission of the President and Directors of Georgetown University to proceed with the publication.



Rev. Michael P. Hickey, Maynooth College.

Father Hagen leads the life of an assiduous, but unassuming religious. One cannot but be impressed at the simplicity of his room and study, with its big, high desk and plain chair, and the shelves of books and the humble furniture. And then, at

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

night, when the pages of the heavens are opened, he takes his staff and lantern, and with a plain, wide-brimmed hat protecting his head, and his big, black cloak mantled about him, he walks the wooded pathway to the observatory, and aids in the noble mission of adding to the world's store of intelligence, under the highest of all mottoes, A. M. D. G.

Rev. Michael Patrick Hickey, successor to Rev. Eugene O'Growney in the Gaelic chair at Maynooth College, was born in Carrickbeg, county Waterford, on March 12th, 1861. He received part of his early education at private schools in Carrick-on-Suir—one of which, a very good mathematical school, was taught by Mr. O'Shea, who died recently at a very advanced age.

Several of Mr. O'Shea's former pupils have entered the ranks of the priesthood—among them Very Rev. Dr. MacDonald, Prefect of the Danboyne establishment, Maynooth College; Fathers John and Martin Murphy of the Diocese of Springfield, Mass.; Father James Norris of same Diocese, recently deceased; Father William Dollard, St. John, N. B.; Father James MacDonald, San Francisco, and many others.

Father Hickey, however, received most of his early education in the Christian Brothers' Schools, Carrick-on-Suir. Later on, about the year 1875, he began his classical course.

Shortly after his ordination, he was sent to Scotland to take charge of a parish; but though absent from Ireland, his pen was ever active in the cause of Irish literature.

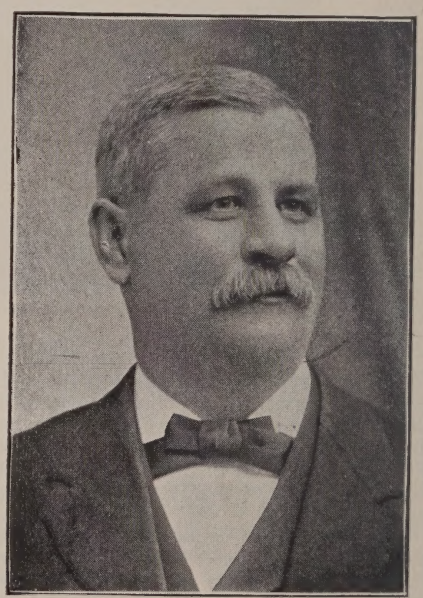
From the first he has been a supporter of the Gaelic Journal, and a contributor thereto. He is a member of the Royal Society of Antiquaries (Ireland), and of the Cork and Waterford Archaeological Societies. He has since his return to Ireland been acting in the Gaelic Revival movement. To him it is largely due that Irish is now very successfully taught in Stradbally Convent of Mercy Schools. The sister who has charge of the Irish classes there has been a pupil of his.

When on the Mission in Kill and Newtown, Father Hickey frequently preached in Irish, thus reviving a custom which had almost died out there.

Father Hickey was brought up in a district which in his childhood's days was largely Irish-speaking.

The Catholic press presents another wonderful proof of the power of prayer.

To the astonishment of everyone and to the delight of the Duke of Norfolk, his only son and heir, whose early boyhood was marred by imbecility, deafness, dumbness and blindness, as well as by physical

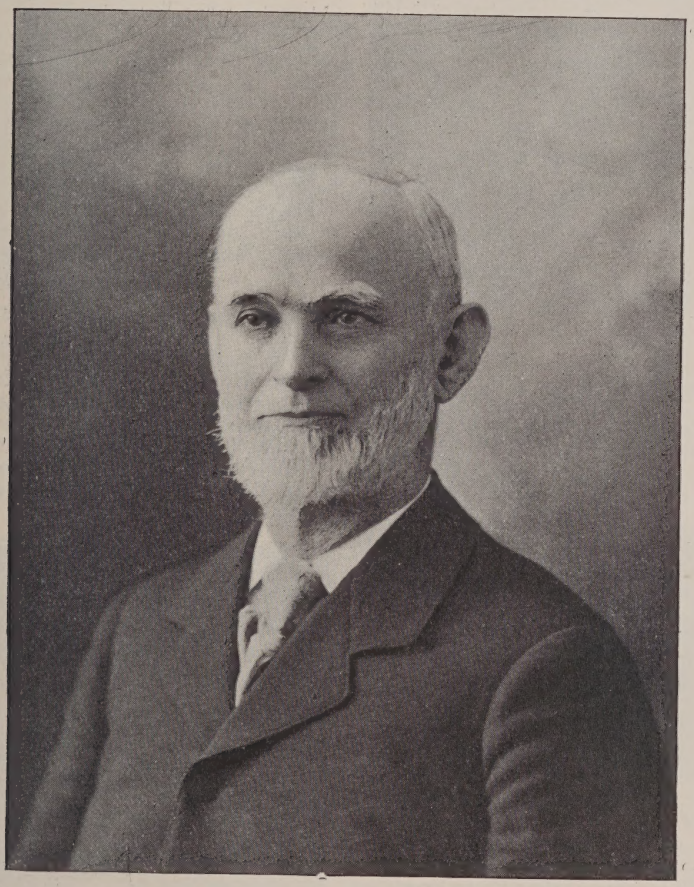


HON. PETER WALLRATH.
By courtesy of the *Catholic Columbian*.

weakness in other respects, and who was universally pronounced altogether beyond the reach of medical science, appears to be shaking off and growing out of the various ailments by which he has been so sorely afflicted. He is recovering sight, intelligence and physical strength, the progress in this respect having been so phenomenal that the young Earl of Arundel is able to take long tricycle rides along the public roads in the neighborhood of Wimbledon Common, where he is spending the winter, in a beautiful house taken for him by his devoted father.

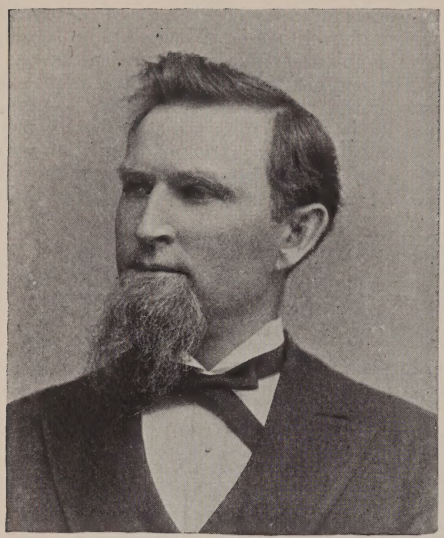
The latter ascribes the miracles worked in his only son exclusively to divine intervention, and as a response by Providence to the numerous pilgrimages which he has undertaken with the poor boy to Lourdes, as well as to the prayers of Pope Leo and of good Catholics in all parts of the world, whose church has been benefited so largely by the splendid munificence of the duke.

The latter is an extremely busy man, and sits in the cabinet as postmaster general. Yet he never permits a single day to pass without driving out to spend an hour with his son, now a boy about 18 years old. With the progress already made, the duke does not despair of the young earl's eventual recovery of both speech and hearing.



JOHN P. DORE.
Chairman of the Board of Street Commissioners, Boston.

Hon. Peter Wallrath has won his good fight before the Indiana Legislature. He has succeeded in having removed, from the public school libraries, books offensive to Catholics. The Record of Indianapolis says of Mr. Wallrath that he "is none of your wishy-washy politicians who scare at their own shadow. Fanatics had trampled



SENATOR CARTER.

on his toes, and he was not afraid to say so. He deserves well of his fellow Catholics."

His record in the office to which his constituents elected him is not only a clean but also a brilliant one, all his votes being cast in the interests of the people.

Strong in character, lofty in principle and endowed with fine executive ability, John P. Dore, Chairman of the Board of Street Commissioners, justly ranks high in the esteem of his fellow citizens, who, regardless of party, admire the impartial judgment, strict sense of justice, and keen knowledge of values marking every transaction of his splendid public career.

Mr. Dore is a self-made man. Born in Ireland, he came to Boston in his eighteenth year, and has since lived here. When in business life he was in the shoe trade. In 1882 he was first elected Street Commissioner, and has since held that office, re-elected each successive time by an increased majority. As chairman of the Street Commissioners, he has supervised the splendid improvements made in Boston's streets and avenues in recent years.

Mr. Dore is a charter member of the M. C. O. F., and by wise counsel and enthusiastic work has promoted the great work of that order. He is a member of the Knights of St. Rose, of the Good Fellows, of the Legion of Honor and the Charitable Irish Society. He has been for eighteen years a member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and for twelve years one of the Board of the Overseers of the Poor of Boston.

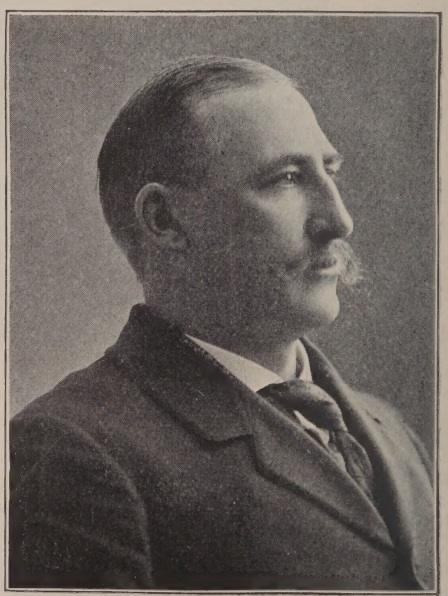
Such is the brief sketch of the public life of Commissioner Dore, to which may be added the grateful testimony of many who, seeking advice from his wide experience or within the environments of home life, have ever found him the wisest of counsellors and truest of friends.

The Ohio man is just now in strong evidence in national affairs. Thomas Henry Carter has been so closely identified with the interests of Montana that his Buckeye residence is not generally accredited. He was, nevertheless, born in Scioto County, that State, 1854, and lived there some years before emigrating farther West.

Mr. Carter is another Catholic member of the United States Senate. His term of office does not expire until 1901.

Idaho has been liberal-minded in her elections of late, having singled out two worthy Catholics for high honors. Hon. Henry Heitfeld, who succeeds Senator Dubois, and Captain J. Gunne, Congressman-elect, are both practical members of the church.

The new Senator from Idaho was born in St. Louis, and is only thirty-eight years of age.



SENATOR HEITFELD, IDAHO.
By courtesy of the *Literary Digest*.

MRS. JOSEPH MCKENNA
By courtesy of *Leslie's Weekly*.

Washington society has received a very charming addition in the personality of Mrs. Joseph McKenna, wife of Judge McKenna, the Catholic member of President McKinley's Cabinet.

Mrs. McKenna's friends in California will miss her during her sojourn in the East, for she was the beloved centre of a distinguished social circle on the Pacific slope. She is not, however, a stranger to Washington, having lived at the capital during her husband's Congressional career.

CHRISTIAN REID.

From *Round Table of American Catholic Novelists*.—Benziger Bros.

"Christian Reid" was fortunate enough to escape the vicissitudes which usually beset the average young aspirant for literary favors. Her first effort was crowned with immediate success. "Valarie Aylmer," her initial novel, was published in 1870, and it received a most cordial welcome from the reading public. Since then, many notable triumphs have been recorded by Mrs. Frances C. Tiernan, whose nom de plume is "Christian Reid."

MRS. ISABEL WHITELEY.

Mrs. Isabel Whiteley, author of "The Falcon of Langeac," and Miss Mary F. Nixon, well known in secular and Catholic literary circles as a writer of short stories and graceful poems, are sisters, and also converts to the faith. Mrs. Whiteley came into the Church some eight or nine years ago. She is a God-child of Archbishop Ryan.

Miss Nixon's conversion is of more recent date. These talented women are daughters of a prominent Presbyterian divine, some time deceased. Mrs. Whiteley

resides in Philadelphia, while Miss Nixon makes her home with her mother in Kirkwood, Mo.

Both sisters have a finished and delightful literary style, Miss Nixon's being distinguished by a lightness and delicacy of touch, which if not a gift of nature, shows wide culture, keen observation, and a close acquaintance with the best style of the French masters. While many prefer Miss Nixon in her forte as short story writer and clever critic, there are perhaps more who find in her poems a beauty of thought and music of rhythm rather rare in these days of countless versifiers.

Mrs. Whiteley is quite a young woman. The "Falcon" is her first book, although she has written a number of short stories. This latest work of hers is a romance of love and adventure in the early part of the reign of Francis I., when the invasions of English, Germans and Spanish, and the treachery of the Constable de Bourbon had nearly destroyed the kingdom of France. This period is fresh to the novelist, even in these days of many historical tales. The story is not too long. The mediaeval character, except in rare instances, was too simple for long psychological studies. The style is the simple, smooth one of the old French chronicles, and the story being told in the first person, the actors are kept "in the centre of the stage."

Mary F. Nixon.

A MOTHER'S HATE.

By Harlow Howe.

A mother's hate! Who dares to say the word?
  Can one beget, and what begotten hate?
Such God-belying thing were never heard;
  Such love-destroying contradiction great.
And yet 'twere so; hate *has* a mother stirred
  With wrathful ire revenge could never sate,
Till life itself seemed for naught else conferred
  Than prove love may to rage degenerate.
Than disappointed love naught fiercer lives;
  More fierce as higher were the hopes deceived;
Till every moment newer ardor gives,
  Increased by satisfaction, not relieved.
And when the source of frustrate hope hath rise
  In mother's love; life lasting, never dies.

PATSY—BOY.

By Mary Markwell.

Continued.

CHAPTER II.

"The look on the face of Patsy-Boy was harder to bear, Bradley, than the loss of the ranche, stock—than of self-respect, even. Patsy-Boy disappeared, and in a very short time came back with a bundle; in it was a suit of store-made clothes, a respectable hat, and shoes much finer than the poor fellow himself had ever worn. He insisted I should take the things, and that day I left Patsy-Boy's shack a new man. He had treated me with a Christ-like pity that was all kindness and no rebuke. Something in the face of that little Irish girl reminded me—touched a long-forgotten chord of memory, and I went out into God's sunshine renewed in body and spirit, and I registered a vow to restore again to Patsy-Boy the home he was born in. I felt cleaner in my mind, Bradley, for that resolution; and, God knows, I might have become a man once more, but that before I went many steps I discovered, on putting a hand in my pocket, that Patsy-Boy had placed therein a few dollars. At that moment I was passing the St. Julien, and the old days, with the old accursed thirst, overcame me! In an evil moment I crossed the threshold, and the first man I met there was Boscomb! The devil of revenge was born in my heart as I took his outstretched hand.

"You know," O'Brien said, "the boom was still on, and everything in trade was inflated to bursting point. Land doubled and trebled in price, and was sold and resold without the exchange of a dollar; men went money-mad, and speculation was wild.

" 'I hear you've won your Irish lawsuit, O'Brien,' was Boscomb's greeting. 'Of course, you're going in for dirt, like all monied men? I've something left that will exactly suit you—a bit of land I've just refused four thousand spot cash for. Come, let us drink, and then——"

"I saw Boscomb was drunk, and I said to myself: 'I'll get even with you now!' I put on an air of great interest, and said it was my intention to invest in city property. I wanted to trick him as he had tricked me, and I saw he was playing me. We drank, and the passion in my heart increased. I would allow him to think I was a rich man—would play with his hope to make money out of me by pretending to purchase. I could at least hinder the sale he contemplated making, and together we walked out to where the property lay. It was a marshy, wet, unpromising lot of low-lying soil, some distance out of the city. As far as looks and environment went, it wasn't worth forty dollars; but he assured me its value was immense, as a projected railway line passed through the very heart of it! I appeared to consider deeply; then, with malice in my heart and a light in my eye, which he put down to business excitement, I said: 'Done; I'll take the land at your own figures—five thousand dol-

lars!' The bait took. We went down to his office, where the papers were signed and sealed; I gave Boscomb a cheque on the Bank Hochelega, and we parted—he elated with what he considered a clever deal in estate, the worthless paper, signed by a jail-bird, hugged to his breast; I with revenge in my heart, and the certain knowledge of the enormity of my offence before me. He would not discover the paper to be worthless until the morrow; I would sleep one night upon the pillow of sweet, sweet revenge! I drank heavily that night. I spent the last dime of Patsy-Boy's hard-earned gift. Then I came here to find my friend the hospitable landlord; I would make him suffer, too! My arrest would take place in his respectable house! I hated the world, and I would make the world feel my shame. I went to bed, but not to sleep. Something, I know not what, rose up and made me feel that I had done a mean, an unmanly trick. It was the pure face of that little Irish girl that led my thoughts upward, Bradley! I thought of her. She would hear of my disgrace, and would know that her kindness had been wasted. Before dawn I arose. I determined to go straight to Boscomb—to confess my villainy. I went out into the pure air; I felt guiltier by contact with heaven's sunshine. I did not know where to find Boscomb, but I would go back to the place where I had disgraced my manhood and dishonored my name; I would go back there and wait there till the officers of the law came—they should find me waiting. I walked on, and when I came within view of the spot I saw four men—one of them was Boscomb—standing as if waiting for me, and at some distance off an officer of the law. I walked up to the group of men and said: 'Gentlemen, you want me, I believe?' and, Bradley, will you believe it, they did want me; but it was to make me an offer of eight thousand dollars for the property!

"'I am authorized to offer you ten thousand dollars,' interrupted the officer of the law, stepping forward.

"'I'll give you twelve thousand!' said Boscomb hoarsely; and before I could answer 'fourteen,' 'eighteen,' twenty thousand dollars came in quick succession like pistol shots. Twenty thousand dollars offered me for a piece of land on which I had no claim whatever! The last offer came from Boscomb, who laid a trembling hand upon my arm and whispered: 'For the sake of old times, old friend!' The words decided me. I had been on the point of owning the truth; but his reference to old times rekindled the fire of revenge in my heart. I turned sullenly to the men beside me and said: 'Gentlemen, the price of this property is twenty-five thousand dollars!' Instantly four pairs of hands went up. 'Mr. Boscomb,' I said coolly, 'the property is yours—for the sake of old times!'

"You smile?" said O'Brien. "Indeed, the thing seemed unreal and ridiculous to myself; but it's true! The money was paid down within the hour; an hour later I deposited to my credit in the Bank Hochelaga twenty thousand dollars. As I left that institution I met Boscomb hurrying in. He held in his hand my—yesterday's—worthless cheque!"

O'Brien had risen; his face was flushed and his step was unsteady. He walked across the room and stood there silent so long I thought he had finished his tale. Reseated, his hand went out again towards the decanter, now nearly empty. I said: "And about Patsy-Boy?"

He withdrew his hand, placing himself opposite to me, and, without touching the liquor, proceeded:

"That," he said slowly, "is what

hurts me even now. I was like a madman when the luck was on me—the fever of gold was in my veins; I speculated—bought and sold—always at an advance, always adding to my infernal luck, always intending to go back and repay, ten hundred fold, Patsy-Boy's loan; always saying 'I'll go tomorrow.' But luck had made me a madman as it had made me a millionaire. I bought, I sold, I gambled, I drank—and still the tide of luck rolled in! One day—I think it was the sight of some ditchers working by the roadside—brought back to my mind that other day—I remembered!"

O'Brien's voice dropped to a mere whisper as he added: "Bradley, I'd give all the wealth I ever possessed, or ever hope to possess, if I might go back to that day and that hour when, though a broken-down wretch, I was not the dishonored scoundrel I am now!"

"Come, come," I said, cheerfully; "let by-gones be by-gones. Tell me about finding Patsy-Boy, and about his going back to his Ballybroken home among his loved Kerry hills!"

"I forgot Patsy-Boy!" answered O'Brien, his eyes dropping and again lifting to mine in a shamed way. "When I did go to seek him and repay his kindness, I found the row of shabby shacks gone—the flats had become a fashionable suburb, built up in terraces of stone. I could learn nothing of him; he was but a single drop in the great western sea of humanity; he was only an Irish emigrant—only Patsy-Boy!"

The Colonel's head dropped upon his arms, and a wave of mighty feeling found vent in one great sob that broke from his world-hardened heart. I knew then that the man in him was still living, and not wishing to disturb that newly awakened spirit, remorse, I moved softly from the room.

To be continued.

A TALE OF TWO.

By Caroline M. Beaumont.

An Optimist and a Pessimist went walking through the world together, the first with head erect and cheerful mien, a smile upon his lips; the latter with a gloomy air, and his eyes bent upon the ground. The way was hard and steep, and often beset with difficulties; but the Optimist looked over the obstacles to what was beyond, while the Pessimist was ever stumbling. And, while going in the same direction, side by side, everything looked different to the two; and presently they fell into a dispute.

"What a dreadfully gloomy world it is," remarked the Pessimist, with a scowl; "full of fools going the wrong way and doing the wrong thing."

"It is a beautiful world to me," answered the Optimist; "full of good men and women, and many poor creatures struggling and striving to do the right thing and not knowing how. If you would take your eyes off the ground you would see as I do."

"But the people are all on the ground, grovelling in the dirt; it is there we must look for them," insisted the Pessimist.

"And yet," said the Optimist, "I never look down, and I see many people doing their best, full of hope and courage."

The Pessimist sighed. "I can't understand you at all," said he; "the people I see are all gloomy, with no hope, and they know, as I do, that this is a useless journey!"

"Useless journey!" exclaimed the Optimist. "Useless if you keep your eyes on the ground. I see reason in it all, for as we go the light grows brighter and the destination is glorious!"

"And to me it all seems dark and dreary. I see no light; it must be in your eyes," answered the Pessimist.

"It is," said the other, "in mine and in the eyes of those I see about be; but it is only a reflection of the greater light that envelopes us all."

But the Pessimist continued to grumble. "What's the use of going on?" he said. "I see no end in view."

"But we must go on," said his companion. "Do you know of any way to stay time? And if we must keep on, why not do so cheerfully?"

"But there is nothing to be cheerful about," grumbled the Pessimist, not raising his eyes. And a silence fell between them.

When it came to the parting of the ways the pair separated, the Optimist going into greater light and the Pessimist keeping on his gloomy way to deeper darkness.

The moral of this is that we see in this world only what we want to see, and live our bright or gloomy lives forever.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

The recent splendid demonstration on the occasion of the celebration of Archbishop Ryan's silver jubilee was overwhelming proof of the scope of Catholic influence in Philadelphia, of the growth of the Church in the City of Brotherly Love, and of individual manifestation of respect and esteem for the revered prelate.

In the city where the Quaker William Penn declared "If the asserting of an impartial liberty of conscience, if doing to others as we would be done by, and an open avowing and steady practicing of these things at all times to all parties will justly lay a man under the reflection of being a Jesuit or papist of any rank, I will not only submit to the character, but embrace it," was witnessed the magnificent pageant of a Catholic people paying tribute to their spiritual head from the highest in the land to the tiniest child in the schools provided by His Grace for the education of Catholic youth, contributing his share in making the celebration a most notable event in the history of the city.

A few of the visible works that testify to the apostolic zeal of Archbishop Ryan's labors are the parochial schools, Industrial School for Boys, St. Joseph's Home for Waifs, the Catholic High School, provision for the needs of the Polish Catholics and the colored residents, the erection of churches, the ordination of priests for their altars, and the reception into various sisterhoods of hundreds of young women to carry on the great work of Catholic education, of caring for the ill and afflicted, and leading souls to God.

Surely, these are monuments that will speak in the years to come when the voice of the "Prince of Pulpit Orators" will no more thrill hearts with its fervid appeals, rousing the noblest impulses of humanity and stilling into silence all that is unworthy.

A life so lofty in purpose, so rich in achievement, is a force that necessarily molds to its own likeness other lives that come within its influence, and Catholics everywhere will echo the prayer that Philadelphia may long be spared her beloved prelate, that His Grace's days may be lengthened to "that golden year when the effulgent glory of the fiftieth anniversary of episcopal consecration shall make resplendent the sunset of a life of apostolic zeal."

* * *

While speaking in Pittsburg on "The Relation of College to University," the Very Rev. Dr. Conaty, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, dwelt upon progress as the outcome of personal effort. He said:

"Real progress is in the doing well of that which it undertakes to do. Consider progress as regards degrees. Will anyone say that real progress is found in the numbers of graduates who receive A. B. or M. A.? Numbers sound well, make the college appear well before the public, but the real progress is to be looked for in the solid attainments of the individual graduates. Real progress is in the man whose education has been solidly grounded in the thorough understanding of the branches which belong to the college curriculum.

"Look at the life and spirit of the students. Judging from some students, one would be led to believe that the great object to a student's life is a successful examination. If the college has never made the students realize that college education is something more than cramming for an examination, something more than the mere memorizing of an author's works, than the mere going through of certain schedules of study, there is no real progress. What is needed along with the completion of the schedules and the examinations is the spirit of work which has been impressed upon the students. The college should develop the spirit of study and of method. It should give to the young man an initiative; inspire him with a disposition to work for himself, taking hold of and carrying on successful study; to learn how to think for himself.

"The college possesses many advantages over the university. It has more students; it has minds younger and more plastic, ambitious, more eager and energetic; but these advantages involve responsibilities, and it is only by realizing them that the college will truly advance."

* * *

The same thought, the value of work as a potent means of achieving success, is emphasized by President Charles F. Thwing, writing in the Review of Reviews on "Elements in the Choice of a College."

Passing from the consideration of the advantages and disadvantages of co-education, President Thwing discusses college requirements, and comments as follows on the importance of students acquiring the habit of work:

"In judging the worth of a college, the element of the amount of the work demanded of and the severity of the tasks im-

posed upon the student have great value. It is said that certain colleges are hard to get into, but easy to stay in, and that other colleges are easy to get into but hard to stay in. If one must choose between these two conditions, I am sure that the college that is easy to get into and hard to stay in is the better. The college ought to hold its students up to a very high standard of scholarship; and that college is doing the most of the sons of any home of whom it demands long-continued and severe intellectual labor. One peril besetting the college student is the peril of indolence. One of the best things that a college can do for a man is to aid him in forming the habit of hard work. That college, therefore, which makes it difficult for any man to stay in college who does not spend eight hours each day upon his mental tasks (including recitations) is rendering to that man a service of the utmost value. It is a service the worth of which he will appreciate more and more as he becomes a laborer in this great world of labor."

* * *

The making of a gentleman is another point President Thwing takes up in this paper. He remarks:

"It is held by some that the colleges of the East tend to sake the gentleman more than the colleges of the West. Within a few days a man asked me: 'Why do the men of the Eastern colleges seem so different from the men of the Western colleges?' The inquiry represents a superficial observation. The inquirer was probably comparing the type of gentleman formed in the ordinary college of the West with the type of the gentleman formed in the best colleges of the older commonwealths. It is also to be said that the type of the gentleman who emerges from the college depends a good deal upon the type of gentleman that comes into the college; but, given equal advantages before one goes to the college, the best colleges of several of the Western States are as well fitted to make a gentleman as the better colleges of the older part of the country."

The meat of this paragraph is in the statement "the type of the gentleman who emerges from the college depends a good deal upon the type of gentleman that comes into the college."

Under certain conditions it is possible for any man to acquire superficial polish; but the gentleman, the man of high ideals, innate refinement and sterling integrity, is naturally endowed.

The other kind of "gentleman"—well, we mustn't expect the impossible. There's a great deal of good, sound common sense in that trite remark about making a silk purse out of a certain kind of skin.

* * *

Of Mgr. Merry del Val's mission to Canada and the reception accorded him by the Catholics of that country, the Montreal True Witness says in the following able editorial:

"The reception of Mgr. Merry del Val in Montreal, Quebec, Three Rivers and Ottawa—wherever he has appeared, in fact, has been in keeping with his rank, his mission and the supreme authority he represents. This was only to be expected of a people so loyal to the Holy See as the Catholics of Canada. The addresses of Mgr. Merry del Val have been at once frank and courteous. He has declared his mission to be one of peace, and has expressed a hope that the dissension caused by the educational question in Manitoba will soon be succeeded by unanimity and contentment. Such a hope, of course, implies an assurance that the grievances that have caused the divergence of opinion will be removed to an extent sufficient to satisfy the sufferers and their friends. But as to the procedure by which that desirable end is to be reached we have as yet no information. We must remember, however, that Mgr. Merry del Val has only been a week in the country, and that until he has at least surveyed all the ground, and especially Manitoba, the original scene of the trouble, he will not himself be in a position to look at all the facts from that impartial height of strict justice—constitutional and Catholic—which he must first attain before making a decision. There will necessarily be some delay afterwards, as the tribunals of the Holy See are not hasty in their judgments. Doubtless in determining what may be the minimum of concession with which it will be satisfied, the Holy See will have regard to actual circumstances. But beyond that—or even so far as that—conjecture is vain. All that we know is that so far as Catholics are concerned, the settlement of the question has been submitted to a court to whose judgment no Catholic will think of objecting."

* * *

It must be very hard for the decent people living in North Dakota. To get a new neighbor in that part of the country must fill respectable folks with vague distrust, so numerous are the shady transients who seek the place and abide there the prescribed ninety days required by the divorce law.

Bishop Shanley's open letter on the refusal of the Senate to act on the bill lengthening the term of residence voices the in-

dignation of the people of the State, condemned by their own legislators to endure the outrage. The bishop is unsparing in scathing condemnation. He declares that:

"The Senate of North Dakota, by refusing to act on the bill passed almost unanimously by the House, amending the term of residence for divorce, has covered itself with shame. I am loth to believe the story about the purse of $14,000 said to have been raised and used by some interested parties to buy up Senators like sheep, though the refusal of Senators to act on the question and their evident determination to kill the bill give ground for suspicion.

"Be that as it may, the amendment was lost, and for the next two years North Dakota must suffer from a law whose principle is decadence, whose sanction prompts men and women to commit crime, whose presence produces an inferior and degraded womanhood, hinders the procreation and education of children, sets families at variance, scoffs at all that is purest and truest in humanity, is invariably connected with national decay, and against which every man in the land, for the sake of his command his God, should loudly and effectively protest.

"I hereby enter my protest against this hell-born social enemy, and I call on all Christian people in the State to aid me in the war of extermination which now, God helping me, I declare against it. A worse state of morals than Utah ever saw is at our outdoor, invading us. Against it I shall contend, if need be, alone, so long as God leave me earthly life.

"Hitherto relying on the persuasiveness of human words explaining divine wisdom, I neglected other agencies, refusing even to ask for any man's vote. Henceforth and until the divorce laws of this State are brought into lines of comparative decency, with all the powers of my official position as bishop and of my personal influence as a citizen, I shall fight like with like."

* * *

Intermittent efforts to drive religion out of the public schools is a symptom of bigotry in small cities and towns. The garb of the good Sisters stirs up an unholy wrath in the breasts of some stanch ignoramus, who detects in the sombre robe and the cross and beads grave menace to American institutions. The alarm is sounded, and the gentle ladies, whose teaching is the most effective safeguard against the perils besetting girlhood, are exposed to much annoyance before their right is established by the ruling powers.

The recent decision of the school authorities of West Troy is a notable instance of the triumph of justice over petty bigotry. The following answer to an appeal relative to the practice of permitting members of a religious order to retain their religious garb while teaching was filed by order of the board:

The answer alleges that the teachers are legally employed under a written contract to teach in the schools until the close of the present school year; that such teachers refuse to wear any other than their distinctive garb, and that to attempt through the board to require them to discontinue their distinctive garb would be an infringement of their legal rights and an interference with their personal freedom; also that such enforcement would be equivalent to an illegal dismissal of the teachers before the end of their contract term, ending in June, and that the city would be liable to pay them; that the dismissal of the teachers at this stage of the school year would impair the present school system; that the Board of Education is advised that it has not the legal authority to require such teachers to discontinue the use of such distinctive garb; that the Board of Education denies that the wearing of such garb is in violation of any law of the State.

* * *

The Golden Rule comments as follows on Catholic influence in a prohibition city:

"The city of Cambridge, Mass., whose population is 81,000, is talking about celebrating its first decade as a no-license town. This steady vote for prohibition of the saloon is due in large measure to the strong influence of a Roman Catholic, Father Scully."

* * *

That bright little monthly, the Catholic School and Home Magazine, has made its last round of visits to thousands of friends. The appointment of the proprietor and editor, the Very Rev. Dr. Conaty, to the presidency of the Catholic University has caused the discontinuance of the enterprising publication that for five years filled an important place in school and home. However, this good work will not cease, but will be carried on by the Young Catholic, published by the Paulist Fathers, New York, who will embody in the work of their paper some of the departments that made the Catholic School and Home Magazine so popular and successful.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Be Natural.

It is the keynote of good breeding, in which the perfect harmony of the human heart sounds.

If women only knew the charm that lies in a natural, unaffected manner, they would cultivate it unceasingly. A beautiful mind is the most priceless possession, and its characteristic quality is humility, of which the poet Moore sings:

"Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heaven's virtues shoot."

That philosophical essayist, Emerson, says: "Imitation is suicide." We cannot be clever on the cleverness of others. Neither can we become brilliant by assuming the manners of the brilliant. It lies in the beautiful cultivation of our own individual characters to attain success in whatever line. Naturalness is the fundamental charm from which all other charms, to be genuine, must spring.

The girl with the winning, lovable ways meets Miss Stately Blonde and straightway falls in love with her. Miss Stately Blonde's manner has such elegance, such finished polish, she thinks, and the more she compares herself with her, the more dissatisfied she becomes with herself, and sets to imitating her. Owing to their decided mental and physical differences, the imitaton proves unnatural, and the girl who in her own charcter was sweet and lovable is now a creature of pretension.

Beauty shines in as many ways as there are stars in the firmament. Each way has its own peculiar charm, in which it sheds its natural light. Some stars are more luminous and larger than others, but the little, softly twinkling stars are full of their own unspeakable beauty. And so with our lives. Some of them are grander and brighter than others, but the lesser ones have their own sweet charm and merit when properly cultivated.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and there is no genuine beauty unless it be natural beauty.

Perfect, sublime ideals are the inspirations of hearts whose love for the beautiful begets them. These ideals which beckon us upward are the embodiment of those virtues which we must cultivate to possess us of the inward beauty of the soul.

JULIA TERESA BUTLER.

St. Anthony's Intercession.

Some weary mortal who has walked the streets seeking work, will find comfort in reading of what St. Anthony has done to help other bread-winners. The following tribute to the efficacy of his aid has been sent to us by one who wishes "to speak a kind word" in the interests of those who suffer from despondency, illness, debt or inability to get work. This friend says: "The remarkable power of St. Anthony's intercession is not half known, not only in case of articles lost, but for the obtaining of work. I have known three cases in my own family, where the parties in question had been out of work for six months, seven weeks and two months respectively. They had made novenas to all the saints in the decalogue, when upon the advice of a friend, a novena was made to St. Anthony of Padua, with the promise that if their prayers were heard, they would give a loaf of bread (or the price of a loaf) to the first person they met. At the ending of the novena in each of these three cases, they not only got employment, but good positions. This occurred two years ago, and they hold them at present time of writing."

A Convert's Vocation.

"What is it?" Ah! that's the question. There are people in the world who can enter the Catholic Church without its making very much difference in their lives, from a business point of view. They preserve the even tenor of their way serenely. But these are very few and far between, and most converts find their entire lives apparently turned topsy-turvey, especially the women.

They do not complain. They find quite enough in the church to make up for any amount of unpleasantnesses. But the question will obtrude itself with too frequent recurrence, "What am I going to do?"

First of all, they make up their minds that despite all the nice tales au contraire they are not going to convert all their people. By patience and sweetness they may in the end induce their relations to think they are neither mad nor deluded, and to be tolerant of the convert. Beyond this, except in rare cases, they seldom go.

Living at home and being dependent upon people who disapprove of one and one's whole scheme of existence is difficult, to say the least.

Then, what is a convert to do?

Take, for example, a young woman who, having studied and read until she knows what she is about, has become a convert.

She can teach, you suggest. Where? Not in the public school, if it is known she

is a Catholic—at least only in rare instances could she obtain such places.

No Protestant school or seminary would employ her, knowing her religion, and she could not obtain a place as governess in a Protestant family.

Few Catholics have governesses owing to the fact that the Sisters have such admirable schools for the young, and scarcely any lay-teachers are employed by the nuns.

To be sure, the convert might teach in the parish school, but there are always twice as many applicants for such positions as can be satisfied. She may be a nurse, or go out as seamstress, or stand in a store which does not belong to the A. P. A. list, but in nearly every line of business she finds her religion an obstacle, all the greater because she is a convert and not a born Catholic.

Shall the convert be a nun?

Happy is she if the good God grants her a true vocation. However, even if the vocation comes, it is far more difficult for a convert to be a good religious than for a Catholic girl, accustomed from her childhood to restraint and implicit obedience to authority.

Most Protestant girls of twenty-five are accustomed to no authority but their own, and have led lives of perfect freedom from restraint which makes the conventual life particularly difficult.

"I want to be a nun," said a convert to a well-known archbishop. "Oh, yes, by all means," said His Grace, with a twinkle in his eyes, 'I'll give you a letter to Madame ——— of the Sacred Heart. I shall say, 'Here comes a convert who wants to be a nun. She won't stay with you, but if she does, none of the other nuns will!' "

"But," I hear you say, "your convert must marry. She ought to be in a good Catholic home bringing up Catholic children to work for the Church."

Delightful! The convert has often though of that, too. But who is she to marry? A Protestant? A good one would make her unhappy because they are out of sympathy on the one great point, and there would always be the danger of her love proving stronger than her principle.

A bad Protestant she surely should not marry, not even on the chance of converting him. It is not well to take chances about matrimony and a bad Protestant does not always insure a good Catholic.

"But," you say again, "of course I meant she would marry a Catholic."

Oh! certainly. That would be a charming solution of all the difficulties.

But where are the Catholic men? The best of them of course are priests, and the rest are already married.

It is a fact that Catholic men marry much earlier than Protestants in the same class of life, and in general society it is no exaggeration to say that one rarely meets an eligible Catholic man of a suitable age for the convert to marry. There are occasionally widowers, but they have a decided tendency to be constant to the memory of their wives, and as they can always put their children under the care of the nuns or priests, they have not to marry in order to have a mother for their little ones.

There is only one field left to the convert, that of literature; and, thanks to the kindness of Catholic editors, many of us spinster-converts find our pleasure and our life-work in wielding the pen. But all cannot be literati, and the question remains unanswered, "What is the convert's vocation?"

Catholica.

Our Correspondents.

The contest is over. With regret we file away the great bundles of letters that have afforded us such happy glimpses into homes all over the country. It is pleasant to think that so many friends are waiting to welcome our magazine every month, and the knowledge will incite us to further effort to make it indispensable in every Catholic home. It may please our contestants to know that every letter written to us will play an important part in developing plans for Donahoe's future, and we hope the active interest displayed by our women readers will not be allowed to flag. The department is always open to the reception of ideas and suggestions, and full credit will be given to every contributor.

But there—we are forgetting "space"—in fact, have encroached, but will offer no apology, it is so long since we all came together in this cherry informal way.

Here is the letter reserved for publication. Owing to space limits, only the first three stanzas of the poem are given here, but perhaps these will suffice to recall the rest to some interested reader, and if a complete copy can be supplied we will have much pleasure in sending it to Mrs. Marley, the writer of the letter.

ST. LOUIS Mo., Feb. 27, 1897.

Editor of Donahoe's:

Your offer of a prize has induced me to make an effort to communicate with somebody in Boston, not with any idea that I might win anything, but for the sole purpose of going back to my childhood days. Nearly 50 years since I last looked on dear

old Boston as we sped away by steam cars for the then far West. But through a fortunate Christmas gift to one of my children, one year's subscription to Donahoe's, and the invitation to write and tell how we liked (or otherwise) your lovely magazine, recalled the past. Of course, for my part, I could see nothing that could be improved—lovely paper and large print, and those perfect portraits of prominent men and women, some of whom I have seen. How then would you add anything? You have the best possible reading, and your invitation to criticise will give an opportunity to praise or otherwise. But to go backward—the reading took me back to the time of my exile when Father Williams was our instructor ((now your Rev. Archbishop), in the little chapel under the Cathedral or basement, when the pulpit was moved to the centre, the boys in the rear and girls about the organ. Then our removal to Washington street, to the chapel of the Holy Family—where Father Ambrose Manahan had charge. There are a few of that time that I can name—the girls of the Perseverance Class. Principal among them were Miss Mary Donahoe, daughter of the editor of the Pilot, the O'Brien girls, and Grace and Marie Madigan. When we had concerts once in every few months those were halcyon days.

But in all those days I have never had one to write to, had no relatives to communicate with, and now in my old age to have that feeling come that I would not resist if I could. The dear old Common, where were assembled all that it was possible to hold—on the Fourth, and the introduction of the Cochituate, when all of the schools sang an ode to water, they were all temperance that day. Then our beloved temperance apostle, Father Mathew. I do not remember whether it was Faneuil Hall or Tremont Temple, where all the Catholic children assembled and took the pledge, and kept it many of them, I think. Oh, for one week there I would give one year of my life, but it would be Rip Van Winkle as far as I am concerned, as I have been told by a few of my friends who have visited through the last excursion of the Knights Templars. But now it is almost all Catholic what I read of mostly. In your offer to your readers to tell what they would have, or would not, you say to make a suggestion. There is a piece of poetry that I read at one time when very young, it has been an effort on my part to find the piece, but have not been successful, would you kindly publish it if you think it agreeable. It is nearly, as I can recollect, as follows:

SPEED.

Speed my fleet vessel the shore is in sight,
The breezes are fair we will anchor to-night,
Tomorrow at sunrise once more I will stand
On that sea-beaten shore of my dear native land.

O, why does despondency weigh o'er my heart
At thoughts of far friends who reluctantly part,
I come from an exile of twenty long years,
Yet I gaze on my country through fast falling tears.

I see the hills purple with bells of the heath,
And my own happy valley that nestles beneath,
And the fragrant white blossom spread over the thorn
That grows near the cottage in which I was born.

* * * *

MARY C. MARLY.

Very helpful, interesting essays were received from the following: Miss F. McMahon, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. J. J. Duffy, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. Jno. Dooley, Belvidere, Ill.; Helen S. Mellyn, Roxbury, Mass.; John J. Duffy, Jr., Memphis, Tenn.; Margaret Sheehan, Plattsburg, Mo.; Helen E. Wilbur, New York; Mrs. F. C. Jewell, Wisconsin; Louise R. Staab, Jamaica Plain; Julia G. Shea, Lawrence, Mass.; Carrie L. Shields, Mansfield, Mass.; Mrs. Lynch, Canton, Mass.; Margaret Murphy, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. R. W. Moore, Grand View; Miss Jennie B. Moore, Covington, Ky.; Mrs. W. T. Mahoney, Springfield, Mass.; Maggie M. Doyle, North Wilmington, Mass.; Mrs. Jon L. Finen, St. John ,N. B.; Mrs. John Glavin, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. S. E. Lenfest, Leadville, Col.; Roy F. Perkins, Chicago, Ill.; Mamie Fitzgerald, Jamestown, N. Dak.; Nellie A. Walsh, Chicago, Ill.; Mary G. Marley, St. Louis, Mo.; Lillie Dunne, Independence, Mo.; Mrs. Rodney, Escanaba, Mich.; Mrs. Margaret M. Halvey, Philadelphia, Pa.; M. M. Pursel, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Mary F. Roderick, Newport, R. I.; Mrs. B. Moran Cotter, Fulton, Kan.; Mrs. Mahoney, Springfield; Angel-

ica M. I. McNulty, Memphis, Tenn.; Miss Josephine Boyle, Malden, Mass.; Alice J. Hanen, Fond du Lac, Wis.; Fannie Hogan, Burlington, Ky.; Mrs. Adolph Diermedt, Spaulding, Neb.; Lily M. McAvoy, Waltham, Mass.; Frances Sheehy, Portland, Ore.; Mary Eppy, Peoria, Ill.; Kate E. Mullin, Saint Louis, Mo.; Nellie Murphy, Fairmount City; Miss Lizzie Killnan, Moville, Iowa; Cecelia V. Dermody, Waltham, Mass.; Mrs. J. W. Carter, Springfield, Ill.; Annie P. Hunter, Freeport, Me.; Minnie Mary Lee, Sauk Rapids, Minn.

Some Practical Economics.

The word "economy" sounds very heartless when one has just heard a lecture or read an article on the distress among the working classes and the need of more work. Yet most of us have to economize. It may be done, however, without haunting "bargain counters." I know one woman who makes her small allowance go a long way by her economy in hats. Her hats do not look "homemade," either. I asked her how she managed it.

"I trim them myself—Polly's only cost forty-five cents and Peggy's fifty cents this fall. I learned how to trim them by ripping up old ones which had been trimmed at a milliner's. As I took off each bow or loop I put it on again two or three times in exactly the same way, till I had learned to do it as well as it had been done originally. Then I put away every portion of the old hats, thoroughly brushed and cleaned, so that they are ready to be used again. The velvets I steam by passing the wrong side over a wet cloth laid on a hot iron, till all the dust vanishes in smoke. The flowers will come out quite restored in color after a season's retirement in tissue paper. White straw can be cleaned with bread crumbs and black straw restored with shoe polish. Black ribbon may be wet with coffee and ironed between white muslin cloths. It pays to take care of things."

For school hats nothing is nicer than a Tam-o-Shanter. I do not mean the ugly crocheted ones, bought in shops, which invariably make the prettiest child-face look hard, but a pretty one made of scraps of good cloth. Cut a circle eleven inches in diameter from thin crinoline. Cover this with cloth. Cut another circle of the same size out of paper, and cut out from the centre of that till you have a pattern three inches wide for the under part of the Tam. But the inner edge of this circle will not be as long as the measure of the head, so you must cut your pattern in half and add enough to the cut edges to make half the measure of the head. Then cut the cloth out in two pieces and seam it together. Sew this to the circle of cloth and turn right side out. Make a band of stiff canvas or buckram and cover with cloth or ribbon. Sew it to the Tam, and add a wing or quill. Line it neatly and finish with a rosette of ribbon, where the quill is put on. The way to do such things well is to do them repeatedly, and if you save scraps of dresses and make a number of them for the school hats or for wheeling, you will soon have them perfect. The cost of them is almost nothing, and you can make nice Christmas presents for poor children who would rather have a new hat than some one's shabby old one. I. W.

The time is coming when one will want plenty of pretty shirt waists. Last year's waists have too large sleeves and are probably faded. Yet a new stock will cost from $1.25 to $2 apiece. You can make them yourself for a fourth of the cost. Two and a half yards of 12 1-2-cent percale or three yards of 15-cent gingham will be plenty. Take the one of your old ones which fits best, and buy a 10-cent pattern, laying it on the old one, carefully altering the pattern till they are identical.

Cut one out of cheap material and baste it up to try on. Then cut out all of the others and make all of them exactly alike. One reason things look "home-made" is because the makers only make one of each kind, and so do not gain sufficient practice to become expert. If your clothes are a different color or material, they will not look alike, even if made by the same pattern, and they will be better made. In making your waists copy the old one, finishing all the sleeves first, with a band of shrunken linen, for detachable cuffs. Then put on all the yokes, and so on, till you have them all finished. Your last ones will have quite a professional air, and you will have the satisfaction of having different patterns from those sold by hundreds in the shops.

I. W.

If you cannot afford to go often for a shampoo, you can have one just as satisfactory at home, if you will only go about it in the right way. This is the method used by one of the most elegant of expensive hair-dressing establishments: Grate finely 10 cents worth of good castile soap and add 5 cents' worth of powdered borax. To a pint of warm water add one tablespoonful of

the mixture and stir till dissolved. Pour over the hair and rub gently till the whole head is lathered. Rinse with warm water and dry in the sun or with a fan, and the hair will be as soft as silk. Every night, after brushing the hair, rub it all over at the roots with the fingers, pushing the scalp lose from the head. Rub in also a good hair tonic. The following is easily made at home, and is very cleansing: Pour one pint of boiling water over one cent's worth of chamomile flowers and let it steep on the back of the range for twenty-four hours. Then squeeze out all the liquid and strain. Into this put one-half gill of alcohol, one grain of quinine, one dessert spoonful of glycerine and one-half ounce of tincture of cantharides. Shake up and it is ready for use. I. W.

Literary Recompense.

Not one-tenth of the entire literary profession of this country and England makes sufficient money to live upon. Not ten out of every hundred authors receive enough for their work to support them. There is scarcely another profession in which there are so many disappointed and heart-broken people. The ranks are full of them. They strive hard; they work morning, noon and night and they do tolerably good work. But the results are not worth the effort in nine cases out of ten. Why is this, some one asks. There are two reasons for it. First, an author can produce, each year, just so much work which is good and that the public cares to read. That quantity is necessarily small. A man's capacity for really good literary work is wonderfully limited. He must, therefore, get well paid for everything he does or the sum total is insufficient for the work. The second reason lies in the contractedness of the market. We have magazines almost without number, and publishing houses in plenty. But how much material can one author sell a year to all these outputting channels combined? Two novels at the utmost, a half dozen articles and as many poems. Let him give more than that, and no matter how good be his work he is at once accused of writing too much—a fatal criticism for any writer. On the one hand, therefore, is a limited capacity and on the other a contracted market. And between these the author must live—or starve. * * * Good literary work will always find its market. But it is not a profitable market to the many. It pays well, but not as thousands have an idea that it does. There is a living to be had out of literature by tireless work and good writing; a fair, comfortable living. But that is all."

—EDWARD W. BOK, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Dainty Desserts.

Strawberry Bavarian Cream—Cover half a box of gelatine with cold water and let stand half an hour. Mash a quart of ripe strawberries and press them through a sieve; add a cup of sugar, and stir until dissolved. Stand the gelatine over boiling water, and when melted, strain into the strawberry juice. Mix well, turn into a tin pan, set on ice, and stir until thick; add a pint of whipped cream. Pour into a mould, and set on ice to harden.

Blanc Mange—Put a quart of new milk on to boil. Moisten a cupful of corn starch with a little cold milk, add to the boiling, with half a cupful of sugar, and a pinch of salt; take from the fire, flavor with a teaspoonful of Price's extract of vanilla, pour into custard cups and set in a cool place to harden. Serve with whipped cream.

Charlotte Russe—Cover half a box of gelatine with a little cold water; whip a quart of cream. Line a mould with stale lady-fingers. Set the cream on ice, sweeten and flavor it with vanilla, and strain the gelatine over it. Stir until thick, pour in the mould, and set on ice to harden.

Tapioca Cream—Soak a cupful of tapioca in cold water over night. In the morning put a quart of milk and the tapioca in a saucepan, and set over the fire to boil until the tapioca is clear. Beat the yolks of four eggs and half a cupful of sugar together until light; mix in the stiffly frothed whites of the eggs, add to the tapioca, stir well, take from the fire; flavor with vanilla, turn into a glass dish, and set on ice to cool.

Tout Fait—Beat the yolks of four eggs until creamy, add half a cup of sugar, beat again; sift in half a cup of flour, mix and thin with two tablespoonfuls of milk, and strain. Add the juice and rind of one lemon, the beaten whites of the eggs, and a tiny pinch of salt. Turn into a greased mould, and bake in a quick oven for fifteen minutes. Dredge thickly with powdered sugar and serve.

Orange Float—Put a quart of water on to boil. Moisten four tablespoonfuls of corn starch with cold water, and stir into the boiling water; let cook slowly for ten minutes. Take from the fire, add a cupful of sugar, the juice of two lemons and the grated rind of one. Peel and slice six or-

anges, remove the seeds, put in a glass bowl, strain the boiling corn starch over them, and stand aside to cool. Serve icy cold with whipped cream sweetened and flavored. ELIZA R. PARKER.

Some Ways of Using Eggs.

The recipes here given will be found economical and easy to prepare.

Toasted Eggs—Put a teaspoonful of butter on a plate, let it melt in the oven. Drop four eggs on it, and stir; season with salt, pepper and a few drops of anchovy sauce. Set in the oven for two or three minutes, and serve hot.

Devilled Eggs—Boil a dozen eggs hard. Throw them in cold water for ten minutes, remove the shells and cut lengthwise in halves. Take the yolks out carefully, without breaking the whites. Rub the yolks to a paste with a tablespoonful of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of finely minced boiled tongue, a tablespoonful of French mustard, half a teaspoonful of Price's extract of celery, a dash of cayenne, and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt; mix thoroughly. Fill the hollowed whites with the mixture, and arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves.

Stuffed Eggs—Boil eight eggs until hard. Cut them in halves, take out the yolks, mash fine, add a tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of minced cold boiled ham, with salt and pepper. Rub together until stiff and smooth. Fill the whites and press together. Dip first in beaten egg, then in grated bread crumbs, then again in the egg and bread crumbs. Fry in boiling fat. Take up, drain, and serve with cream sauce.

Southern Luncheon Eggs — Boil half a dozen eggs for twenty minutes. Take off the shells, chop the whites fine, and rub the yolks through a sieve. Do not mix them. Put a cupful of milk in a saucepan, and set over the fire to boil; rub a tablespoonful of flour and butter each together, and add to the boiling milk; season with salt, pepper, a few drops of extract of celery and a dash of cayenne. Stir in the chopped whites. Have ready six squares of nicely browned toast. Arrange on a hot dish. Cover each slice with a layer of the mixture, then a layer of white sauce, and a layer of the mashed yolks; pour over wine sauce. Sprinkle the top with salt and pepper, set in the oven two minutes and serve.

Egg Salad—Line a salad bowl with crisp lettuce leaves. Cut six hard boiled eggs into quarters, and lay over. Add a few drops of extract of celery to a tablespoonful of vinegar. Sprinkle the eggs with it. Let stand five minutes. Pour over plain salad dressing and serve.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

A WELCOME TO THE MONTH OF MAY.

By PHILIP L. MCMAHON.

Fair earth casts off her garb of white
And dons a mantle rich and gay;
Her feathered flock sing with delight
A welcome to the month of May.
To stormy winds she bids adieu,
To icy lake and frozen bay;
Her budding trees with life anew
Give welcome to the month of May.

Her children's merry voices sing
As in the fields they romp and play;
Their joyous peals of laughter ring
A welcome to the month of May.
And over all the bright clouds float
While man goes forth upon his way,
And sings in tune with nature's note
A welcome to the month of May.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

April's Last Word.

"They think I am gone," she said,
And smiled and tossed her head,
While she noted what the little folks were playing.
"For all the fun we've had
I do believe they're glad,
And every chick and child has gone a-Maying."

"But though from earth I fly,
I linger in the sky;
This day is yet my own to watch above them;"
"They little know," said she,
"How fair they are to me —
The roguish little sprites — or how I love them;

"They speak of me no more;
From blooming shore to shore
They welcome May with summer close beeind her.
They sha'n't forget me so!
"I'm bound, before I go
I'll jog their memories with a brisk reminder.

"I'm sure I'll be allowed
To engineer this cloud;"
(Here April's merry eyes began to twiukle);
"It's loaded to the brim,
It's all in working trim —
I wonder how they'd like a little sprinkle!"

— *Seleeted.*

Crowning a May Queen.

Our convent girls, and, in fact, all Catholic girls, will appreciate this extract from Margaret Kenna's "Convent Stories," a beautiful little collection just from the press:

At sunset the next evening the old bishop crowned Mary with lilies. It was a beautiful scene. The Sisters were there, and the girls in lovely white dresses, and Thomas in his broadcloth.

Mary would have risen from her knees when the crown touched her head, but the bishop's hand lingered in the lilies.

"Mary," he said, "the world may crown you with jewels, fame may crown you with laurel leaves, love may crown you with orange blossoms, but you will never wear a sweeter crown than this wreath of lilies!

"It is the fragile diadem the Convent chooses for its best beloved child. In its blossoms breathe the loyalty and the love of a hundred sweet girls. It is the offering they make to your gentleness, dear child. It is the one crown without a thorn. You are to wear it this evening while its sweetness lasts, and you will remember it—how lovingly you may not know—when it is gone.

"To us, who have done with youth—almost with age—it is a question whether the living flower is as sweet as the undying memory of it.

"In this garden I crowned your dead mother Queen of the May more than twenty years ago. I have crowned many girls since then. Some of them are still in the world, some are like Mary's mother—gone. May is Our Lady's month. The queen is crowned in homage to Her. Is it not sweet to think of the little May Queens she is gathering one by one into the blue heaven where there is Maytime forever?

"With the help of God, my dear child, you will be of Her immaculate court, and may the tender hands which have made this crown for you learn of the Madonna's love how to make you a crown of immortal lilies!"

A Reqest.

"Couldn't you open a letter box?" asks a young friend of ours. Of course we could, and if you remember, we have often asked our boys and girls to write to us, and have tried many ways of getting them interested in letter writing. Now, we do not intend to give any boy or girl an excuse for not writing; we haven't a regular letter box, but as you all know, the whole department is for you, and we are always very glad to give you space for what you wish to say, so come right along with your suggestions, descriptions or anything else you may wish to tell us about, and provided you write on one side of the paper, we will see that your letter is printed. We have a very nice letter from a young friend who asks for a list of books, and seems to be deeply interested in her Sunday school class. In the next number we hope to give her the information she desires, and in the meantime print her letter, to interest other young teachers, who probably experience similar difficulties.

———, Mass., March 1, 1897.

To the Editor of Donahoe's:

Will you kindly give me a list of books, through your monthly magazine, that you think a Catholic girl of sixteen years should begin to read, and the principal authors she should study. And, as I am a Sunday School teacher, I would like to know of a book that would aid, in any way, the advancement of my pupils, who are in the beginners' class; average age, nine years.

And, if it be not imposing, I would like to ask for a few hints to a Sunday School teacher who is left to her own judgment

in teaching her class. Doubtless, you are aware, my dear sir, that children in country parishes often grow up in ignorance of their faith because of poor teachers.

Therefore, any advice you may give will be received with joy by

AN ADMIRER.

We do hope that none of our girls will meet with the sad rebuff that befell a certain well-meaning young woman who began her Sunday school work with the mistaken idea that a lofty mien and dignified reproof were important factors in controlling a class.

Alas! her pupils, sturdy little chaps, most of them possessed of more worldly knowledge than was their teacher, speedily brought her to a change of spirit: "How much of der catechism does yer know yerself?" asked one gamin, while another audibly confided to his bosom friend, "I c'd lick her hull family ef they're all built like her."

Tell the superintendent? Oh, no—she had too much sense. She accepted the rebuff as the price of her mistaken policy, and changed her tactics, with the result that her popularity grew to uncomfortable dimensions, every boy bringing a friend to join the class as a proof of his appreciation of the teacher.

We would suggest that some of our girls, who have entered on the serious work of teaching a Sunday school class, write to the Department, and tell us what difficulties they experience. In our August number, 1896, there was published a paper on "Child Study in the Sunday School," by Mrs. B. Ellen Burke. Our troubled young teachers will find in its pages many helpful suggestions.

Here are other letters, each with its special message:

Our mail is sadly belated. Just think of recalling February and March, and the air sweet with the fragrance of Mayflowers! But we don't believe that our young people will mind having their letters appear even now, especially when it wasn't our fault that they were crowded out of the Easter number. Katherine E. Mahoney, Folsom, Cal., and Catherine Dowd of Newfields, N. H., send a list of words. Frances Sheehy of Oregon also writes her version of the floral story. Our young friends supply the ellipses very cleverly.

726 East Eighth Street, South Boston.
March 6, 1897.

To the Editor of the Children's Department.

Dear Sir—I solved the puzzle in Donahoe's Magazine, but thought I would not be the first one, so did not send it in. But when I saw in this month's magazine that the puzzle was not solved I worked it out and here it is. I am a little girl eleven years old. I hope this puzzle will be all right. I am going to try to do this month's puzzle. A reader of Donahoe's,

ANNA GORMAN.

Haverhill, Mass., March 8, 1897.

Dear Puzzle Editor:

I received my magazine this morning and read eagerly what you said about the puzzles. On learning that no one had solved the first puzzle, I went to work with determination, and have the following result: Hon. D. J. Murphy. I have tried the puzzle in this month's, but have not completely solved it.

KATIE H. FLANAGAN.
275 River Street, Haverhill, Mass.

Worcester, March 9, 1897.

Dear Sir:

I have been taking Donahoe's Magazine for several years, and I like it. It is very interesting to read. Mamma and papa like it very much.

I thought the following stories were very interesting: "The Life of St. Patrick," "John, the Beloved," and the "Life of the Presidents." I must close my letter now, but I have a few more words to say. I go to the Sisters' Schools of Worcester. I am in the Sixth Grade. I am eleven years old. Hoping to see my letter in the magazine, if it pleases you, I remain,

Your friend,

GRACE BURKE.

Portland, Oregon,
March 14, 1897.

Donahoe's Publishing Co.:

Dear Sirs—In the March number of the Magazine it is stated that the first puzzle in the February number has not yet been solved. "Hon. D. I. Murphy" is the answer I get for it. In the March number there is another puzzle and I have succeeded in supplying quite a few of the words. I am rather afraid though, that they will differ sadly from the original. I will write it and underline the names of flowers.

Yours very sincerely,

FRANCES SHEEHY.

Melrose, March 15, 1897.

Dear Sir:

I saw that puzzle in the February number of your magazine, and studied it, and at last I made out from the suggestions the words: Hon. D. J. Murphy. I think by printing puzzles and conundrums

in the magazine it will increase its interest. Wishing the magazine success, I remain,

Yours truly,

DANIEL LUCEY.

Now, haven't we a letter box?

Puzzle Corner.

Here are the missing words:

Mary-gold, sweet william, bittersweet, clover, lady's tresses, rose, lady's slippers, pink, poppy, elder, mint, snapdragon, sour-grass, adder's tongue, flax, Dutchman's breeches, Dutchman's pipe, marsh mallows, wintergreen, forget-me-nots, nightshade, thyme, dogwood, four o'clock, snowdrop, pine, mistletoe, live forever, heartsease, yew, orange blossoms, willow, maidenhair, madder, cane, hop, rosemary, rue, lettuce,

Just open the March number, look up the puzzle and you will be surprised to find how nicely the words fit in.

Laura Westenbuerger, Springfield, Ill., must be credited with having supplied all the missing words.

Maggie V. Gannon, Millis, Mass., solves the February puzzles, and Katie Flannagan sends in a correct answer to the puzzle so many young people failed to solve.

Hon. D. J. Murphy is the answer. Anna Gorman is another wide-awake girl who worked it out. Her letter tells why she did not send it in more promptly.

Getting to be a Man.

I'm glad my hair ain't yallow,
And all curled up and long;
I'm glad my cheeks ain't dimpled,
And that I'm gittin' strong!
I wisht my voice was hoarser,
To talk like Uncle Dan,
Because I want to hurry
And git to be a man!

I'm glad the women never
Come up to me and say:
"Oh, what a purty little boy!"
In that soft kind of way!
I wear big shoes and always
Make all the noise I can,
Because I want to hurry
And git to be a man!

I've got on pa's suspenders—
Wisht I had whiskers, too,
And that my feet was bigger
And schoolin' was all through!
Wisht Edison or some one
Would come out with a plan
To help a boy to hurry
And git to be a man!

—Cleveland Leader.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

From Kansas City we are asked: "Why do priests not marry?"

The Church has imposed celibacy on her priests that they may be free to give themselves entirely to God's service. "He that is without a wife," says St. Paul, I. Cor., vii., 32, 33, "is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God. But he that is with a wife is solicitous for the things of the world, how he may please his wife, and is divided." Again, the Church demands of her sacred ministers at the altar that they shall embrace the more perfect life, and it is the testimony of Jesus Christ Himself, of St. Paul and of St. John in the Apocalypse, that the life of continence is more perfect, holier than the life of marriage. The Council of Trent anathematizes those who deny that it is more blessed to remain in virginity or in celibacy than to be joined in marriage. Catholics, therefore, are obliged to believe that celibacy is a more perfect state than marriage. The Church has the right to oblige her priests and all in sacred orders to embrace the more perfect life, and she has done so in the Western Church. In the Eastern Church there are modifications of this law.

From Minnesota: A Protestant, while traveling in Europe, visited most of the noted churches. And in three different churches in three different cities he was shown what purported to be the handkerchief used by Veronica at the time Christ was on His way to Calvary. Now, how many such handkerchiefs were there with the imprint of Our Blessed Lord's face?

Two explanations are offered, one that the cloth used by Veronica to wipe the blood-stained face of Jesus was in three folds, and that the Blessed Face was impressed on all the folds, and that the handkerchief has been since divided into three parts, according to the folds. The other explanation, that copies were made of the original.

"Investigator After Truth" writes: 1. Why have not priests power to confirm and ordain? Did Christ in sending His Apostles, the first priests, to teach all nations, instruct them to make a distinction among those who are to be the teachers of His doctrines to the consummation of the world?

2. How did the death of Christ upon the cross redeem mankind? Could not the human race be redeemed by His dying a natural death? Was it necessary, or was His death upon the cross only the culmination of circumstances?

3. Why does not the Roman Catholic Church give the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist to her communicants, as Christ first gave it to the early Christians? And why do the priests receive it in the form of bread and wine, when the other communicants are denied that privilege?

4. Why do women have the head covered when in the presence of the Eucharist, and why is the opposite rule made in the case of men?

1. It is of divine institution that bishops should administer confirmation and ordain priests. We find this to be the law and practice of the Church through all her history. If priests have not this power, it is because Christ willed it as it is. Still, priests have at times been delegated by the Pope to confirm, though even then they have been confined to the use of chrism blessed by a bishop. The Apostles, the first priests, were not only priests, but bishops as well, and they ordained others not alone to the priesthood, but some to the episcopate. And bishops are even thus consecrated by the successors of the Apostles, because it is a part of Christ's plan that bishops should rule the Church of God. Christ Himself destined that among His priests some should be in authority as bishops over the other priests.

2. Answered in a recent issue, which see. Though not obliged to suffer, or to die so cruel a death, our Dear Lord thus sought to prove His infinite love to us, for whose redemption He gave Himself a sacrifice upon the cross. The smallest act of His well being of infinite merit would have sufficed to satisfy His Father's justice and to redeem us. But His love sought these unspeakable and wonderful modes of showing itself.

3. For priests it is of divine institution that they should both consecrate and receive under both kinds of bread and wine in their celebration of the mass, and therefore in this there can be no change. Our Divine Lord instituted the Blessed Eucharist at His last supper, and there ordained

the first priests, Himself having celebrated the first mass. The two-fold consecration is essential to the mass, and the two-fold receiving of the body and blood of Christ follows of necessity. Outside of the saying of mass, there is no divine precept for the two-fold receiving. In fact, when the priest receives communion at other times, as when sick and unable to say mass, or as on Holy Thursday, when only one mass can be said in each church, and another priest wishes to receive, he receives under the appearance of bread alone.

That the Church has the right understanding of our Lord's will when she claims that the receiving under the two kinds is neither of divine precept for the people nor of necessity is evinced from the very words of Christ Himself, "Unless ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood ye shall not have life in you." He says, as also, "he who eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life"; but He has likewise said, "If anyone eat of this bread he shall live forever"; "the bread which I shall give is my flesh for the life of the world"; "he who eateth this bread shall live forever." It is a doctrine of Catholic faith that Jesus Christ is whole and enters under either form, whether bread or wine, and so received by the communicant who receives under the appearance of bread alone.

The practice of the Church has ever been in conformity with this belief. Children received communion under the form of wine alone; the sick and generally the faithful, who received at home, under the form of bread alone. Sometimes She insisted that the faithful should receive under both forms, to condemn the Manichaean heresy, which declared wine to be evil.

Communion under one or both kinds is a matter of discipline, and the Church can introduce or modify or abrogate her practices in these regards as she judges best.

Down to the Middle Ages the custom was to receive under both kinds. But from the eleventh century the custom grew in the Latin Church of giving communion under the form of bread solely. The causes of the change were in the need of combating the heresy which declared that Christ is not received whole or entire under either form, and out of reverence to the Precious Blood, which could easily be spilled. To meet the errors of Huss and Jerome of Prague the Council of Constance made this practice universal for the West. The Council of Basle reversed this decree against the Taborites and Calistines, and the Council of Trent against the Lutherans and Calvinists.

4. St. Paul, in I. Corinthians, xi., writes: "Every man praying or prophesying with his head covered, disgrace to his head. But every woman praying or prophesying with her head not covered, disgraceth her head. * * * The woman ought to have a power (which is interpreted a veil or covering) over her head because of the Angels." The reading of the context in this chapter of St. Paul will give an understanding of his admonitions and their reasons.

M. I. W. inquires:

1. What is meant by the authority and constitution of the Church?

2. What does a bishop's ring signify, and why do people kiss it?

1. Jesus Christ founded His Church as a society, and every society requires that some shall be in authority over others. The family is a society in which the parents are in authority over the children; the state is a society in which the ruler (or rulers) is in authority over all the people, and the Church is a society in which the Pope is in authority over all the faithful, the bishops under him, but over their respective dioceses, and the priests under the bishops over their respective parishes or districts. Our Divine Lord as God has absolute authority over all creatures, and to Him, as man, all power has been given in heaven as on earth. This power He communicated to His Apostles, the first members of His Church, His first priests, and also bishops, and one of them, Peter, on whom He built His Church, the supreme bishop. He gave His power to men for the benefit of men, and the Church does all her work in the name and authority of Christ.

Societies have their Constitutions, embodying their reason of existence, aims, objects, fundamental principles, officers, with duties and obligations of these, the manner of making, enforcing, amending laws, etc. The Church, as a society, has her Constitution.

The ring worn by the bishop signifies that the bishop is wedded to the Church, his diocese, and is indicative that he pledges to the Church in general, and to his diocese in particular, his fidelity and service.

The ring, too, has been in olden times a mark of authority, and of the genuineness of letters sealed by it.

The ring is kissed as a mark of reverence to its wearer, of gentle breeding in those who kiss it, and also of submission to the authority represented in him who wears it.

D. O'C.: In Genesis, V., 5, we read: "And all the time that Adam lived came to nine hundred and thirty years, and he died."

BOOK REVIEWS.

Literary.

A delightful series of essays on child life entitled "The Children," by Alice Meynell, has just appeared. These essays display a wonderful penetration into the mysteries of childlife, and a close observation of the modes of thought of children and a curious knowledge of the peculiar and unique way in which they give expression of their ideas. The author discusses her subject from almost every point of view, and we have naive observations of the life of children as influenced by city and country, by the different seasons, by the green fields and the barren shore, by different pursuits in which they may engage—all told with an originality and freshness which appeal to the finer sympathies; while the exquisite touches of humor which flash out almost unconsciously, illustrating the author's discoveries in this new field of observation, enliven the narrative and captivate the reader's fancy. The book is neatly bound and exquisitely decorated. John Lane: The Bodley Head: New York, London. $1.25.

"What Might Have Been," by Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D., the celebrated London evangelist, is a series of reflections which regard the potential forces contained in life, rather than the actual interpretation of present fads. The author has met many of the famous men and women of the English-speaking world, and describes in an interesting way the impressions which contact with them produced in his own mental life. The conclusions of this book may be accepted by those who have discarded dogma as a part of their religious belief, but can scarcely compel the assent of those who place their hopes in definite, authoritative teaching. Kind and charitable intercourse with those who differ from us in religious belief is certainly to be commended; but it is no compensation for the deep and radical differences which separate those who adhere to divine authority in religious matters and those who, rejecting an authoritative interpreter, seem satisfied to rest their hopes upon their own judgments. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co.

The "Harp of Milan" is the title of a volume of poems by William Shepperson. This harp, celebrated in the annals of Milan, extended from the house of Harold El Zagel to the rear of the Church of St. Ambrose. The thoughts to which it gave utterance, as found in the manuscripts of Harold El Zagel, have been rendered into English verse by Mr. Shepperson. The poems are preceded by prose introductions, which explain, in a measure, their subject matter. Some of these poems are exquisitely tender, while others are touchingly sad; but all breathe the deepest religious sentiment. In one of the poems entitled "Rest," toward the end of the volume, there is a stanza which needs interpretation. The author says: "My soul is portion of Thy soul: As Thou art, so am I—divine," which, if taken literally, would mean pantheism pure and simple. J. H. Yewdale & Sons Co.: Milwaukee.

Rev. Edward T. Shanahan, D. D., Ph. D., Associate Professor of Philosophy in the Catholic University, has effectually answered Professor John Fiske's strictures against St. Augustine in a pamphlet entitled The Idea of God: A Criticism of Some Modern Errors." In his book, "The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge," Prof. Fiske accused St. Augustine of anthropomorphism, that is, of building up a God out of human conceptions. Dr. Shanahan makes a keen analysis of Prof. Fiske's statement, gives an able exposition of the Christian philosophy as it regards the existence of God and His attributes, and completely disproves Prof. Fiske's contention by showing that the learned professor has confounded two things which are altogether different, namely, anthropomorphism and analogy.—Catholic University Bulletin.

Religious.

Rev. Louis Jouin, S. J., Professor of Ethics in St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., has written an admirable exposition of the truths of faith under the title "What Christ Revealed." The subject matter is divided into three parts. In the first part the author considers the Church, its necessity, its unity, sanctity, catholicity, infallibility, its head. The creed and what it teaches forms the subject matter of the second part, while the third part is devoted to a consideration of the sacraments, the means of grace. Written in a strong, convincing style, this little book is destined to do much good. St. John's College, Fordham. 10 cents.

"The Church of the Living God: The Pillar and the Ground of Truth," a pamphlet by R. M. R., discusses in a frank and able way the claims which the Catholic Church has over the mind and conscience of all intellectual enquirers after truth. New York: Christian Press Association.

"Catholic Ceremonies," from the French of Abbe Durand, furnishes clergy and laity with an acceptable explanation of the ceremonies of Catholic worship. Explanations of the altar, the vestments, the ceremonies of the Mass and Vespers, the different functions, such as the blessing of Holy Water, of Palms and like ceremonies, are all found intelligently discussed in this instructive little volume. Appended is an explanation of the division and principal feasts of the ecclesiastical year. This little book will prove a great help to all in appreciating the beauty and significance of the ceremonies of the Church. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. 50 cents.

A new, revised edition of "How to Make the Mission," by a Dominican Father, has been issued, which will prove useful to all who wish to profit by these special seasons of grace. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. Benziger Bros. 10 cents.

"Vocations Explained" is the title of an admirable little work by a Vincentian Father. It has the approbation of Cardinals Gibbons and Satolli. It is catechitical in style, and discusses clearly and earnestly the different states of life—matrimony, virginity, the religious state and the priesthood. The mind of the church on these great questions is admirably set forth. One chapter is devoted to the vexed question of mixed marriages. It is an admirable little treatise, and might be introduced with profit into Catholic schools as a supplement to the ordinary catechism. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. Benziger Bros. 10 cents.

"Rest for the Soul" is an admirable little treatise on the fundamental virtue of humility. It owes its English dress to a Sister of Mercy of Mt. St. Mary's, Manchester, N. H. The considerations urging us to the practice of this Christian virtue are convincingly set forth in short, pithy sentences, resembling, in a marked degree, that golden treatise of a Kempis—"The Imitation of Christ." Manchester, N. H.

A beautiful edition of the New Testament, handsomely bound and richly decorated, has just been issued from the press of Benziger Bros., New York. 60 cents.

Novels.

A powerful and thrilling story, and one that should prove especially interesting to the American reading public, is "A Transatlantic Chatelaine," by Helen Choate Prince. The heroine, born in France of American parents, and brought to America by her father after the death of her mother, is married to her father's old friend on the eve of his departure for the civil war. Her husband is killed in battle, and leaves her an ample fortune. She returns to the land of her birth a woman of independent means, and falls in love with a handsome French officer, Captain Regnier. But the Comte de la Roche, the spendthrift and worthless scion of an ancient and honored house, appears upon the scene, and treachery and deceit soon accomplish their foul work. She rejects her true lover, Regnier, and marries Comte de la Roche. She soon realizes her fatal mistake. Regnier is as honorable and brave as her husband is dishonorable and cowardly. Her fond dream of building up an ancient house by her fortune is shattered. Her struggle between her duty, as a wife, and her devotion to Regnier is long and cruel. But right finally conquers through the influence of Regnier's father. There are some very powerful scenes in this novel, and the characters of the Regniers, father and son, are strongly and admirably drawn and appeal to our best sympathies. We imagine the purpose of the novel is to sound a note of warning to American heiresses who think to find happiness in marrying a foreign title. Boston, New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

A story of adventure, abounding in thrilling incidents, is "The Three Richard Whalens," by James Knapp Reeve. Adventure runs in the Whalen blood, and the two descendants are impelled by an irresistible force to seek the island in the Southern seas where the first Richard Whalen buried his ill-gotten treasure. The series of remarkable adventures which befell the last Richard Whalen in his quest for the buried treasure are graphically told. London, New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co.

"Laughter and Tears," by Marion J. Brunnowe, deserves its name. It is a collection of short stories, mostly relating to home and convent life, which are charming in their simplicity and eloquent in their appealing power. St. Louis: B. Herder & Co. 50 cents.

A readable and interesting story from the pen of Rev. Joseph Opillman, S. J., translated by Helena Long, is entitled "The Queen's Nephew." The story deals with incidents occurring in the lives of the early Christians of Japan. The hero, a nephew of the queen, after resisting for a long time the light of faith, is finally converted to the Christian religion, and after a series of incredible persecutions and privations vindicates his courage and constancy in such a striking manner as to bring the grace of conversion to his very persecutors. St. Louis. B. Herder. 50 cents.

Miscellaneous.

The well-known Redemptorist, the V. Rev. Ferreol Girardey, has published a series of "Popular Instructions to Parents" on the bringing up of children which will be found useful by those who are charged with this important duty. Berziger Bros. New York; Cincinnati; Chicago. 35 cents.

Those who desire to know the life and work of St. Anthony of Padua, the origin and nature of the devotions in his honor, will find the information in handy form in a little booklet, issued by Rev. J. B. Manley, under the title, "Devotion to St. Anthony of Padua." Baltimore. Gallery McCann.

"Leslie's Weekly" has shown its usual commendable enterprise by issuing with its Christmas number a magnificent art supplement, entitled "The Pope's Dream." The Pope is represented asleep before his desk, while above, seated in the chair of state, flanked by lions on either side, is the heroic figure of a Pope with tiara, holding in one uplifted hand a crucifix and in the other a globe. The work was executed by the artist, Castaigne.

A neat little volume of poems, "In the Promised Land, and Other Poems," comes to us from the pen of Michael Lynch. The initial number giving the name to the collection embodies many beautiful thoughts. Mr. Lynch writes in vigorous strain of the sufferings of his native land, making manifest in every line a keen appreciation of the hardships inflicted on the poor, and of the oppression that destroys ambition.

THOUGHTS FROM CURRENT EXCHANGES.

Civilization is a very complex affair. So long as the laws of the land are not violated, the rich man's private expenditures are as strictly a matter to be controlled by his own taste and judgment as the expenditures of the poor man. Capital in this country in our generation has been eminently and consequently devoted to economic production; and has not to any appreciable extent been diverted and wasted in wanton luxury. It is none of the public's business how the millionaire monopolist spend his money; but it is in the highest degree the public's business how he has gained it,—especially how it came to pass that he obtained the franchise, or public privilege, or other favorable opportunity by means of which he has enriched himself.—The Review of Reviews.

There is no law by which we may mete out love. There is no thermometer by means of which we can compare one sort of love with another. The deepest love is not always as one writer says, "rhetorical." And since affection manifests itself in such different ways among different people, it is hardly fair to judge this or that individual or family to be deficient because the pet name or caress or that homesick tear be wanting. Life and conduct are, as the preacher has said, the test of love, and all the emotional demonstration in the world is nothing without the steady devotion, implied in the daily doing of the will of the beloved one—the father, mother, brother, sister, husband or wife.—Woman's Home Companion.

The lowest wages, the most unsanitary conditions, the grossest abuses and oppressions, are not to be found in factories, but in tenement-house industries. It is among the cigar-makers, or among the workers in certain branches of the ready-made clothing trade that these matters are at their worst. Yet it is just here that the conditions of employment are most like those which prevailed in earlier industrial periods.

The Holy Father has honored the Dominicans by having the pontifical medals, which are struck off every two years, to be this year emblematic of St. Dominic receiving the Rosary from our Lady. Pope Leo's profile is on one side of the medal.

In the Semaine Catholique of Seez (France), which devotes a whole number to the funeral discourse pronounced at the interment of its illustrious bishop, we read:

The fourth crusade had hardly begun when the real discoverers of the modern mission were at work.

They were the Franciscans, and they became the teachers of the people. Out in the country the monks abode, saving their souls. That was their vocation. High in his castle the bishop sat, a man of the world, ofttimes a king's man, the last of men for his office. Then the Franciscans came in the thirteenth century to bring salvation to the poor and to preach the gospel to the people. They were revivalists of the most sensational kind. No church could hold the crowds they drew. Out in the plains around the Italian cities the people came in thousands. You remember how Anthony of Padua held off the rain from a vast assemblage, who thus were miraculously saved from a good wetting.

They filled Europe with their jokes and their stories. They whistled the people into the market place, and when the crowd was assembled they told them stories until they split their sides with laughter—then they preached. That mission lasted a full half century, while wars raged on every side, but the effect of it was simply tremendous.

Never since has the tradition of their methods passed from the memory of men. We would not adopt them now.—The Providence Visitor.

The Catholic press is the university of the Catholic people. It is their representative in the newspaper world. It is often their only voice in the form of public opinion. Its field of usefulness is immense. Its success will depend on the support extended to it.—The Catholic Review.

The advice of a friend is always to be well received. It should be given its due, and if better than your own views, prefer it. Still it is poverty of spirit and discretion to mistrust and relinquish your own faculties, and ever be yielding to those of others.—The Pittsburgh Catholic.

The man who has a clear head and knows a little philosophy has the best chance to win in the race of life. He will be able to view facts as they are; will not be discouraged because of a trifling failure, or too hopeful when a little success crowns his efforts. The pessimist has a very uneven chance for success with the optimist, but both are handicapped so far as the prospects for success are concerned. The pessimist will not have the courage to work with energy or inspire others to work, while the optimist lacks the philosophy necessary to enable one to determine when it is better to abandon an enterprise than to continue to labor to make it a success.—The Church News.

Does anybody know whether the trusts are Democrats, Republicans or Populists? Yet they are emphatically "in politics." In fact, they are about the most active and powerful politicians we have. In election campaigns they are all on the side they think will win; after election they are with the party that won. Those that have been in existence long enough have been both Democrats and Republicans, and it is not overestimating their versatility to assume that they could be equally as good Populists or anything else.—The Youth's Companion.

Catholic monks first put floating bells over sunken rocks to warn mariners in fog and darkness; Cardinal Langton first organized the systematic fixing of lights on dangerous headlands; his guild of the Holy Trinity, for that object, is still represented in Trinity House, which rules all the English lighthouses; Cardinal Langham first established technical schools for painting, architecture and the keeping of orchards, gardens and fishponds; Bishop William of Wykeham, first introduced a system of good roads; the Jesuit Clavius, by order of Pope Gregory XIII., introduced our system of daily dates; Eustachius, Fallopius, Vesalius and Malphigi were the pioneers of modern physiology; Bishop Steno wrote the first systematic treatise on geology.—The Columbian.

ILL-TEMPERED BABIES

are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill-temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.

The largest and most complete stove polish factory in the world, recently erected at Passaic, New Jersey, and costing $100,000, is exclusively devoted to the manufacture of ENAMELINE.

Catholic Indian School, Fort Totten, North Dakota. *See page 516.*

Sacred Heart Abbey, Oklahoma. *See page 513.*

JUNE.

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Donahoe's Magazine.

VOL. XXXVII. BOSTON, JUNE, 1897. No. 6.

TRANSITION OF AN HISTORIC ORDER.

PART II.

BY M. R. TAYLOR.

WHILE the noble members of the Order founded by St. Benedict upon the heights of Subiaco and Monte Cassino were dispersing their influence throughout the countries of Europe, a mountain-locked province bounding the Italian Peninsula on the North was among the first to experience their promoting and vigorous innovation.

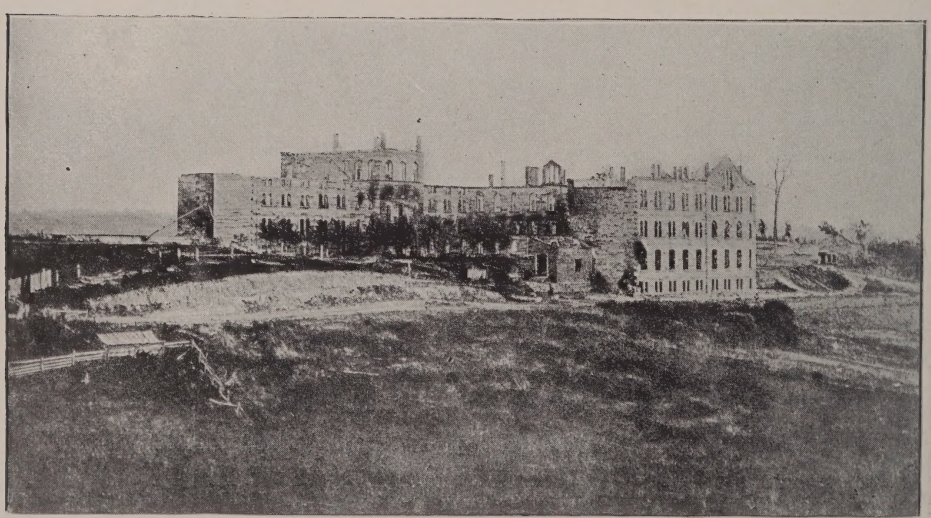
In the ninth century, Meinrad, a lineal descendant of the house of Hohenzollern, assumed the habit of a Benedictine. Imbued with the desire of solitude and his rank depriving him of the tranquility he sought in the cloister, he begged and was granted permission to retire to some remote region and journeyed to Mount Ezel near Lake Zurich. Here his sanctity shone with increasing effulgence, and was the beacon which attracted numbers, who had learned of his fame. Again he fled and entered a dense forest in which a tiny fountain bubbled

ST. MEINRAD'S ABBEY — SOUTHWEST VIEW.

RT REV. FINTAN MUNDWILER, O. S. B.
Abbot and Praeses.

and gurgled and upon this spot placed an image of the Blessed Virgin, thus consecrating the soil upon which Einsiedeln's stately cloister was to tower.

Meinrad's days of penance terminated with a martyr's death. Almost half a century elapsed before the dead saint's anchoretical life found a successor, and this time in one equally endowed with Godly attributes. Benno, son of the Burgundian king, contemning the consequent distractions of his rank, journeying thither, experienced such ecstatic peace when dwelling upon the hallowed ground, that he straightway abandoned his inheritance, and in company of a few associates devoted himself to the perfecting of an already angelic life, until the arrival of St. Ebenhard, who, directed by the Spirit, came to share his retreat



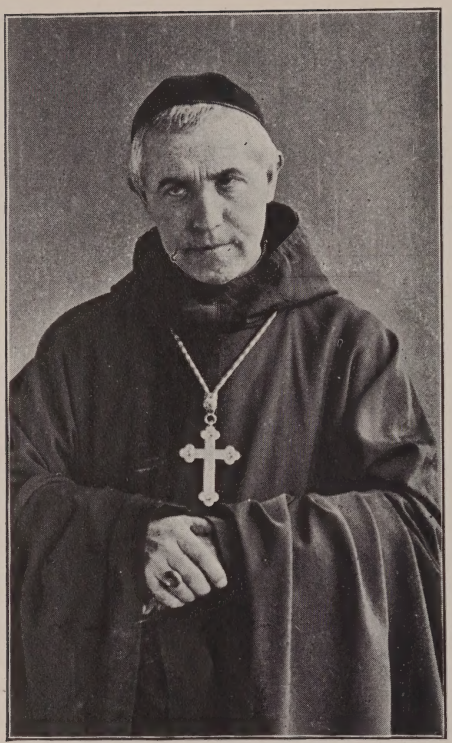
RUINS OF ST. MEINRAD'S ABBEY. WEST VIEW.

MONTE CASSINO CHAPEL, ST. MEINRAD'S ABBEY, IND.

and employing his abundant means in erecting a monastery was made first abbot.

Einsiedeln, consecrated by a martyr's blood, sanctified by exalted virtue and hallowed by piety, thrived and grew, extending its boundaries and welcoming hundreds who likewise forsook the temporal for eternal aggrandizement. The fame of this sanctuary was propagated throughout the sister countries and Einsiedeln became not only a celebrated habitation of holiness but a pilgrimage for emperors, kings, princes, religious, and the humbler castes.

Lucrative donations promoted the secular advancement of the cloister and the home of the Swiss Benedictines was enumerated among the renowned shrines of the Eastern Continent. Abbots of irrepressible zeal followed in the line of succession, men of profound worldly philosophy as well as devoted sons of their chosen Order, characterizing their administrations by

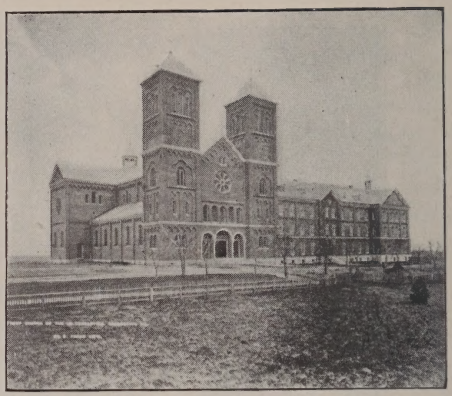


RT. REV. D. THOMAS DUPERON, O. S. B.
Abbot Sacred Heart, Oklahoma.

extraordinary benefits to agriculture and science and civilizing the rude tribes dwelling upon the Alpine Heights.

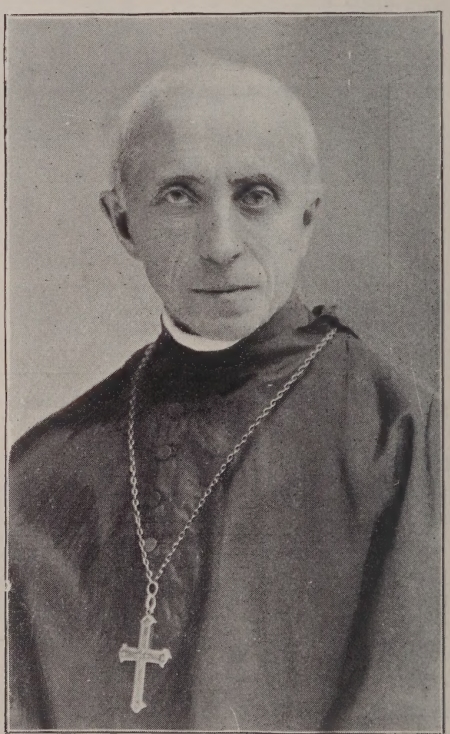
During the centuries subsequent to the foundation of the monastery, Ein-

ABBEY CHURCH INTERIOR, CONCEPTION, MO.

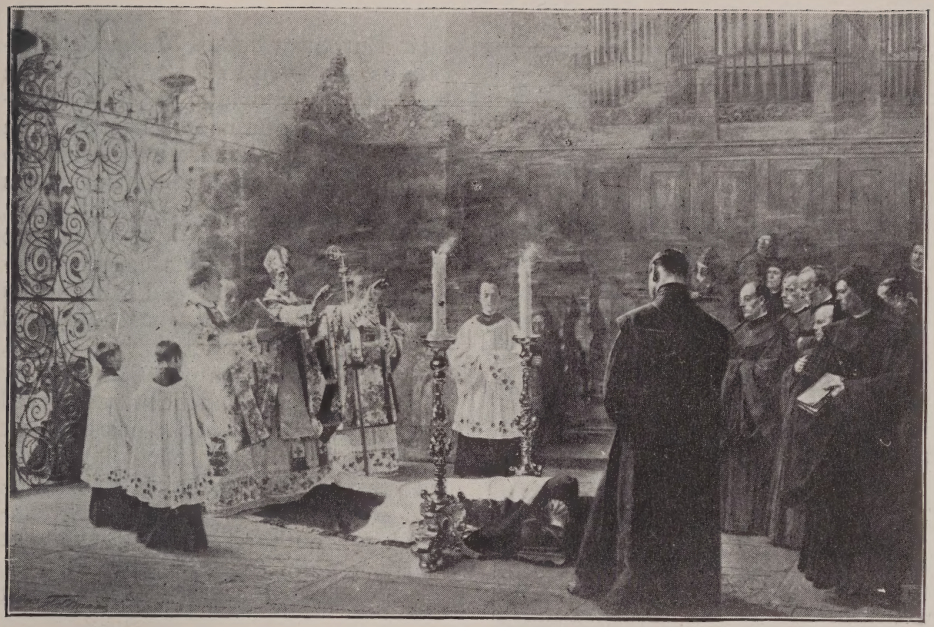


IMMACULATE CONCEPTION ABBEY, MO.

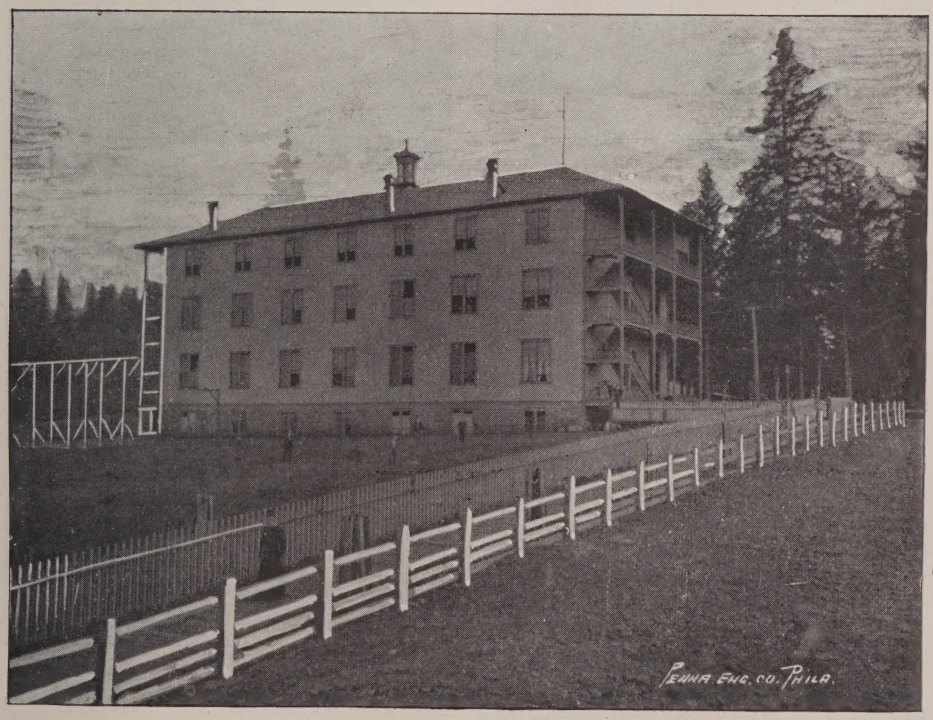
siedeln began to enlarge her territory and to found branches, which in turn carried on the work of propagation. Their labor in the Old World, their irrefragable power in promoting re-



RT. REV. FROWIN CONRAD, O. S. B.
Abbot of New Engelburg, Conception, Mo.



Solemn Profession of a Benedictine Monk.



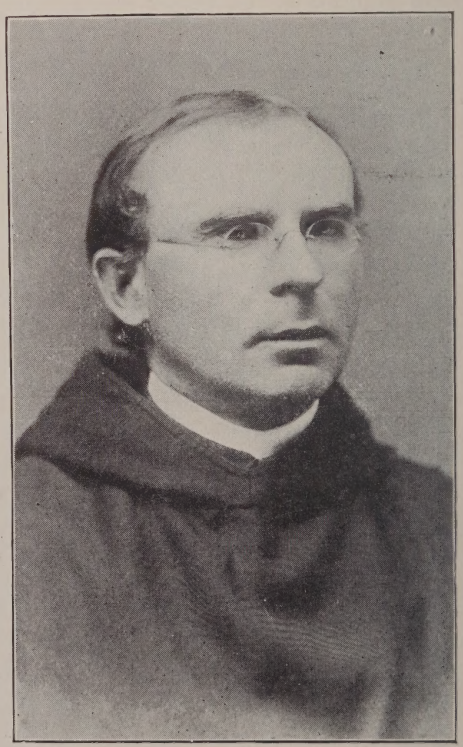
. Temporary College Building, Mt. Angel, Oregon.

VERY REV. P. ADELHELM, O. S. B.
FOUNDER MT. ANGEL, OREGON.

ligion, science and civic harmony, in fine the unsparing toil by which they raised the tribes from paganism to communities of cultured and honored citizens, and their care in preserving and diffusing knowledge is too well known to require a dissertation. Suffice it that the Benedictines confined themselves to no special territory, were hemmed in by no boundaries, but spread over every portion of plain and mountain to impart the prolific erudition acquired through years of study and sacrifice.

From the time when Columbus elevated the standard of Christianity on the virgin soil of America, and her broad acres solicited missionary labor, priests and religious journeyed from their European homes to share in privations and even to meet death in the land of the wild and untutored redmen. Their blood has consecrated the stretch of country from Florida to California, the sweep of territory from the St. Lawrence to the Pacific Ocean, and again from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay, and this crimson lifetide of martyrs is the seed from which the tree of Catholicity has generated and spread itself over the New World.

In the West many of the fierce tribes of Indians had been conquered by the loving voice of the priest. Their state was vastly improved, and notwithstanding the fact that their warlike temperaments occasionally suffered an outburst which gave the martyr's palm to some man of God, on the whole they were pacific. But



REV. JEROME HUNT, O. S. B.
Editor and Publisher of Sioux Indian paper.

the vineyard was great and the laborers few.

The news of the work of Christianizing was brought to the ear of Abbot Henry IV., then exercising the jurisdiction of Einsiedeln, and fanned to flame the sparks of zeal which had illumined the hearts of his predecessors and in turn enkindled in his own. It was his project to send a colony of monks to the United States and found a branch house in connection with Einsiedeln. In 1852 the initiatory steps were taken. The project was given new impetus by the visit of V. Rev. Joseph Kundeck, Vicar General of Bishop de St. Palais. So earnestly and pathetically did he recount the destitution of priests in the Western district of the United States, that Abbot Henry resolved to put his plan into execution, but not without the sanction of the Holy Father.

Pius IX. accorded a gracious welcome to Rev. Gallus Morel, O. S. B., who laid before him the propositions of the undertaking. The Sovereign Pontiff expressed his approval and granted his benediction to the Abbot and all who would be concerned in the enterprise. The Chapter of the Abbey likewise offered their commendation, the monks placing themselves at the Abbot's disposal.

On December 21st, 1852, Rev. Ulrich Christen and the Rev. Bede O'Connor departed from Einsiedeln, boarded the steamer at Southampton January 7th, and arrived in New York January 31st. After spending a short time at St. Vincent's in Pennsylvania, they reached Vincennes on February 17th.

One hundred and sixty acres of land with a small log house upon it were purchased in Spencer County, Harrison township, for $2650. In October, 1853, Rev. Jerome Bachmann and Rev. Eugene Schwerzmann arrived from Einsiedeln, and in March of the following year settled on the place, occupying the log house and consecrating it to St. Meinrad. A school was opened at once and two pupils were admitted. Father Jerome was summoned to Einsiedeln to give an account of the progress of the community, and about this time work was begun on the buildings, the plans having been matured.

The Convent School, now numbering fourteen pupils, was entrusted to Rev. Isidor Hobi, who reached St. Meinrad in the April of 1857. The corner-stone of a large church was laid a year later. It contained a piece of rock from the cave of St. Benedict at Subiaco.

Divine service was held in the new edifice in the June of the same year. Previous to this time it had been conducted in the log house and afterwards in an addition to the primitive structure.

The death of many of the missionaries had greatly discouraged the remaining fathers, but the words of encouragement spoken by the Bishop de St. Palais when visiting Einsiedeln on his return from Rome produced such good effect that in 1860 two young fathers, the future Abbots of St. Meinrad, Rev. Martin Marty and Rev. Fintan Mundwiler, were sent to Indiana. To celebrate the one thousandth anniversary of the death of St. Meinrad, the Benedictines founded a town and named it after the Saint of Einsiedeln.

On the twenty-fifth day of November, 1869, a breve was received from Pius IX. raising the monastery to the rank of an independent abbey. The election of the first Abbot took place on January 23rd, 1873. Bishop de St. Palais celebrated the Mass of the Holy Ghost, after which fourteen votes were received, thirteen of the number being given to the Prior, Rev. Martin Marty. His nomination was confirmed by Rome and the blessing solemnly given in the presence of a vast concourse of people. The Right Rev. Abbott laid the corner-stone for

the magnificent new monastery on the 2d of May, 1872, and that of the church was blessed by Bishop de St. Palais on September 14th of the same year. The material used in the erection of this structure was obtained from a quarry, the property of the Benedictines. The monastery, built on a gigantic scale, workshops, barns, outhouses, etc., were constructed of stone.

In 1880 Abbot Marty, who had distinguished himself by his labors among the Indian Missions in Dakota, was appointed Vicar Apostolic of that region, and consecrated on February 2nd, 1880. As a successor, St. Meinrad received Rev. Fintan Mundwiler, a native of Canton Zurich, Switzerland, a priest whose learning, culture, piety, judgment and sterling qualities gained the affection and admiration of his subjects.

St. Meinrad was in a prosperous condition. Her buildings, ornamental structures; her fields and extensive lands, flourishing and prolific; her courses, commercial and classical, of a high standing; and the days of trial and privation passed forever; when a visitation of Providence within a few hours reduced the labors of years to a heap of ruins, and St. Meinrad, the glory and pride of the Western country, was a total wreck. On September 2nd, 1887, fire wiped out the monastery, seminary and college. The Fathers and Brothers were forced to occupy the unconsumed frame buildings which were abandoned in 1874. The college courses were continued in a large brick building formerly used by the Benedictine nuns at Ferdinand, Ind., five miles from St. Meinrad.

No time was suffered to elapse. Dominant energy roused all to action, and in September, 1888, the entire college forming a portion of the South and West sides was rebuilt. During the subsequent year the work was carried on until in 1889 the seminary and portion of the monastery, now the prominent part of the East wing of the Abbey, was completed, and in 1892 the chapel and library were erected, thus connecting the east and west wings of the Abbey, while in '96 the north end of the east wing completed the entire frontage of 326 feet. Annexed to this will be the grand abbey-church, to be reared in Romanesque style of architecture.

A few years preceding, the commercial and scientific departments were separated from the classical and continued at Jasper, eighteen miles from St. Meinrad. The object of the division was to secure greater facilities for the training of young men to the priesthood. In every way the experiment has been successful.

The year '95 was signalized by the death of two of the pioneer missionaries of the district, Rev. Isidor Hobi, O. S. B., a priest revered throughout the diocese, and Rev. Roman Weinzaeffal, O. S. B., who had experienced the sufferings of religion by trials of extraordinary character, imprisonment, and subsequent pardon through the intervention of Mrs. Polk, wife of President James K. Polk.

St. Meinrad is an important factor in the religious affairs of the West. Her faculty embraces fifty priests, thirteen clerics and forty-eight lay brothers. She has prepared more than three hundred students with completed courses for the ministry, and her Abbot, Rev. Fintan Mundwiler, is the President of the American Swiss Congregation of Benedictines, comprising the Abbeys of St. Meinrad, New Engelburg, New Subiaco, Ark., St. Joseph's Monastery and various mission houses throughout the North, West and South. It is also the Central Direction of the Priests' Eucharistic League, numbering more than three thousand in this country and forty-five thousand in the whole world. Very Rev. Bede Maler, O. S. B., is the Director of the United States.

The priests of this institution are actively engaged in teaching in the seminary and college, and caring for numerous parishes and Indian Missions. St. Meinrad will ever remain as a monument of religious zeal, of undeviating devotion to the Rule of the Order, and a glory to this land which has received the lives of the Swiss Benedictines.

Upon the vertex of a mountain height a half-mile distant from St. Meinrad, forty years ago the students of the infant institution discovered among the dense growth of trees and shrubs a gigantic oak encircled by a vine. The resemblance to the serpent which is represented lying beneath Our Lady's foot made such an impression upon the youths that they placed a picture of the Immaculate Virgin upon the tree, when the spot immediately became the pilgrimage for not only priests, brothers and students of the monastery, but likewise for the faithful whose piety led them to implore her protection.

During the four years when the country was torn by civil strife many were the supplications sent to heaven upon this spot, for the safe return of some dear one, and that Mother who refuses none craving assistance, restored the soldier to the bosom of his family. Only a few months after, when the stone was quarried for the prospective monastery, the first rock was used to erect a chapel for the picture of Our Lady. The shrine is twenty-eight by fifty-two feet, and the original picture has been replaced by a beautiful statue holding in its arms the Infant Jesus and crushing with the heel the head of the serpent. As a proof of her approval, innumerable favors have been granted upon the holy ground. Only twenty years ago an epidemic of small pox broke out among the students of St. Meinrad and many victims succumbed to the dread plague. Recourse was had to the Blessed Virgin and a vow registered that if health was restored, on a special day of every following year a pilgrimage would be made to her shrine on Mount Cassino and a mass of thanksgiving offered. A miracle followed. Every student regained his health, and although similar epidemics have prevailed, St. Meinrad has been preserved. At present mass is read in the Chapel of Mount Cassino every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

In December of '89 Rt. Rev. Fintan Mundwiler, Abbot of St. Meinrad, purchased from the Archbishop of New Orleans, for the sum of eight thousand dollars, a tract of land near Ponchatoula, Tangipahoa, La., with the intention of erecting a monastery. Very Rev. Lucas Gruwe, O. S. B., Prior of St. Meinrad, was commissioned to begin the work of settling, and later joined by three brothers, laid the foundation of St. Joseph's Priory, Gessen, La., the youngest daughter of St. Meinrad.

Nobly did they surmount appalling obstacles, and their exertions bear fruit in a seminary, monastery and church erected upon the wilderness. At present four priests, one cleric, four cleric-novices, six lay brothers and six brother novices compose the corps of laborers. Several missions are likewise attended from this source, and in spite of the poverty, indifference and prejudice of the population, St. Joseph's will remain stolid and firm in religion's cause.

Conception Abbey, located in the northwest corner of the State of Missouri, was settled by Benedictine Fathers of Engelburg, in Switzerland, in 1873. In this section of the country previous to the arrival of the monks the spiritual benefits had been dispensed by Rt. Rev. T. T. Hogan in Nodaway and Gentry counties, Father Adelhelm Odermatt, O.S.B., at Marysville, Mo., while Rev. Frowin Conrad resided at Conception, attending the mission started by Rev. James Power of Philadelphia in 1858.

As a commencement, a frame building was reared, together with a small church of the same material, but later, in 1881, a large structure of brick was completed to accommodate the increasing number of the community. His Holiness Leo XIII. upon April 5th of the same year raised Conception Monastery to the dignity of an Abbey, with Father Frowin Conrad as first Abbot. At this period, likewise, departments of scientific and classical branches were opened, in order to educate priests for the missions, and ten years later plans for a handsome church were formulated. It was built in the Roman style, 206 feet in length and 100 feet in width, and was consecrated with impressive ceremonies on the 10th of May, 1891. The cyclone which devastated the West in the Summer of '93 greatly damaged the sacred edifice, but gradually improvements and alterations have repaired the injury and enhanced its already beautiful interior.

Twenty-three fathers, nine clerics, twenty-two lay brothers and seven novices belong to the Abbey, actively engaged in teaching, mission work and cultivating the soil. Two miles distant from Conception Abbey, sixty Benedictine Sisters, members of the Society of Perpetual Adoration, devote themselves to the constant worship of the Eucharistic God and the embroidering of church vestments.

When in the early seventies the Fort Smith and Little Rock Railroad gave a new impetus to immigration, great numbers of German colonists from the Northern States journeyed to the Western borders, induced thither by liberal grants of land and money for religious purposes. Bishop Marty visiting Arkansas, conceived the project of establishing the first Monastery South of the Mason and Dixon line. The Herculean undertaking was intrusted to a former member of Einsiedeln in Switzerland, Rev. T. Wolfgang Shulmpf, O. S. B., and on March 6th, 1878, the saintly priest bid adieu to the peaceful shelter of St. Meinrad, and accompanied by two lay brothers, set out for the unknown wilds of Arkansas.

Space forbids a narration of the hardships they were forced to encounter, but strengthened by spiritual assistance, they battled and overcame obstacle after obstacle, until at length they were housed within a tiny log hut and ministering to the needs of the sturdy mountaineers, who assembled weekly to assist at divine service. In the early days of St. Benedict's Priory, as it was then called, the priests who composed the community were bound by no vow of stability, therefore were frequently summoned to attend missions elsewhere. So tedious was the growth of the new monastery that its abandonment seemed only the question of time, when the Holy Spirit led eight young men from the Swiss Mother House to the exile of an Arkansas Mission, and from that time forward the sun of prosperity beamed upon the infant institution.

Every year candidates were received until finally the number of professed members were deemed sufficient to form for the priory an independent position in the Helveto-American Congregation, and on the 2nd of August, 1891, the very day when the Swiss Confederation rejoiced at the fifth centennial celebration of its glorious existence, St. Benedict's Priory was made an Abbey, under the name of New Subiaco. The election held on March 24th, 1892, resulted in the appointment to the abbatial dignity of Rev. Ignatius Conrad, O. S. B., rector of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Missouri, but his health becoming impaired during the excessive heat of the Summer of '94, he was forced to abandon the field of labor and return to his Alpine home.

In connection with the monastery is conducted a college, attended by youths from the surrounding country,

who in turn will prove additions to the present community of twenty priests, two clerics and twenty-two lay brothers. Through the exertions of the zealous missionaries, churches, schools and missions have been founded in several adjacent states, and Benedictine sisters introduced to assume charge of the parochial interests.

The very name of Subiaco suggests the barren rockiness which first terrified the heart of St. Benedict, and as today the Italian Shrine is the glory of the Order throughout the entire world, so also will New Subiaco in years to come transfuse her piety over the Western States in the American Union.

Prior to the year 1876 Indian Territory was without a priest or sister. True, the Jesuits had ministered to the Osages, and a good priest, Father Smith, traveled up and down the first road built in the territory and attended to the spiritual wants of a few Irish Catholic families, but there was no priest permanently resident. As soon as this fact became known to Rev. Isidor Robot, O. S. B., then laboring in Louisiana, he formed a resolution of devoting the remainder of his life to the Indian Missions.

Sanctioned by the Bishop of New Orleans and approved by his superiors, Father Robot, together with one brother, set out for the new field. Learning that the Pottawatomies, a Catholic tribe, occupied a reserve in the centre of the Territory, he resolved to settle among them. Planting the cross of salvation, as did Columbus upon the shores of San Salvador, he took possession in the name of Christ crucified, and a few weeks later laid the foundation of the present Sacred Heart Monastery. While the buildings were under erection, Father Robot and his co-laborers occupied a small log cabin, which served for every purpose. The country and Indians were poor, the season too far advanced for the work of cultivation; there were no roads through the dense forests, no bridges over the turbulent streams, but animated by the spirit of the Benedictine, success gained the day.

Priests and lay brothers flocked to the Mission. Forests were transformed into fertile gardens, hills into extensive fields; a convent was soon under roof. This is the present home of the Sisters of Mercy. Not long after a day school was opened for boys, the Sisters at the same time commencing the work of instructing the girls. Within a few years Sacred Heart boasted a college building which was progressing beyond the most sanguine hopes of the community.

In 1884 Rev. Thomas Duperon relieved Father Robot of the office of Superior of the Mission, which he held in connection with that of Vicar Apostolic of the Indian Territory. As Superior, Father Thomas proved himself a capable ministrator. A few months after his arrival he opened the Sacred Heart Industrial School and became its first president, and at length introduced the French Benedictine nuns, built a convent for their occupancy, and finally erected the finest abbey church in the twin territories.

At the general chapter of Benedictine Abbots held in France in the Spring of 1896, Sacred Heart Priory was named an Abbey, with Father Thomas, Abbot, and through his prudent and zealous exertions, the community now numbers fourteen priests, six of whom attend missions, seventeen clerics, four novices, twelve lay brothers and two full-blooded Indians studying for the priesthood.

At the solicitation of the late Bishop Seghers, Rev. Adelhelm Odermatt, O. S. B., pastor at Maryville, Mo., and a companion, Rev. Nicholas Frei, O. S. B., traveled extensively throughout the arch diocese of Oregon to select a site for a Benedictine Monastery. After examining various points in this

State, the preference was finally awarded to the famous Willamette Valley, in Marion County, and upon the brow of a lovely hill it was decided to locate the prospective priory called Mount Angel, in honor of the Swiss mother house.

Father Odermatt departed for Switzerland on May 9th, 1882, to report the explorations, prospects, etc., and on October 30th, 1882, returned with twenty-six subjects, priests, sisters, brothers, students and candidates from Switzerland and Missouri. The first priory was established at the Church of Gervais, where was located a parish of Irish, French and German Catholics. On May 11th, 1884, Father Odermatt laid the foundation of the new St. Benedict's Priory, and by July 14th the building was ready for habitation. The following Sunday the church and monastery were blessed. In the course of time a college, two seminaries, a petit seminary and a grand seminary for the archdiocese of Oregon arose upon the hill. One hundred boarders were under the direction of Rev. Barnabas Held, O. S. B.

Eight years had passed. The schools were in a flourishing condition, when on the 3rd of May, '92, a disastrous fire caused by a defective flue wrapped the monastery, church, two seminaries, carpenter shops, flour mills and engine house in flames, and within two hours what had required eleven years to complete lay a smouldering heap of ashes before the terrified gaze of two hundred inmates who had barely escaped with their lives. All was consumed except the heavy debts. A slight insurance of twelve thousand could by no means cover the mortgage of fifty thousand which had been given for land and buildings. Their condition was deplorable. No means of procuring food for two hundred mouths, no place save the stables, sheds and small outbuildings for sleeping apartments, and here, after almost six years, the community lives to-day. Father Odermatt resigned his office as Superior and traveled throughout the East soliciting aid, but owing to the stringency of finances, sufficient help was not received to build even one wing of a new monastery. Thus upon the once thriving hill Mount Angel lies a ruin, and her patient sons strive and toil to rear her crushed and fallen greatness.

Through Rev. Adelhelm Odermatt's exertions the Benedictine Sisters of Perpetual Adoration have been introduced into Oregon.

Rev. P. Vincent, O. S. B., visited Devil's Lake, N. Dakota, in 1888, and in 1892 applied to Rome for the canonical erection of a Priory Independent, since neither the Abbots of St. Meinrad or Einsiedeln desired the responsibility. Both, however, contributed financially and sent assistance in the person of Rev. P. Bonaventure, O. S. B. The first building, erected in 1893, was no larger than a small farm house, but as time passed, developed considerably, and now its members number four priests, three clerics, three lay brothers and four novices and candidates. The monastery has the missions of six counties in charge, has built five churches and organized the scattered Catholics into congregations. It has likewise been the leading power in building St. Vincent's Hospital at Devil's Lake, which was opened under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy in the Fall of '95.

St. Gall's College was built in connection with the monastery. It numbers twenty-nine students diligently considering the branches of the public schools. In accordance with the Benedictine tradition, St. Gall's includes a farm of seven hundred acres and over forty head of cattle. Monastery, college and farm are yet in their infancy, but under the energetic surveilance of the noble monks, not many years will elapse ere her success be assured.

The most prominent position among the Indian missions of the Helveto-American Congregation and the greatest progress made by the Benedictines may be accorded the labors among the Sioux tribe, civilized and Christianized by Father Jerome Hunt, O. S. B., whose name is identified with the Sioux faction.

Before the year 1876 these Indians had no Catholic priest residing in their midst. The celebrated Father De Smet visited them occasionally, but they still retained their primitive habits of barbarity, their dances and feasts, notwithstanding the fact that many had been baptized. In spite of their warlike inclinations, they reverenced Father De Smet, and gave a hearty welcome to that Apostle of the Indian, Bishop Marty, when he arrived at Standing Rock Agency, North Dakota, with priests and brothers to effect a permanent settlement among them.

A prominent and active member of the party was Father Hunt, who soon established a school to which he gathered the children of the camp. They came almost devoid of clothing, so the

RT. REV. IGNATIUS CONRAD, O. S. B., NEW SUBIACO ABBEY, ARK.

kind-hearted priest was forced to solicit contributions of wearing apparel from friends. In 1877 the Benedictine nuns arrived and opened a school for girls. The children were taught simple but essential branches, and showed themselves docile and devout. There being no place to serve for the congregation, at an expense of $1400 Father Hunt built the first church, which stands upon a slight eminence, and may be seen for sixteen miles.

In '78 Father Hunt started a second mission at Standing Rock Reservation. Several priests, sisters and brothers assumed charge of the boys and girls, instructing them in the industrial branches. A church was erected, and the large bell still calls the good Indians to the House of God and re-echoes throughout the Valley of the Missouri.

Father Hunt was appointed in charge of the Fort Totten Mission, to succeed Father Claude Enber, who was recalled to Standing Rock. During the past twenty years the Benedictines have established at one Agency six churches, priests' houses, two boarding schools and two day schools, a large industrial college near Crow Creek Agency, a church at Lower Brule Agency, chapels at Cheyenne, Cherry Creek and Bad River.

The priests of St. Meinrad have at present a number of flourishing missions among the Sioux. A member of that house has translated and published in Sioux a catechism, prayer-book and hymn-book, and a Bible history will soon be given to print.

Father Hunt, an authority on the Sioux language, edits and publishes a monthly journal in that dialect. The lives of these Indians are edifying in the extreme. Cold and suffering are no considerations with them upon the day of general communion, and to assist at the annual congress held in July, the poor creatures ride four hundred miles and even greater distances, meeting and cheering one another with words of comfort and encouragement.

Stephan, Hyde County, South Dakota, is another important mission under the supervision of the Fathers of St. Meinrad Abbey. School opened under contract with government in September, 1887, and the Benedictine Sisters given charge of various departments of domestic duties. The large buildings constitute the bulk of the plant, but others have been built to meet the requirements of the institution. The expense incurred for the greater part of shops, stables, granaries, root-houses and laundry, was sustained by Rev. Mother Catherine Drexel of Philadelphia.

During President Harrison's administration, T. J. Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, inaugurated a strong opposition to Catholic schools. This and the subsequent act of Congress withdrawing aid have greatly impaired their efficiency and influence. The government contracts for the education of thirty Indian children, but this will be the last year when assistance will be given. In October, 1895, a large fire consumed one of the principal buildings, and the lack of pecuniary aid has rendered rebuilding impossible. Therefore, of the number who seek admittance, only fifty pupils can be accommodated. Three priests, six sisters and three lay brothers reside at the Mission.

It is impossible to convey an accurate idea in this sketch of the great work accomplished by the American-Swiss Congregation. Matter almost essential to acquaint us with their real worth has of necessity been omitted. Suffice it that they have been and are noble sons of a saintly founder, who have offered their lives upon the altars of religion, been the holocausts of Indian civilization and a propitiation for offending barbarism. American soil and climate are congenial to the Order. The curriculum and Holy Rule are adapted in an especial manner for American brains and energies, and in the Benedictines history repeats

itself in a reverse order. Not only were those who were first in the field, who cleared the forest, tilled the soil, and cultivated the untrained minds of pagan Europe, aided and succeeded by other Orders, they have allowed communities to be the pioneers in the United States, again to fill them beyond requirement, which fact one-half a century's labors forcibly and indisputably demonstrates.

Their sacrifices are beyond computation. Their reward the treasures of the "great beyond," yet in this life their noble hearts must exult to see the unbroken chain which binds the glorious and venerable sanctuary of Einsiedeln to the youthful yet already great family of the Helveto-American Congregation, the second branch of the Order, in which fifty years has wrought such a transformation.

HYMN FOR THE NIGHT.

Return of thanks be paid
To God Omnipotent,
Who out of nothing made
The earth and firmament.

'Tis He that gave us life,
'Tis He prolongs our breath,
By Him we still survive
The ravages of death.

My heart would Thee adore
O Majesty Divine!
To praise Thee evermore
My faltering lips incline.

O grant me then the light
Of Thy perennial grace,
And sweet repose this night
The morrow to embrace.

That so I may impart
The thousand hymns of praise
Within a thankful heart
That Thee adores always.

—*Translated from the Spanish by Rev. Jesse R. McMurphy.*

MINOR NOTES IN THE SYMPHONY OF A LIFE.

By Mary Lee Horton.

CHAPTER I.

In a quaint old town stood a crumbling concrete house; over the stained walls crept the wild rose and clematis, around the discolored pillars of the porch twined the fragrant honeysuckle.

On the broken steps sat a child, her faded frock drawn tightly over her knees; below the hem her bare brown toes peeped forth. Her hands were folded, her face upturned, its thin pale outline framed in straight black hair.

The child was watching the strugglings of a young bird caught in the meshes of a vine. There was pity in the gray eyes.

"Poor birdie!" she whispered. "Wait, and I'll come get you."

Deftly as a cat she climbed the pillar, reached out her hand and caught the frightened bird. Its wing was broken.

"Poor birdie! poor birdie!" softly she cooed.

"Gracia! Gracia!" called a shrill voice from within.

The cooing ceased.

"Gracia, do you hear?"

"Yes'm."

The tender light faded from the child's face as she entered a low, dark room.

"What have you there?"

"A bird with a broken wing, and I'm going to feed it till it gets well."

"Feed it! How can you feed it when there are no crumbs for yourself?"

The voice was pained and embittered.

This woman, whom Gracia called Mata, was small and dark, with straight brows and deep-set eyes. Her hair, more gray than black, was brushed smoothly from the forehead and coiled in a heavy knot, which was held in place by an antique comb, set with pearls.

Gracia could not remember when she had not seen Mata at the window, day in, day out, threading soft skeins into beautiful laces.

On certain days Granny took the laces out to sell. Faithful Granny, with her red turban rising above her kindly, wrinkled face, was a picture that the old town knew well.

Granny called Mata "Lit Missus," and Gracia would wonder if Mata were ever a little girl.

When Gracia asked to fly kites or roll hoops with the barefoot children in the open square, Mata would shake her head; if tears came to plead, Mata would ask, "Are you a Dago?"

When the sun had gone, when a lone candle lighted the dim old room, Gracia brought her books and sat by Mata, to struggle with her lessons till the town clock struck ten. Thus the day passed, each day like yesterday.

The days passed into years, and the child grew to a tall, slim girl. Mata's hair was whiter and her fingers threaded less quickly the lacy fabrics. Granny had grown too feeble to sell laces, but the men came to leave their orders. It was Gracia who sat hour after hour making lace. When night came a gentle rap announced Father Michiel, who still gave Gracia lessons, his face serene, his voice full and kind, as he guided and instructed the girl.

Late one day when there was no light save the fire-light in the room, Mata called Gracia to her.

"Bring your stool and sit near me, Gracia—here at my feet — Father Michiel will not come tonight."

She leaned back; the child looked into her face; why was it so weird? Was it the fire-light?

"Gracia, I shall not be here long. But you will have a home in the convent until you are able to earn your bread, then you must go into the world. Gracia,"—the old, haughty look crept back into the dimmed eyes —"be brave and proud; make no compromise with the world."

But the haughty look went out and the voice was strangely low as she said, "Gracia, I had a brother once; we were twins. The same cradle songs hushed us to sleep; we played the same games; read the same books; loved the same heroes.

"But there was a boy, young and handsome, whom I loved; aye, loved better than I did my twin brother. When the war broke out, they—these two whom I loved—fought on opposing sides. When all was over they met—these two whom I loved—they had never loved each other, tho' I—I —loved them both.

"Ah, well—one lived, the other died. A long night of darkness came, and when I awoke, Gracia, my hair, once black like yours, was all dead and whitened, as you see it now.

"Three years passed, when one day a woman brought me a wee baby, such a tiny, helpless thing. With it came a letter; here it is, all yellow. Well, I kept the baby and named it Gracia, for its Cuban mother. Yes, it is all in the letter. Don't touch it, child. Father Michiel will keep it, and when you are old enough you may read it.

"Gracia"—Mata learned forward, her breath came quick—"should love and duty cross, let duty guide you, that your soul may find peace."

The shrunken form sank back. All was still, save the child; the blood surged through her veins, her eyes were blinded. What was this strange story? Would Mata die, die? A chill stole over her; she crouched lower on the stool.

Mata had turned her face toward the west window; there was a wide, far-away look in her eyes. The long, bony fingers picked at the frayed cover of the old chair. She spoke, and her voice was low and choking.

Gracia strained her ear; the choking voice went on.

"Life was bright. Poverty—sin—" How the voice pleaded! "I—I—did —my—best."

The lids dropped; two tears splashed upon the withered cheeks; the blue lips twitched; there was a flutter at the throat. Gracia could have screamed; she dared not breathe. Softly she crept forward and touched Mata's hand; it was cold, so cold.

CHAPTER II.

In a sleepy old town stands St. Mary's Academy. Its four walls rise ungarnished, and its bare windows blink in the sunlight. Enter the big front door, pass up a flight of stairs, down a narrow corridor, look in at an open door, there sits a girl threading lace; now and then a stifled sigh escapes. Just across the way in a grove of live-oaks nestles the wooden-framed church; on its tower gleams a gilded cross.

Tomorrow the church puts on her loveliest garb for a great feast, but there is no joy in the face of the lace-making girl. Her work is finished, and falls at her feet, a webby mass.

"Ah, Gracia!" says a low-toned voice, and a dark-robed figure enters; "you have finished. How beautiful! Father Peter will be much pleased. The altar will look well with such a piece of work upon it. But are you not coming to make bouquets for tomorrow?" continues Sister Abigail, as she gathers up the lace and leaves the room.

"Presently." The girl is alone; resting her elbows on the window-sill, she looks into the far-off clouds.

Father Michiel got a scholarship for Garcia in this distant convent, many, many miles from her childhood home. Now and then a letter came from the aged priest; he was the only link that bound Gracia to the past; Granny had long been dead.

With the first summer month came the time when Gracia must leave the old convent, or forever remain within its walls. The sun had risen upon her last school-day. Its first rays found her before the crucifix, her simple heart bowed in faith. Would the mother of Jesus help her to decide? Should she be a nun, and wear a coarse, dark garb? Or should she go into the wide, beautiful, mysterious world?

A little later when Gracia entered the convent, Sister Abigail handed her a letter. "It is from Father Michiel."

Gracia slipped the letter into her pocket, but when breakfast had been served, and chapel-prayers had been read, she escaped into the garden and flung herself upon a broken seat. In two hours the commencement exercises would begin. Hastily she tore open the envelope; a bank check fluttered to the ground. The letter was from Father Michiel, and within its folds was the worn, yellow letter that Gracia had first seen in Mata's trembling hands. Slowly she unfolded it and read, and read again. Her face was strangely pale. She reached for Father Michiel's letter; as she looked down the page a dread uncertainty came into her eyes. She read the last lines.

"You must choose your path, my child, but remember, Gracia, that though erring, sin-stained, and shadowed by disgrace, he is your father. Look into your heart and do as it directs. It may be given to you to lead his soul to God."

She arose and moved as one with deadened limbs. "He is my father; I will go to him," she whispered through tightened lips.

The commencement exercises had begun; the old Hall was crowded. At last Gracia's turn came. She was gowned in simple white. As she looked down upon the people, her pale face unmoved, her gray eyes filled with a soft light, she stood a breathing poem.

There was a hush when her low, clear voice pronounced the words, "Nihil Sine Cruce" (nothing without a cross). Not a flutter disturbed the hush until the whole was finished; then, as she slightly bowed her head, a bunch of roses fell at her feet.

That night, when the convent was wrapped in sleep, Gracia stole out into the moonlight and again read Father Michiel's letter. It was not long; at the close was given in full a strange name and address.

Next morning Gracia stood at the depot ready to start. She explained to the Sisters that, through Father Michiel, she had decided to go to friends in the West. They were prepared for what she said. The mother answered in her quiet way:

"May your life be peaceful, child; we, too, have heard from Father Michiel."

CHAPTER III.

Gracia had travelled three days when she reached Juno, a small railway station. A crowd of idlers gathered around when the train pulled up. At one end of the platform stood a shabby hack.

Gracia approached the driver with the inquiry, "Does this hack take people to Elmo?"

"Yes, miss."

Gracia climbed in, but scarcely was she seated when a man approached, saying, "Your pardon, but we must be fellow-travellers for a few hours;

this is the only vehicle going to Elmo."

"Certainly," said Gracia, as she moved aside to make room.

"A' a boa'd," drawled old Cady, as he untwisted his legs and cracked his long whip.

Gracia looked at the man before her; his face was strong and handsome.

"What a fine breeze!" exclaimed Louis Wolfgang, as he raised his hat. They were travelling through a prarie, over which the glad wind careered, checked in its course only by the tall grass and the wild-flowers.

Gracia was neither startled nor alarmed when the stranger talked. His rich voice pleased her; his droll remarks amused her. He was a young engineer sent out to survey at Elmo and surrounding places. He was concerned to know about the country and the people, but when he appealed to Gracia she was forced to say that she, also, was a stranger; that she was going to her father, whom she could not remember having seen; that for several years she had been at school in Baton.

"Baton," repeated Wolfgang; "then we have been fellow-travellers all along. I stopped a few days in Baton with a college chum, just before starting for this point.

Here came a pause, for Gracia knew little of Baton; her world had been within the four walls of the convent. Soon however, she was listening to Wolfgang tell about his Northern home, his sister and his mother.

The ride seemed short when Cady brought his horses to a halt in front of the Elmo Hotel, a long, one-story, unpainted building, with a gallery the full length, at one end of which were men washing their faces in tin basins. Other men loitered on the steps; some were whittling bits of sticks.

The setting sun had thrown his straight rays across the prairie, and these men were waiting for their supper.

Gracia did not wish to stop at the hotel; she asked to be driven to Tom Tonstal's.

"Ther' be the place," said Cady, as he pulled up the horses and pointed to a small house near the centre of a large enclosure.

Gracia passed down the grass-grown walk. Through the open door she saw the bare rafters and unpolished floor of her father's home. Her rap brought to the door a girl, blue-eyed and yellow-haired, who invited Gracia in, and offered her the chair of state, a rawhide-bottomed rocker, Gracia asked if Mr. Tonstal was at home.

"No; papa comes home after dark. He runs a store, and El and me, we keep house since ma died."

"Yes; who is El?"

"She's my sister. I rec'on she'll come directly. She's gone to Mis' Hopkins, that's awful sick."

"Have you no other sister?"

"No'm."

A sober look came into the round, baby-like face.

"I did have a baby sister once. Pa, he was married 'fore he married ma, and he had a little baby girl, but it got lost, and pa couldn't never find it. It would be grown now. It's older than El, and El's most fifteen."

The girl stopped for breath.

"Go on," said Gracia, "and tell me about this baby sister."

"That's 'bout all; but wait er minit."

The girl lifted the lid of an old chest standing in the room, and dived to the bottom. She brought out an exquisite case, and touched the spring. When Gracia took the case she saw the miniature of a woman, dark and beautiful.

"That's the baby's ma," whispered Nora, the half-sister.

Gracia looked at the face before her, and her heart-beats kept time to the words, "My own, own mother."

At last she asked, "Would you like to see that baby sister?"

"Better than anything!"

"Well," said Gracia, very softly, as she put her arm around the girl and drew her nearer, "I am that baby sister, and I have come to live with you."

Just when the night was creeping on, El came home and found the two sisters talking like old friends.

A little later, when the supper was laid, three girls waited for the home-coming of their father.

A footstep was heard.

"That's pa," said El, as she peeped into the darkness.

Gracia started—she seemed to hear Mata's voice—the yellow letter passed before her.

"My daughter!" A stooped figure had entered the doorway.

"How do you know me, father?"

"I have had letters from Father Michiel; and, Gracia, you have your mother's eyes."

CHAPTER IV.

Time passed, and the gossips of Elmo wagged their heads and said, "In'er, qu'er, ole Tonstal ain't bin drunk for months." And so it was. Tom Tonstal walked with a firmer step. There was no longer poker-playing at the store. The pool table had been broken up for firewood. At an early hour the store doors were closed, and in the deepening twilight Gracia could be seen crossing the prairie to meet her father.

The home, too, had changed; the rafters were hidden; at the front windows hung muslin curtains; after supper, as Tom Tonstal smoked his evening pipe, he sat in an easier chair than the rawhide-bottomed rocker. Gracia taught the town school.

Gracia was no stranger to the half-sisters. Tom Tonstal had often told them of the lost baby and its beautiful mother. El's and Nora's brightest fancies had clustered about this home mystery.

Like the sunlight, Gracia brought life to this desolate home. Tom Tonstal seemed to gain strength and grow young. He went back to the days of his youth, when his life was true and good. He grew ambitious for El and Nora. It was decided to send them to Juno; they could board with the judge's family, take piano lessons, and attend the graded school. El went, Nora could not be persuaded to leave her new-found sister, whom she loved with a strange reverence.

Much of Gracia's time was spent in teaching Nora arithmetic and French verbs. She had few friends in this wild, rude place, yet her life was not lonely.

Louis Wolfgang came; brought his books, his sketches. Long hours they spent together; Gracia with her needle, Wolfgang reading. But, best of all were the winter afternoons when Gracia was free from school, when the young man spoke of his home or told to the listening girl traditions of the Black Forest and legends of the Rhine.

When gray-light fell over the lone prairie, Gracia would put on her hood and cloak and go out to meet her father. Sometimes Wolfgang would ask to go with her, but she would refuse; those walks were her father's.

Why was it when Wolfgang turned aside his handsome face grew stern? Was it wrong that he should love this dark-haired Creole girl? Ah, no! she was only a kindred spirit, a gentle sister. And why did he thus reason? Well—in a distant home lived a fair-faced woman, whom he promised to marry. There came a time when Wolfgang could no longer deceive himself. It was a day in June. Gracia sat alone in the morning-glory arbor. The big blue and white flowers had danced in the morning light, but they were asleep now, for it was long past noon, and while their broad

leaves played with the wind, Gracia sat and dreamed, a smile trembling on her lips.

She did not start, or even look up, when a footstep came near; her heart gave one wild leap and then was still. A moment later Wolfgang was pouring into her ear his love-tale. How deeply this strong man loved! He told her all. How he had loved her since that day in Baton when she had read "Nihil Sine Cruce." It was he who had thrown the bunch of roses. Wolfgang was not a coward; he told Gracia about the woman he had promised to marry; but what were empty words?

Gracia again saw the yellow letter; again she heard Mata's voice.

She arose and stood before him; her hair was burnished by the sun; her face was colorless; she looked deep into Wolfgang's eyes.

"I do not love you," she said. The lie stuck in her throat like a sharp knife.

* * * * * *

Two years passed; there was a quiet wedding in the little church. El married the judge's son.

Those were restful days for Tom Tonstal, yet there were times when his brow was knotted with pain, when remorse gnawed at his heart; then Gracia with her gentle voice soothed away the haunting fears, fought back the ghosts of deeds done; and the old man blessed his darling.

Time went by, and there was another quiet wedding. Nora married the engineer who came four years before to take Wolfgang's place.

A little while and Tom Tonstal was laid in a new-made grave. In the lonely home a woman stood beside her hearth-stone, two letters in her hand. One she read—it told of a father's escape from prison, years of seclusion, his search for a lost child; the name of his isolated home was given; so ended the old priest's letter. She looked at the other—worn and yellow; too well she knew its secret; a brother writing to his twin sister from the prison where he waited death; his young wife had died of grief; his babe he had never seen, but he sent it to her, his sister, and bade her keep it; she would not refuse, for their mother's sake, for their childhood's sake.

On the living coals dropped the old, worn letter; brave, tearless eyes watched it as writhed and blackened.

INSPIRATION.

By Edward Benninghaus Kenna.

A thought from God's great heart of love,
Fell to this world of wrong,
A poet made this thought his own
And breathed it forth in song.

KNOCK-AN-FAERIN: AN IRISH BALLAD.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD (Sliav-na-mon).

Oh! 'tis back to Knock-an-Faerin that my longing heart would go,
To hear the wild wind singing and the breezes sobbing low.
I'm weary of the valleys; and the sunny hills aglow
Call me back to Knock-an-Faerin where the heather-blossoms grow.

I came to Kil-mac-Owen here to seek for work and bread;
I tried to drive the thought of home and neighbors from my head;
And the Master and the Missis are as kind as kind could be;
But my eyes are blind with trouble when the far blue hills I see.

Sure here the talk is always about money, work and rent,
And they're mighty cute and serious when a penny's to be spent;
And the *colleens* are like city dames with boots upon their feet;
They scarcely say "God save ye!" when you pass them on the street.

Oh! 'tis up in Knock-an-Faerin that the *ceannabhan** is fair,
And the primroses with sweetest breath are scenting all the air;
The mountain rills are leaping down all flashing as they flow
From pleasant Knock-an-Faerin where the heather-blossoms grow.

I've seen the County Dublin and I've traveled thro' Kildare;
My native old Kilkenny doth the palm of beauty bear;
And within our sweet Kilkenny's bounds the sweetest spot I know
Is grand old Knock-an-Faerin where the heather-blossoms grow.

To see the clouds come rolling down the Comeragh's craggy side,
And Sliav-na-mon up-swelling from the Suir's shining tide,
The hills and glynns and valleys for a dozen leagues or so
You can view from Knock-an-Faerin where the heather-blossoms grow.

'Tis there the grass is greenest and the sky is richest blue,
The *cailins* are the fairest found and hearts are ever true;
And stalwart hands for Erin that will strike a crashing blow,
They wait in Knock-an-Faerin where the heather-blossoms grow.

I'm weary of the valleys, and the wind is calling now,
'Tis sweeping to the sunny hills beyond Sliav-Una's brow;
The spade I'll pitch into the ditch and with the wind I'll go!
Hurrah! for Knock-an-Faerin where the heather-blossoms grow!

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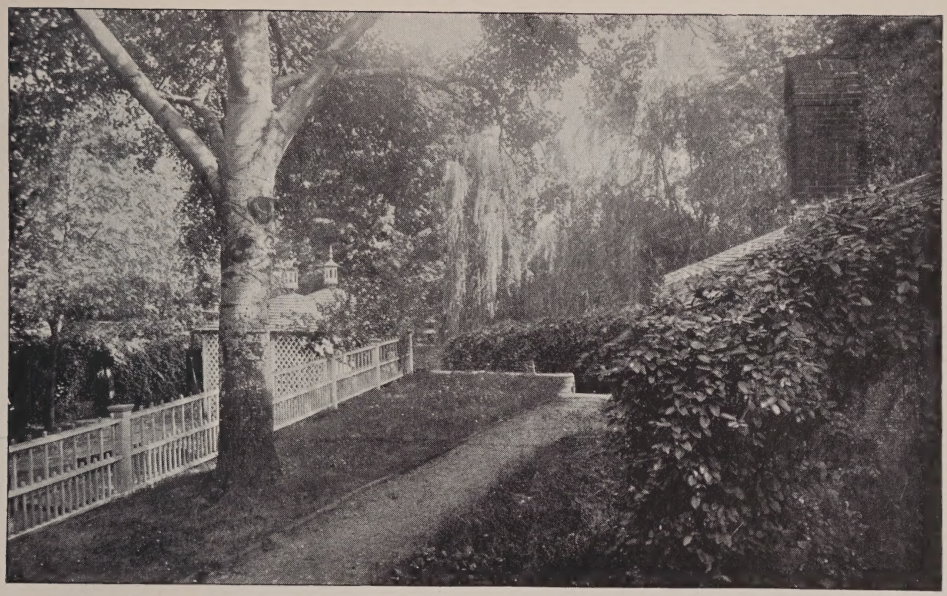
* Pron. Canavavn. A snow-white marsh-flower.



The Little Vine-covered House of the Foundation, Georgetown, D. C.

THE VISITATION ORDER IN THE UNITED STATES.

SKETCH OF A CLOISTERED TEACHING ORDER.

By Lydia Sterling Flintham.

WHO has not longed in an hour of grief or temptation to cast aside the weight that oppresses, and leaving all else to seek some oasis in the desert of the world, and to be forever at rest? Or what Christian spirit, actuated by higher, worthier motives, listening perhaps to the pleading voice of some holy priest of God, has not felt suddenly elevated to wondrous heights never reached by her before, and in that moment has longed to seek a spot where the world and its allurements have no place?

But the nun, dwelling in her humble cloister, felt a call more powerful, more enduring far than these! At the Voice of God, she gave up father and mother, and all that the world holds dear, and leaning upon the Heart of the Heavenly Bridegroom, she entered into that peace which worldlings never know!

Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes.

And though the world may scoff as did those who listened to the holy Saint Cecilia, when she spoke in mysterious accents of her Heavenly Bridegroom, yet the number of these devoted women increases with every year, and the thoughtful man or woman is forced to admit that the nun

MRS. HARRIET LANE JOHNSTONE,

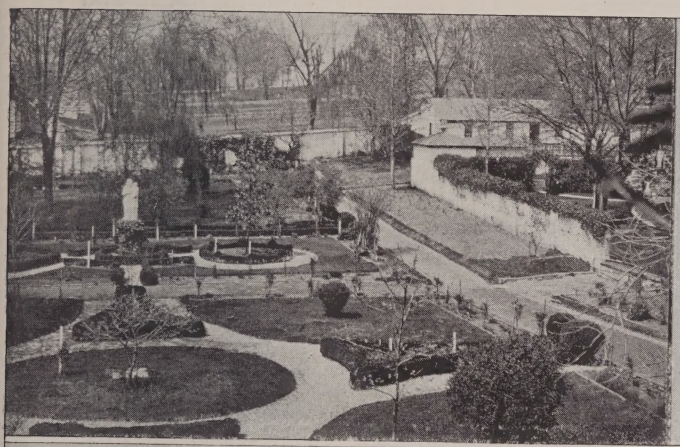
Who presided with admirable grace in the White House during the administration of her uncle, President Buchanan.

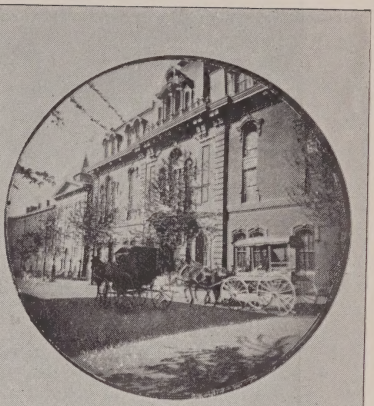
living either the "active" or the cloistered life, is one of the greatest powers in the church, and an acknowledged element in the elevation of humanity.

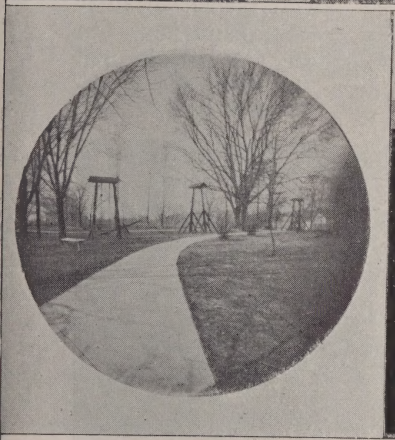
Of the Sister who is living more of an active life, coming each day into contact with the world (though never

of the world), it is not the purpose of this humble sketch to treat. I would lead you "beyond the bars," into the cloister of the Visitation, and show you a "power behind the throne," a power which has done much, especially in our own beloved country, to elevate and ennoble Christian women and prepare them for their proper place in society.

The Order of the Visitation of Holy Mary was founded at Annecy (Savoy) in 1610 by St. Francis de Sales, Bishop and Prince of Geneva, and Jane Frances Fremiot de Chantal. The former had in view the opening







Part of Monastery Grounds.
Recreation Ground.
Part of Playground.

GEORGETOWN.

Front View of Academy.
South-west View of Academy.
Infirmary.

MRS. MADELINE VINTON DAHLGREN.

of a Retreat for widows and single women desiring to enter a religious life, but debarred by delicate health from the rigors of the then existing orders.

Here, he considered, they could sanctify themselves by prayer and good works. With so holy a director as St. Francis, and so zealous a superior as Mme. de Chantal, the order rapidly became popular, and many ladies of note entered it. At this time no enclosure was observed, but the Archbishop Dionysius of Lyons, in which city was opened the second house, differed from St. Francis, and urged the institution of the cloister. Reluctantly the saint was constrained to yield to the proposed change. In 1618, therefore, Pope Paul V. authorized the erection of the institute into a religious order, under the rule of St. Augustine.

Like the grain of mustard, the order rapidly grew and flourished, sending its branches into all parts of France, into Italy, Switzerland, Spain and Portugal, into Belgium, Poland, Russia, and even England.

The requirements of the times and the needs of life, after awhile, made it necessary to depart again from the original intention of the founder, and in 1639 a dispensation was granted, allowing the Sisters to open day and boarding schools for young girls. Since that time the Visitandines have taken rank among the great teachers of the world.

The Order of the Visitation was established in our own country under singular circumstances. Miss Alice Lalor, with a few other young women, formed a community at Georgetown, D. C., under the direction of Father Leonard Neale, who placed in their hands the rule of St. Francis. On his accession to the Arch-Episcopal See of Baltimore, in 1815, the Arch-

MRS. ADELE MORRISON.

STUDY HALL. GARDENS IN WINTER.

YOUNG LADIES' LIBRARY.

bishop turned his attention toward this little congregation, known as "the Pious Ladies," and from Pope Pius VII., in the following year, he received a grant which raised the community to the rank of a monastery. The need of Catholic education was keenly felt in America at this time; therefore, the new community, prompted by holy zeal, as well as by their own pressing needs, immediately opened an academy. It quickly became popular, and it has been said that, were it not for Georgetown Convent in the early part of the century, the faith would have died out in the Maryland counties. The young men were engaged in farming and other pursuits, and, as a rule, received little education. The girls were expected to be accomplished, and were sent to Georgetown. It is a notable fact that it was the convent girl who made every effort to secure for her son or brother a religious education.

MRS. JULIUS WALSH, ST. LOUIS, MO

But they had their period of struggle, when, in their little convent, extreme poverty reigned. In fact, there was a time when it was thought necessary to disband, and the Sisters sought to distribute themselves among other orders in the country. Arch-

MRS. THOMAS J. SEMMES, LA., nee MYRA EULALIE KNOX, ALA.

bishop Neale, and Father Cloriviere, his successor as their spiritual director, constantly befriended them, and a wealthy gentleman in New York, sending his three daughters and sister to them to be educated, proved that proverbial "friend in need." Having paid in advance for the education of these ladies, this man's kindness placed the convent upon a firm foundation. By the addition of Sisters from Annecy, the curriculum of the academy was raised to the highest standard, and it has never departed from that point of excellence.

A marked contrast is presented today between the present imposing academy and the little vine-covered house of the foundation.

Georgetown, or West Washington, as it is now called, is a fashionable suburb of the Nation's Capital. Here historic homesteads dispute with modern mansions for the admiration of the visitor. An object of never-failing interest is the famous Convent of the Visitation. In a retired, though cheerful section, stands the long four-storied monastery; attached to it is the new and stately academy. It is a noble building of brick and brownstone, enclosing a great garden. Beautiful walks and flower beds and statues make this latter an Eden. The pecan trees bordering the estate were grown from nuts presented by Thomas Jefferson to a grandfather of one of the nuns. The convent rejoices in many relics of the great departed. In the chapel is a marble altar, the gift of Charles X. of France, also a painting of Martha and Mary, sent to the Sisters by that King, through Father Cloriviere, whose family were devoted Royalists.

Beneath the chapel is the mortuary vault, where lie the remains of the revered Archbishop Neale, also Father Cloriviere. Here, too, rest Sister Teresa Lalor, the first mother, and Miss Yturbide, daughter of the former Mexican Emperor.

The outer cemetery also covers illustrious names. Such had Sister Mary Frances, a niece of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Sister Bernard, a sister of General Graham. Here, too, is buried she who was Virginia, the daughter of General Winfield Scott. Sister Stanislaus was one of Georgetown's most beloved religious. Her father was Commodore Jones, hero of

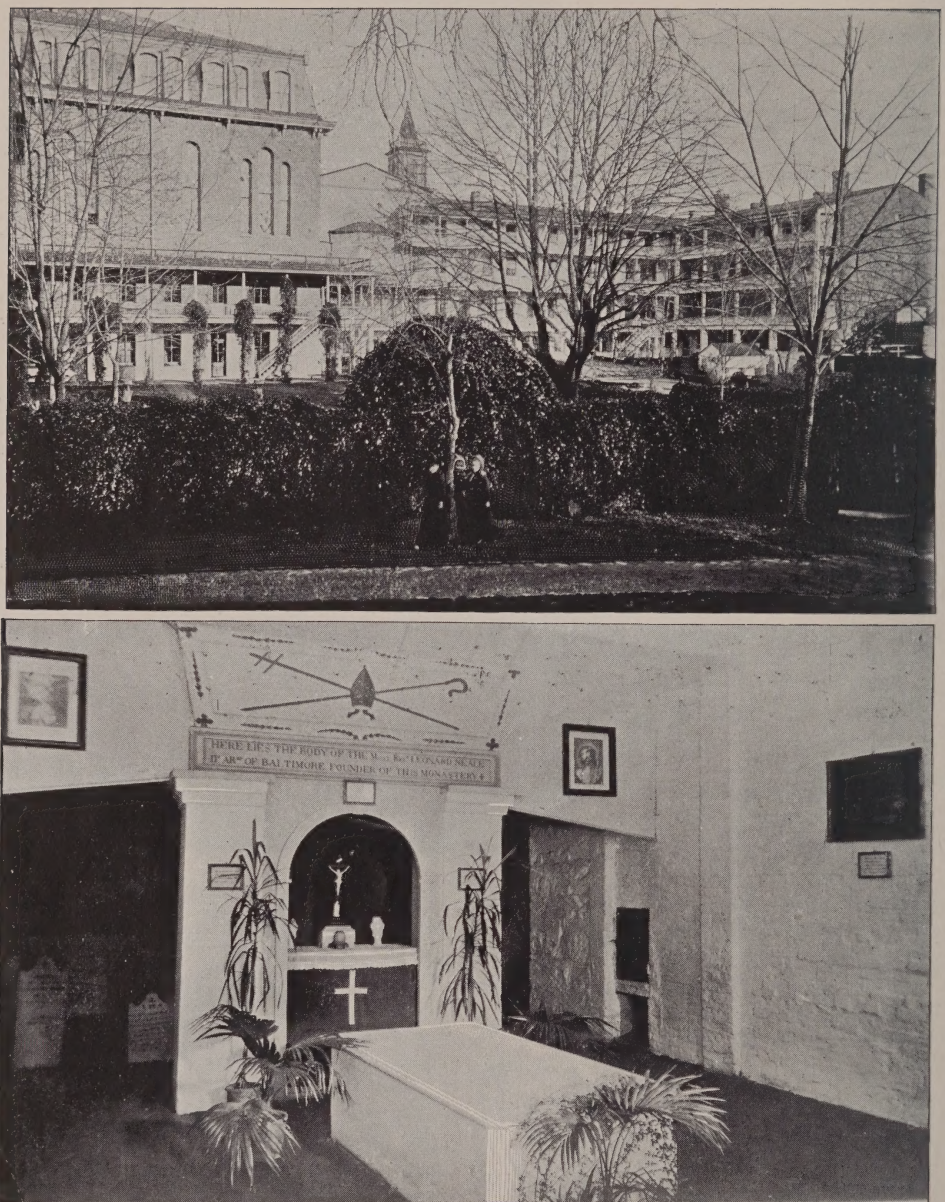
MRS. MARION RAMSEY CUTTING.

1812; her mother, a descendant of the Moores, a noted Philadelphia family. This Sister spent fifty-four years in the cloister, a proof that the even, holy life of a convent is conducive to long years.

Another nun worthy of note was Sister M. Austin Barber, that wonderful wife and mother, who, after her marriage to an Episcopal clergyman, became, with her husband, a convert. Ten years after her marriage Mrs. Barber entered the convent at Georgetown. Her husband became a Jesuit. Later, their son followed his father's example, and their four daughters became Sisters!

Of the early superiors, perhaps the most remarkable was Mother Juliana Mathews, who was ten times elected superior. She was a grandniece of

MRS. EMMA ETHERIDGE MORAN.



1. North-west View of Monastery. 2. Part of Vault Cellar, Georgetown, D. C.

Archbishop Neale, and founded new convents in Washington, Brooklyn, and Richmond.

The records of the Visitation would be incomplete without a passing mention of the noble Sisters of our own time. Writes the charming Mrs. Semmes of New Orleans, a graduate of the academy: "Do not forget to speak of dear Sister Eulalia, who taught me the harp at Georgetown—that beautiful and gifted woman,

whose mind was masculine in its intelligence, and whose nature was tender and compassionate beyond any I ever knew!"

Mother Fidelis, the present superior, ably sustains the high reputation of the school. Sister Teresa is a sister of the late Judge White, and a niece of Gerald Griffin, the poet and novelist. In addition to every quality of a good religious, she possesses a tact and great executive ability rarely found.

Nor have the pupils, whose characters were largely molded by these ladies, been less illustrious. When John Quincy Adams, in 1828, conferred the prizes, and addressed the graduates, the standing of the academy was such that our Chief Executive felt proud to perform the task. The following remarks are from his "Memoirs": At 2 o'clock I went with my son John and his wife to the Academy of the

MRS. POTTER PALMER.
By courtesy of the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

MRS. RACHEL SHERMAN THORNDIKE.
Daughter of Gen. Sherman.

Nuns of the Visitation at Georgetown and distributed the prizes that had been awarded to the young ladies. There are upwards of 100 girls at the school. There are at the school three daughters of the some-time Emperor of Mexico, Yturbide, and they all received prizes. The eldest received the first crown, and, in adjusting it to her head, the sentiment of the vanity of human greatness impressed itself deeply on my mind. Four or five of the nuns were present, and, at the side of the piano, in the sable weeds of the order, was the young and beautiful daughter of Commodore Jones, who not long ago took the veil. At the close of the ceremonies, I addressed a few words to the young ladies, assuring them that I felt as much honored

MRS. W. H. LEE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

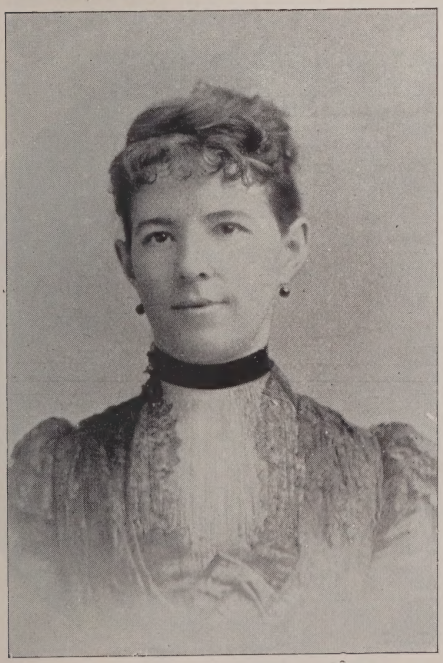
in distributing the rewards as they had been in receiving them, with the difference, however, that on me the honor was gratuitously conferred, but theirs was the reward of merit."

Among the noted women who claim Georgetown as their alma mater are Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson, who pre-

MRS. CORA SEMMES IVES, PHŒNIX, ARIZONA.

sided so gracefully at the White House during the administration of her uncle, President Buchanan; Mrs. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, whose graceful story of her conversion whilst a pupil of Georgetown, was recently published in "The Rosary." Mrs. Potter Palmer, president of the Board of Lady Managers during the World's Fair; her sister, Mrs. Fred Grant, and Mrs. Russell Harrison, daughter-in-law of ex-President Harrison, are also graduates. Mrs. Marion Cutting of New York, Mrs. Emma M. Thompson of Atlanta and Mrs. Ella Sherman Thackera are a trio of beauties, and well known in social circles. The last is General Sherman's daughter; her sister, Rachel Sherman, was also a graduate. Their mother was educated at Georgetown, as was also a cousin, who became Mother Angela of the Holy Cross Sisters, Indiana. Mrs. Philip Sheridan was a pupil. Also Mrs. Baughman, wife of Colonel Baughman, proprietor of the Baltimore Sun, and daughter of A. S. Abel, Baltimore; and ex-Governor Grant of Colorado found his wife among the ranks of Georgetown's graduates.

MRS. BAUGHMAN.
Wife of Colonel Baughman and Daughter the late A. S. Abell, proprietor of the Baltimore Sun.



ELLA LORAINE DORSEY.

The mantles of their gifted mothers have fallen upon Miss Mary T. Waggaman and Miss Ella Loraine Dorsey. The former writes in brilliant verse; the latter is well known as the author of "Midshipman Bob." These are graduates of Georgetown, as are the daughters of Senator Ingalls and Miss Isabel McKenna, whose father, Judge McKenna, was lately appointed Attorney-General. Mrs. Lee of St. Louis is another graduate. She and her husband are among the leading Catholics of that

MRS. IDA HONORE GRANT.
Wife of Col. Fred. Dent Grant.

city. Miss Hattie Monroe, who wrote the Columbian Ode for the World's Fair, is another who is an honor to her convent home.

Mrs. Emily Warren Roebling claims it as one of her highest honors that she is president of the Georgetown Alumnae. She is the wife of Washington A. Roebling, the famous architect of the Brooklyn Bridge, and shares with him much of the honor of its conception and construction.

If space permitted, a long array of other names that have added to the laurels won by Georgetown might be presented, names of maidens who, passing from the convent to their various stations in the great world outside, have proven by the beauty of their lives the worth of the gentle training that molded them to the image of true womanhood.

As we know a tree by its fruits, it is natural to inquire how widespread has been the influence of a great institution. Georgetown has been a fruitful mother. Besides the day school which she opened in Washington, and which is one of the most beautiful buildings on Connecticut Avenue, just next to the British Legation, she has founded houses in Mobile, St. Louis, Brooklyn, and Baltimore, whilst from these have sprung others in St. Paul, Dubuque, Wilmington, Parkersburg,

THE DUCK POND.

MRS MARY GOODELL GRANT, WIFE OF EX-GOV. GRANT OF COLORADO.

Richmond and Marysville, and Wheeling.

The first filiation from Georgetown was at Mobile, in 1833. Right Reverend Michael Portier, first bishop of Mobile, asked for Sisters from the mother house, and, in response, eight fervent souls came to take possession of the poor little cottage destined to be their home. Great and many were

MRS. EMMA M. THOMPSON.
President Woman's Board, Atlanta Exposition, Georgia.

MRS. EMILY WARREN ROEBLING.
Wife of W. A. Roebling, Architect, Brooklyn Bridge.

the difficulties opposed to their success. Poverty and the antagonism of the ignorant (who afterwards became their friends) added to their trials.

No sooner had they recovered from the effects of a mighty cyclone, which left them shelterless, when fire totally consumed the little convent which their own energy and the kindness of friends had erected. When the good Bishop heard of the calamity, he hastened to his bereaved daughters, and, seeing a little novice weeping, placed his hand on her head and exclaimed: "Courage, my child; what God sows in sorrow He will not destroy tomorrow. You will live to see a more beautiful convent than the one we have lost. I shall not, but I will help you from Heaven!"

The good man's words were prophetic, and the one who heard them has lived to see them verified! In Summerville, a suburb of Mobile, stands this "mystic bee hive," looking out from a forest of magnificent live oaks. An avenue of magnolias leads to the rushing river, where is built a beautiful bathhouse, and which has been furthermore utilized to turn a great waterwheel. A chapel dedicated to the Sacred Heart is the crowning beauty of this earthly paradise. It is considered the most beautiful in the South, and its erection is mainly due to the benefactions of the Messrs F. and A. McGill, two prominent business men of Mobile and devoted sons of the church. "They form the exception to the rule of donors," wrote the superior to me, "being not only

CONSTANCE INGALLS, DAUGHTER OF SENATOR INGALLS.

generous, but truly devoted friends!"

Here, in the Academy of the Visitandines, the young mind has been trained to virtue and science. The best families of the South are represented year after year, and it has also been liberally patronized by the dark-eyed senoritas of Cuba, Mexico, and Central America.

In St. Louis, there is also a widely-known Academy of the Visitation, where every facility for a thorough English and classical education is offered. Musical and literary circles have been formed and the Alma Mater Association serves to maintain that union and sympathy always remarked among "convent girls."

Last October the Visitandines celebrated the silver jubilee of their establishment in Dubuque. That city's great pride is her religious institutions, and among them none is more cherished than the Academy of the Visitation. It occupies a site well known to Iowans as "General Jones' Old Place," and is one of the healthiest and most beautiful locations in the city. With what feelings of joy must the Sisters have welcomed their old-time pupils back to those stately halls on this glad day of their jubilee! Three hundred were there to testify to their devotion. The remarks of the reverend orator paid high tribute to the qualities of the Visitandines as teachers. "Your secular training," he said, "has received the highest praise, and has been pronounced equal to any normal training in the state."

ISABEL MCKENNA.
Daughter of Attorney-General McKenna, California.

HARRIET MONROE, CHICAGO, ILL.
Author of the Columbian Ode.

MRS. ETHEL INGALLS BLAIR.

It may be remarked here that a distinctive feature of the organization of communities under the rules of the Visitation is the independent character of each house. When it is deemed advisable to establish a community in any city the nuns chosen for the purpose proceed to select a head, whose authority is recognized as absolute and in no way subordinate to the rulings of the mother house. The deference due to age, the loving acknowledgment of a child's indebtedness to a parent, and the community of interests uniting members of the same family even after they have separated for their life work, are the only ties binding the different branches of this widespread teaching order. Even when two or more houses are founded in the same city, this independent individual life for each community is carried out under a strict observance of the same rules governing one and all.

Catholic colonization means poverty, toil, and sacrifice for the pioneers, and these gentle ladies, whose zeal for religion strengthened them for the separation first from the parental home and then from the community where their happy novitiate was passed, endured their share of early vicissitudes in laying the foundation of an enduring work of education. Every academy founded strove to attain the standard of excellence established at Georgetown, and in every instance, though often after trial and disappointment, success has rewarded well-directed effort.

It is a grateful task for one with loving memories of the Visitandines,

MARY T WAGGAMAN.

and present happy knowledge of the influence of their beautiful lives, to trace their noble work from the humble beginning at Georgetown, to dwell upon its development in the foundations lightly touched upon in this sketch and to pay generous tribute to the general good they have accomplished in the chosen field where the Great Teacher has called them to labor. But even inclination must yield to certain limitations, so reluctantly the last page is written in the space assigned.

In the next number the subject will be resumed, and sketches given of Mount De Sales, Mount De Chantal, Cardome, Mount Marie, Mobile and Dubuque academies and other daughters of the Georgetown Convent of the Visitation.

Of Georgetown, as the foundation of so many houses of learning, Catholics may well be proud. Through trial, she labored "in the heat of the day," but now rejoices in the evening's shade, and when I reflect upon the early sufferings of her many children, noting how they live and flourish, the words of the holy Bishop of Mobile flash across my mind: "What God sows in sorrow, He will not destroy tomorrow.

To be continued.

TRANSFORMATION.

By Mary T. Waggaman.

The giant Labor grovels in the slime;
Faith lays on him her glowing hand — behold!
He rises up a seraph clothed in gold.
Unfurling lambent wings he outstrips Time.

Will the Dingley Bill Revive Business?

Symposium — Concluded.

COL. ALBERT CLARKE.

Secretary of Executive Committee, Home Market Club.

Whether or not the Dingley tariff will revive business will depend largely upon what the Dingley tariff is. As the bill left the House it was the most scientific and equitable measure for raising sufficient revenue and affording adequate protection to every domestic industry that is exposed to foreign competition that was ever framed. As it has been reported by the Senate Committee on Finance, its proportion is sacrificed to the necessity of gaining certain senatorial votes, and no man can tell what it may be when enacted. It is a national misfortune to have either branch of Congress so close politically that the party in power cannot put its policy into law.

However, assuming that whatever tariff is enacted by this Congress will be more generally protective than the present Wilson tariff is, no believer in protection doubts that it will revive business. Under the tariff of 1890, which the people hastily condemned without trial because free trade orators and writers denounced it without truth, business prospered as never before. The non-partisan reports of the Treasury Department and of the several State Bureaus of Statistics show that in 1892-3 more people were employed in all leading industries and at better wages than ever before, and that both our internal and external commerce was largely increased. Like causes produce like effects; hence the inference that under a similar tariff and without material change in the currency there will be a revival of business as soon as the present free trade or low tariff conditions can be recovered from.

The panic and hard times of 1893 and since were caused (1) by Mr. Cleveland's appointing as Secretary of the Treasury a man with a free silver record, who told the public through the medium of a newspaper interview that if the Treasury gold should become depleted the obligations of the government might be paid in silver, which was then, as now, worth only about one-half as much as gold at the legal ratio of coinage; and (2) by the certainty that the Congress, both branches of which were in political accord with the Administration, would soon enact a tariff on free trade lines, which would increase foreign competition in our markets, thereby depriving labor of employment and reducing wages, and at the same time draining the Treasury of gold to pay for the goods brought from abroad. What sagacious business men saw coming came; and the result has been such an impairment of the revenues as to increase the public debt in time of peace 262 millions of dollars and such an impairment of the purchasing power of the people as to depress business in nearly all lines. It stands to reason that with these conditions corrected the energy and enterprise of the people will reintroduce prosperity. If we buy hundreds of millions of foreign goods of the same kinds that are produced at home, we cripple home industry. We obtain the goods, to be sure, but we have sent abroad our

money for them and lost the profit of producing them; but when we fabricate them ourselves we have both the goods and the money.

Now Senator Butler of South Carolina, who is a free silver advocate, and Mr. Thomas G. Shearman of New York, who is a free trade and single tax advocate, tell the readers of Donahoe's that protection is for a favored few, mostly manufacturers, and that while they may prosper under it, the people will grow poor. This is pure assumption and contrary to history. To be sure, most protected articles are manufactures, because it is chiefly manufactures which are imported; but the people who are not engaged in manufacture receive the benefit just as truly and in quite as great a degree as those who are. Statistics show that the profits on capital employed in manufacturing in Massachusetts are smaller than on capital employed in banking anl transportation, and that labor in our factories receives more in the form of wages than it would receive in the form of dividends if it were in full partnership with capital on the "share and share alike" plan.

And as for the farmers, while it is true that when they have a surplus for export the duties on similar imports are not protective to any great extent, it is equally true that on millions of dollars' worth of farm and garden products the duties are protective. But perhaps the greatest protection to the farmer is indirect. It gives him a home market instead of a foreign market, and thus enlarges his opportunity and increases his profits. When a man makes cloth in England for the American farmer, he consumes but $4.65 worth of American farm products in a year. When he comes to America and makes cloth he consumes more than $95 worth of American farm products. No one familiar with the rich soil of the West would think of Worcester County, Massachusetts, with its rocky hills and comparatively thin soil, as one of the best agricultural counties in the United States, but it is only fifth among them all in the value of its farm products, and that is because the factory is so near the farm in all its cities and villages. This condition is rapidly becoming established in the West and South, and if protection prevails for the next decade the farmers in those regions will be its greatest beneficiaries.

If space would permit I should like to submit the facts to prove these statements. Some of them were admirably summarized by Mr. Michael G. Mulhall in the North American Review for June, 1895. In that article this distinguished British statistician showed that the wealth of the American people surpasses that of any other nation, past or present, and that 94 per cent. of it has been accumulated since 1840, during most of which period our tariffs have been protective. He showed that this wealth is more evenly distributed than anywhere else, and that the average fortune of our 4,565,000 farmers is $3,505 each, "most of these men having begun on a capital of a couple of hundred dollars. In fact," said he, "if the United States had no urban population or industries whatever, the advance of agricultural interests would be enough to claim the admiration of mankind, for it has no parallel in history."

It is because of the urban and manufacturing population—a great army of consumers—that the splendid results to agriculture have come; and as Mr. Mulhall shows that we have 42 millions of instructed citizens, most of whom have learned the sad lesson of loss by free trade and free silver during the last four years, it is probable that if they get a tariff as good as the Dingley bill they will know enough to keep it.

Albert Clarke

SENATOR W. H. GALLINGER.

My answer to the interrogatory "Will the Dingley bill revive business?" is in the affirmative.

Impartial history teaches the lesson that high tariffs have always brought prosperity to the people of the United States, while low tariffs have invariably disturbed business, prostrated industries and brought suffering and want to the laboring masses of our people. There is no escape from this conclusion. It is written on every page of American history, and the disastrous results of the existing low tariff law are the almost exact repetition of what came to our people under the laws of 1816, 1818, 1833 and 1846. Those laws all operated to the advantage of foreign producers, and permitted foreign made goods to come into our markets at a rate of duty so low that American manufacturers were undersold; and it is an interesting historical fact that in every instance the distress in this country continued until the low tariff law had been repealed and a high tariff law substituted. The law of 1833 culminated in the disasters and sorrow which overtook our people in 1837, when the whole country went into liquidation, production being greatly diminished, with thousands of idle workmen, and suffering such as the country has rarely ever known. The National Treasury was absolutely bankrupt at that time, there not being money enough available to pay the salary of the President of the United States. This condition of things continued until 1842, when the high tariff law passed that year again rescued the country. The law of 1842 gave way to the Walker tariff law of 1846, which, with slight amendments, continued in force until 1861, when it was superseded by the Morrill tariff law. A reference to history will show that the law of 1846 was utterly disastrous to the best interests of the American people. Idleness, low wages, hunger, failures, bankruptcy were almost universal. The culmination came in 1861, when, with the Civil War on our hands, the Treasury was without money, and the bonds of the United States were selling at eighty-five cents on the dollar, the interest rate being as high as twelve and one-half per cent. The Morrill tariff law rescued the country from that deplorable condition, and the McKinley tariff law continued the prosperity until the Democratic success of 1892, when that great political party in its National platform declared protection unconstitutional, carrying the country on that issue. The Wilson-Gorman bill followed, and the history of the last three years is well known to all our people.

Believing that history will repeat itself, I entertain the profound belief that under the bill that will soon become a law prosperity will be returned to the people of this country. It will not come at a bound, the present condition being of a chronic nature, the cure of which will necessarily be somewhat slow. When the bill shall be passed American storehouses will be filled with foreign goods, imported in anticipation of the new law, and the American producer will not find a very ready market for his products until our storehouses have been emptied of their stocks of European and Asiatic goods. However, it does not require the spirit of prophecy to discover the fact that when foreign goods are partially excluded by a higher rate of duty than now exists all classes of American producers will be benefited. Our mills and workshops will be opened, American laborers will be employed at good wages, there will be a home market for the product of the

American farm, and all classes of our people will share in the renewal of a condition of prosperity and happiness.

Yes, the Dingley bill will revive business.

W. H. Gallinger.

CURTIS GUILD, JR.

The question "Will the Dingley bill revive business?" is based on a false notion of the powers of government. Government cannot alone make the people prosperous. It can relieve them from burdens, it can check hindrances to development. The success of the individual, his personal prosperity, depends primarily, not upon government, but upon himself.

There are, and always will be, prosperous Chinamen and prosperous Turks in the worst governed countries in the world. There are, and always will be, ne'er do weel Americans in the best governed country in the world.

The existing tariff is an injury to the country, both because it does not raise sufficient revenue and because under its operation certain industries are left absolutely exposed to the competition of cheap foreign labor, labor being the basis of all industries.

The Dingley tariff may be counted upon to remedy these defects. That is all. It cannot bring about the millennium. No legislation can. It can however, raise enough revenue so that it will not be necessary for us to raise money by borrowing to pay our running expenses.

I see that my old friend Hon. John F. Fitzgerald admits that it will bring activity to New England industries. If we may judge from the activity of the woolen mills of New England, so many of which are already running that were silent a year ago, this is true.

He is, I think, mistaken in the assertion that the agricultural communities of the West are suffering, and must suffer, even under the Dingley tariff, in the continued low price for their products that New England cannot be permanently prosperous for lack of customers.

The West is suffering from the low price of agricultural products, because foreign nations are fighting us more and more vigorously in the markets of the world.

The average yield of wheat in Canada in the last decade has increased from 39,200,000 bushels to 51,405,800 bushels. Argentina has increased her product from 13,000,000 bushels to 61,600,000 bushels, Russia from 224,106,611 to 301,406,600.

The average small returns to the wheat farmer in recent years are due not to the currency, but, in large measure, to increased supply. The annual yield of the United States itself has increased from 435,685,744 to 490,246,218 bushels.

This is but a type of the increased competition in staple products in the markets of the world which the Western farmer has to meet. Of course no tariff can stop that.

It can stop foreign competition in American markets, and it can stop the diminishing American consumption of staple products. If the Eastern

manufacturer depends on the Western consumer, the Western farmer depends also on the Eastern consumer.

It is the American mill, and the American mill only, that buys Western wool. It is the American mill hand, too, who is the best customer for American breadstuffs. When the mill runs short time, the child of the operative does not get its bit of cake or pie. It gets but a crust of bread, and a small crust at that.

The heaviest blow the Western farmer has had to meet is not increasing foreign production, but diminished American consumption of his product.

The American wool clip has decreased one hundred million pounds in three years. Thanks to free trade, the price of wool was cut in two. The consumption of the staples of life by the American people forced into economy by free trade has decreased also. Here are the figures of a few from the official report of the Treasury Department:

AVERAGE ANNUAL CONSUMPTION BY EACH INHABITANT OF THE UNITED STATES.

	1892.	1896.
Raw cotton....(lbs.)	24.03	18.46
Wheat .....(bush.)	5.91	4.78
Corn .....(bush.)	30.33	14.73
Coffee .....(lbs.)	9.61	8.04
Wines ....(gallons)	.44	.26
*Wool .....(lbs.)	6.72	6.32

As corn is animal as well as human food, the decreased consumption of corn means a decreased consumption of meat also.

The policy that threw open our markets to the foreigner, destroying Blaine's policy of reciprocity and exacting nothing from the foreigner in return, has brought about diminished national consumption.

This, at least, we may hope the Dingley tariff will check, but not till after the glut of foreign goods now being rushed into the country is consumed.

Destruction may be accomplished in a night. Construction is the work of years.

With a tariff that will admittedly transfer employment from European to American factories, that will to that extent increase American consumption of staple commodities by increasing the purchasing power of the laboring man, that will absolutely stop any question of credit by giving us enough money to pay our bills, the country will undoubtedly be better off than it was.

The mere defeat of silver has already prevented national bankruptcy and made business at least better than in 1896. It is no longer impossible for the great cities to borrow money for public works. It was last summer.

Neither the Dingley tariff nor any tariff, nor any law of any kind, can make it possible for man to escape his doom to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Laws can but make the conditions of such labor, bodily or mental, easier and more equitable.

We know that the average condition of the average citizen was better under the McKinley tariff than under the Wilson tariff. It is reasonable to suppose that a similar tariff will be followed by similar results.

*1895-1896 not yet given.

Curtis Guild, Jr.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF O'CONNELL'S DEATH HONORED.

By M. B. R.

On the 15th of May, 1847, in the city of Genoa, there came to pass one of the saddest events recorded in Irish history. There O'Connell, the valiant son of the Church, the champion of Ireland's rights, burdened with years and worn with grief for the dissensions and disasters of his country, paused on his way to Rome, and there his soul entered into the true Eternal City, where sorrow shall be no more.

The purpose of this last earthly journey upon which he set forth was to prostrate himself at the feet of the Holy Father, but the fiat was uttered, the hope disappointed, and, far from home, the great Irishman closed his eyes on the things of earth. What his thoughts must have been in that lonely hour of dissolution may be gathered from his last bequest, whereby his body was willed to Ireland and his heart to Rome. Enshrined in silver, it rests in the church of the Irish College at Rome. In fair Glasnevin, in 1869, the mortal remains of Daniel O'Connell were reburied beneath the round tower and sepulchre which his countrymen had prepared for him as a fitting tomb. On that occasion the Very Rev. Thomas Burke, O. P., preached the funeral oration from the text

"Wisdom conducted the just man through the right ways, and showed him the kingdom of God; made him honorable in his labors, and accomplished his works. She kept him safe from his enemies, and gave him a strong conflict, that he might overcome; and in bondage she left him not till she brought him the sceptre of the kingdom, and power against those that oppressed him, and gave him everlasting glory."—Wisdom, x.

From these words of Holy Writ the eloquent Dominican evolved a special application to the earthly mission of the honored dead. Fifty thousand hearts thrilled with grief and pride as the eulogy was spoken. "The destinies of nations are in the hands of God," said the holy friar, "and when the hour of His mercy comes, and a nation is to regain the first of its rights, the free exercise of its faith and religion, God, who is never wanting to His own designs, ever provides for that hour a leader for His people, such a one as my text describes—wise, high-minded, seeking the kingdom of God, honorable in his labors, strong in conflict with his enemies, triumphant in the issue, and crowned with glory. Nor was Ireland forgotten in the designs of God. Centuries of patient endurance brought at length the dawn of a better day. God's hour came, and it brought with it Ireland's greatest son, Daniel O'Connell.

For two and twenty years has he slept in the midst of us. His generation is passing away, and the light of history already dawns upon his grave, and she speaks his name with cold, unimpassioned voice. In this age of ours a few years are as a century of times gone by. Great changes and startling events follow each other in such quick succession that the greatest names are forgotten almost as soon as those who bore them disappear, and the world itself is surprised to find how short-lived is the fame which promised to be immortal. He who is inscribed even in the golden book of the world's annals finds that he has but written his name upon water. The Church alone is the true shrine of immortality, the temple of fame which perisheth not; and that man only whose name and memory are preserved in her sanctuaries receives on this

earth a reflection of that glory which is eternal in heaven. But before the Church will crown any one of her children she carefully examines his claims to the immortality of her gratitude and praise. She asks, What has he done for God and for man? This great question am I come here to answer today for him over whose tomb a grateful country has raised a monument of its ancient faith and a record of its past glories, and I claim for him the need of our gratitude and love, in that he was a man of faith, whom wisdom guided in 'the right ways,' who loved and sought 'the kingdom of God,' who was most 'honorable in his labors,' and who accomplished his 'great works'; the liberator of his race, the father of his people, the conqueror in 'the undefiled conflict' of principle, truth and justice."

Nearly three decades of years have passed since then, and again the voice of the Church has called upon her living children to honor the son whose last thought was instinct with love for Her. Cardinal Logue, in his pastoral announcing the celebration in St. Patrick's Cathedral, made known to his people the Holy Father's wish. His Eminence said:

"The approaching May 15 will be the fiftieth anniversary of the death of O'Connell. Arrangements are being made at Rome and Genoa to celebrate this anniversary with special solemnity. On this fact becoming known to the Holy Father he expressed, proprio motu, a wish that similar celebrations should be held in Ireland. No one who has had the privilege of hearing His Holiness discuss Irish affairs could fail to be struck by the respect and admiration with which he cherishes the name of O'Connell.

"No doubt the Holy Father in his wisdom wishes to keep prominently before the eyes of our people the example of a great leader who knew so well how to unite the love of faith with the love of fatherland, the most tender piety with the purest patriotism, filial obedience to the church of which he was such a fearless defender with the most earnest, sustained and uncompromising devotion to the cause of a country which he fervently loved. In his view the regeneration of the nation was not to be worked out by the ostracism of religion and her ministers. He had no faith in dissevering two influences which would naturally sustain and assist each other, the influence of religion and the influence of patriotism. To their union is due everything of value which has been achieved for our country in the past. To their union we must look for the only hope of seeing our aspirations crowned with success in the future. As Christians we cannot believe that the true interests of our country will be promoted by the pursuit of political principles which savor more of the maxims of paganism or modern materialism than of the sublime inspirations of the gospel. Such is the truth which O'Connell has proclaimed by word and example. It is well, therefore, that by reviving his memory the teaching of this great Catholic leader should be deeply impressed upon the minds of our people."

His memory was indeed revived. In Rome, in Genoa, from every altar in Ireland, on the recent commemoration earnest prayers ascended and eloquent words were spoken in loving testimony to the work and works of him who still lives in the hearts of his countrymen.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP OF STREET RAILWAYS.

Symposium

HON. EDWIN D. McGUINNESS, MAYOR OF FALL RIVER.

The advisability of municipal ownership of street railways is a question that is becoming of pressing importance in many cities of this country. The street railway lines at the present time are, in many instances, owned by private corporations, which appear to have no other interest in the cities they ought to serve than to squeeze out of them the largest possible dividends. The utter disregard of these corporations for the welfare and comfort of their patrons and the indifference, not to say contempt, too often manifested by them towards the reasonable demands of the public who use their lines, have tended to give this question of municipal ownership great prominence. In some cities exclusive franchises to use the streets for a long period of years have been obtained from state or municipal legislatures, and such privileges, representing millions of dollars in value, have been granted, with no adequate return to the community to which they belonged as a most valuable asset. It is from the point of view of the powerful influence which these corporations now exercise in state and municipal legislation, and will endeavor to retain, in order to hold their valuable franchises, that the question assumes its most serious aspect. It seems, in some communities, to have reached the point that on municipal ownership depended municipal freedom and civic emancipation. To the general proposition of municipal ownership I can see no valid objection.

The question which naturally follows, and is often considered identical with that of municipal ownership—whether the city should directly operate the lines or lease them for a period of years, keeping control of the streets and reserving certain rights of control and regulation over the company,—is one on which there is liable to be the greatest difference of opinion. The plan of municipal ownership, as distinguished from that of direct municipal operation and management seems to have many practical advantages, and was successfully carried out by the city of Glasgow for a period of over twenty-one years ending in 1894.

In that case the city kept control of the streets and built and constructed the railway lines, which were leased to one company. By the terms of this lease the company paid a yearly rental of $750 a street mile, besides paying a yearly sum to keep the lines in proper condition, an additional sum to pay the interest on the cost of the investment to the city, and an annual payment for sinking fund to provide for the entire cost of the lines at the expiration of the lease. There should also be regulations providing for rates of fare, free transfer tickets, frequency of service and reduced rates for school children and during certain morning and evening hours when the cars are used by the large majority of working people. Whether the rental should be a certain annual payment for each car mile, a fixed yearly charge for each car, a percentage on gross receipts, a fixed annual sum or a capital sum for the whole period, is a question of detail to be decided according to the circumstances and requirements of each case. The lease should, however, only be granted after due notice and

to the highest responsible bidder therefor. Such an arrangement would be alike advantageous and profitable to the corporation operating the railway lines and the city making the lease. By it the municipality would receive a fair return for the valuable privilege granted, it would subserve and guard the interests and comfort of its citizens, and private enterprise and effort would receive a just return and compensation.

Edwin D. McGuinness,

HON. W. L. RAMSDELL, MAYOR OF LYNN.

It ought to be an abiding principle of the system of economy governing our national, state and municipal organizations that no public need shall be allowed to become the means by which private interests may prosper. No one will dispute the fact that street railways fulfill a public need, and if we will adopt the very demonstrative principle just stated we will put an end to private ownership of these public conveniences.

Public ownership and operation of street railways is as necessary to the general welfare as public ownership and operation of other things upon and under the streets, and the streets themselves. Towns and cities have progressed to the point that they deem it the best and only policy to possess themselves of their systems of water distribution, of sewage disposal and other utilities, some of which would be profitable if in the hands of private individuals or corporations, and some of which would not. But in the rich field of private profit created by the public need of means of transit they refrain from intruding, except as we find examples of communities in the old world possessed of more business sense and a greater respect for their own general interests. Granting that a street railway company pays a reasonable sum for the use of the streets, gives accommodation ample to meet transit requirements, pays fair wages and accords fair treatment to labor, refrains from attempts at influencing legislation or corrupting city governments, and takes in fares an honest equivalent for the service rendered, we might have reason to be contented with private ownership and operation of street railways. But these things are the things that street railway companies do not do. On the contrary, they pay nothing for the use of the public streets, their employes are compelled to endure hard conditions, with no assurance of fair compensation; they relax no effort to entrench themselves in privileges acquired from indulgent legislators and city councils, and they assess unnecessary expenses and exorbitant profits in every five-cent fare. There are so many difficulties in the way of securing amendment to these conditions at the hands of the corporations that no attempt should be made in that direction, but public ownership should be resorted to directly.

If we are not prepared to take up the operation of street railway lines as a public function, we should at least see to it that the railways shall become public property and a reasonable sum recovered in the shape of leases or rentals; or, if the companies

continue to own the tracks, we should have something in exchange for the use of the streets in which they are laid.

There is no need of argument now to show that it is just and proper to charge street railway companies for the use of public streets. The city of Boston has constructed a new street surface, and, so far as it has to do with the point at issue, it makes no difference if that street surface is some feet below the usual level of city streets. The subway, divested of all but its main characteristic, is a street surface, yet before the West End Railroad Company is permitted to occupy it with tracks and operate cars thereon, it is compelled to an agreement under which a large sum of money must annually be paid to the city of Boston. It is logical and reasonable to ask why the same railroad company is not required to pay for the use of other street surfaces, all of which cost proportionally as much as the subway street surface. Thanks be to the subway, the principle is now well established that something is owing to the public for privileges granted street railway companies, and it is only a step from the realization of the fact that such privileges possess a value to the acceptance of the theory that to the public alone should come the increment from that value. The experience of every place where public ownership and operation of street railways are in vogue is proof that the people can safely undertake to provide themselves means of transit and operate them economically. Common sense, such as takes the form of acute business sagacity, cannot be anywhere else but on the side of public ownership of street railways.

Walter L Ramsdell

CITIZENS' COMMITTEE, ROBT. TREAT PAINE, JR., SEC'Y.

In April, 1891, the city of Toronto, Canada, acquired the ownership of the railways of the Toronto Street Railway Co., the value of which, as paid by the city, was determined by arbitration to be $1,453,788, including $600,000 bonds outstanding.

The municipality, however, had no intention to operate the local transit system on its own account. It merely wished to be in the best possible position to grant a new franchise upon terms that would secure the largest benefits to the municipal corporation itself and to the citizens of Toronto.

For six months the system was operated by the city at a profit of $25,000 a month. In May the City Council determined the conditions upon which the system should be sold or leased to an operating company; and, in September, the street railways were sold to a private company, which was to repay the city $853,788, and redeem at their maturity the $600,000 outstanding bonds.

The Review of Reviews for August, 1894, speaking of the conditions of sale, says that "This contract is the most complete and satisfactory municipal franchise that has ever been granted in America. It ought to form a model for the cities of the United States." Yet under this contract, fine as it is, the city receives only one-half the net income it realized from its own operation of the roads, while, in spite of the low fares, the company clears a comfortable profit, $20,000 net per month in 1894, and $30,000 in 1895.

The company has invested in its eighty miles of road about $3,000,000, including purchase price and cost of changing to the electric system. It has issued over $2,000,000 in bonds and $6,000,000 in stock, and the stock is selling at 80 cents on the dollar,—eight millions of capitalization and nearly seven millions of market value on a plant worth less than three millions, and the people pay interest and dividends on the excess of value. Toronto's contract is a very good one, yet it clearly falls short of the benefits of municipalization.

* * * *

Mayor Pingree said that a three-cent fare in Detroit was enough. The companies declared it impossible. Outside capitalists thought otherwise, and offered to build a new road in Detroit. A franchise was granted the new company for forty miles of railway, mostly in the outskirts of the city on routes that had been considered unprofitable by the old companies. The new company agreed to sell eight tickets for a quarter, good from 5.45 A.M. to 8 P.M., and six for a quarter, good for the rest of the night. The new road was built and operated as agreed, furnishing excellent service and universal transfers. The men work ten hours a day and receive twenty-one cents an hour. The old companies reduced their fares to the new basis, and even made a two and a half cent rate on one of their lines. They had all the best streets and the sympathy and support of the wealthy and influential classes.

The average cost of operation for the year ending July 1, 1896, was 2.36 cents per passenger, and the average receipts were 3.3 cents per passenger. The cost of operation per car mile was 7 cents, and the receipts per car mile 10 cents—showing a profit of 5.3 per cent. the first year on the total cost of construction, in spite of bad location, strenuous opposition, low fares and a business of only three passengers per car mile. Boston has seven passengers per car mile, and would have more if fares were reduced. If Detroit had seven passengers to the car mile the operating cost would be but a trifle more than a cent per passenger, and a two-cent fare would yield a handsome profit above all cost of operation and fixed charges.

The new company has offered to operate all the roads in Detroit at a uniform two and a half cent rate, with free transfers all over the city, and pay interest on the purchase money if the city will take the roads by right of eminent domain under proper legislative authority. In view of this offer and the facts above stated, no one can doubt that a three-cent fare would be immensely profitable on a unified system in a city like Detroit. Mayor Pingree says that "either of the three roads in Detroit can make big money at a three-cent fare in full competition." The Mayor also states that the new road has yielded a profit almost from the start,—the statement being made on the authority of Mr. Henry K. Everett, formerly president of the Cleveland Street Railway System, and one of the two principal organizers of the new company in Detroit.

* * * *

In 1894 the city of Glasgow became the owner and manager of its street car lines. The consequences were:

1. The hours of labor were reduced from eleven to nine per day, wages were raised two shillings per week, and two uniforms a year were supplied to each man free;—a voluntary improvement of the conditions of labor, showing a policy exactly contrary to that of the private companies.

2. Fares were reduced about 33 per cent.,—the average fare is below 2 cents, and 39 per cent. of the fares are 1 cent each;—a voluntary movement in the direction of cheap transportation, disclosing once more a policy precisely contrary to that of the private companies.

3. The service was improved,—an editorial in the Progressive Review, London, November 1896, says:

"The tramways of Glasgow have been made the finest undertaking of the kind in the country,—judged both by their capacity to serve the public and as a purely commercial enterprise."

4. The traffic was greatly enlarged, doubled in about two years, by low fares, good service, and the increase of interest naturally felt by the people in a business of their own. Larger traffic and the economies of public ownership have reduced the cost per passenger to one and four-tenths cents. Glasgow's population is 618,000,—800,000 with suburban towns.

5. The profits of the business go to the public treasury, not into the pockets of a few stockholders. For the year ending June 1, 1896, in spite of two-cent fares, there was a clear profit of $213,000 above operating cost and all fixed charges, interest, taxes and depreciation.

We are told that conditions are different in America, and inferences must not be drawn from Glasgow. Let us see.

Public railways in Glasgow have proved far better for employes and the people than private railways. We infer that similar results will follow in America. Details may be different, but the essential conditions are the same, as shown first, by experience with industries already public here, and second, by a study of the cause of improvement under public ownership in Glasgow.

IF THOU KNEW, DEAR.

By Mary F. Nixon.

I wonder if to-day you know
  How bitterly I miss you, dear;
How my poor heart is filled with woe,
  And only longs to have you near?
Ah, surely you would come anew.
    If you but knew.

I wonder if you feel me near,
  When twilight's curtains falleth down,
And when from out the clouds so drear,
  The moon shines o'er the misty town,
You'd let your blessing on me fall,
    If you knew all.

I wonder if you know of all
  The trials of my darkened life,
The toilsome round at other's call,
  The daily duties, tempests, strife:
A word would make my life complete,
    If you knew, sweet.

Oh, if you knew it all, my sweet,
  No matter where you are, you'd come:
O'er land and sea, with footsteps fleet.
  And comfort me where'er I roam.
Ah, well, some day, in heaven above,
    You'll know all, love.

MARJY'S TRIAL.

By J. Egan.

"Whew! I never see'd the like in all my life, Marjy! Somethin's goin' to happen ef this yere weather doesn't stop. Why, jest look at thet field yonder—it's as brown an' dry as tinder; an' the brook's all dried up, even to the spring." And shading his eyes with his hand, the sun-tanned rancher uneasily scanned the horizon.

He was a middle-aged man of medium size, with just a few faint streaks of silver in his uncut locks. A dense, bushy beard covered the lower part of his face, giving him a rugged appearance; but his eyes retrieved this. Soft and gray, they beamed with a kindly lustre and a touch of mirth in their depths. His head was protected by a broad felt hat, around which the scaly skin of a "rattler" was coiled. A red shirt, boots well worn and soiled, and jeans trousers completed his apparel.

"Yes; it's awful warm, Murt, and sometimes I feel just like fainting, it's that hot over this ironing board."

The little woman wiped her beaded face with her apron and proceeded with her work. Her husband gazed at her intently for a few seconds, then remarked: "Marjy, h—heve yee see'd our boy Bob anywhere this arternoon? I don't like the looks o' thet sky a bit—it jest 'pears as t'would burn up any minit. Thare's a warnin' in thet sky, Marjy."

His wife stopped short in her work, laid her iron upon the rest, and walked anxiously to the doorway. Her husband had instilled a fear into her heart, a fear for her darling boy.

"It's a good five hours since he left home on the black mare," she said, uneasily. "Do you really think anything is going to happen, Murt?" She lifted her eyes in an imploring way, and drew closer to her husband.

"Well, thet's hard to tell; but the way them sheep an' cows huddle all together in the corner of the run makes me think somethin's wrong—an' Shep won't go a step from my side—an'—jest hear—how—still—it is! Why, the silence presses me down like. Whare's the noisy sparrers? Whare's the jays? Thare gone, and thare's a reason fer their goin', Marjy!"

* * * * *

Afar on the tinder-like plain a solitary horseman rode at an easy gait. His garb was the typical dress of the American cowboy—knee-high boots, broad-legged pantaloons, red flannel shirt, well open in front, exposing his brawny breast, and a wide-brimmed sombrero. The hat was thrown carelessly back, revealing a high, well-formed brow, beaded and furrowed with sweat. He seemed in no great hurry, though once or twice he anxiously looked across the broad tract before him as if in search of something. At last his eye caught some object in the distance which held his attention. Placing his hand to his brow, he gazed intently. At the same moment his horse threw her head into the air, her ears erect and listening, nostrils distended and eyes blazing with energy. Like a statue she stood, so motionless and grand.. Every nerve was strained to its utmost tension. Then she whinnied with fear and turned to flee.

Away down, just peeping over the rim of the prairie, a cloud is rising. And although the sun is shining and everything seems to glow with an incandescent glare, yet streaks of angry

hue flare faintly from out the slowly mounting portent, and its under side, just seen through the heat waves of the plain, burns with a copper-red, sullen flush. Nature herself seems to have ceased beating.

The rider gives rein to his steed, and the maddened beast, with the strength of despair, leaps away into the distance, turning her head every now and then to catch a glimpse of her pursuer. There it is, rising higher and higher into the volcanic sky.

* * * * *

"Murt! Murt! My God! Murt! Look. Ah! my poor boy! My poor, my poor boy! See how it glares! And, Murt, see the long, black funnel reaching down!"

"Let's make for the cave, Marjy! It's a frightful lookin' cloud, fer sartin. Oh! Bob! Bob! my boy!"

* * * * *

Faster flies the poor beast—life and death are in the balance. Bending over, encouraging her with words of cheer, her youthful rider races for his life. His hat is gone, and his hair flies out behind.

Far away there is a faint murmur, as of a breeze among the branches of an oak, and a dim fog, like a cloud of dust, rolls along in zigzag course. The murmur grows to a rustle, from a rustle to a roar.

Straight before the fleeing horseman a ravine appears, once the bed of a far-off mountain stream. Now dry and hard, its steep walls rise a dozen feet or more. Into this he dashes, and none too soon, for the roar is crushed in a bellow, and with a scream of rage the cyclonic demon pours his myriad hosts around them. Vast billows of dust and debris roll in revolving waves through all the sky. The earth, torn from its ancient bed, swirls, wind-borne, in frantic eddies round. The heavens seem to fall, and all mingle together with one terrific crash. The air, hot as the breath of a furnace, suffocates, and horse and rider go down.

* * * * *

"Poor Marjy! Thare, now, be ye feelin' better, wife?"

"Where's Bob, Murt?" A mother's agony rang in the words.

"Yer better keep still, or ye'll faint agin; I reckon the lad's all right."

"He's killed, Murt! I know he's killed!" She rocked to and fro in her despair.

"What's that? I heard Bob!"

Not waiting for an answer, she fled up the earthen steps leading to the cave and peered out.

"Here he is! Oh! Murt! here he is, safe and sound!" The little woman laughed hysterically as her big son rushed across the ruins of their home and clasped her in his arms, while his father looked on; but scorning all exhibition of weakness, hid his concern in the seemingly careless "By Gosh! Bob! I thought thet ye was a gone rabbit, sure!"

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

By William Hopkins.

There is a magnificent, soft-swelling vale in South Kilkenny, where the "gentle Suir" pours along its crystal flood past richest pasture lands and daisied meadows on the one side, and on the other proudly-rising, well-wooded mountain slopes. This is the lovely "Valley of the Suir," whose beneficent presiding genius is the winding river so quaintly enshrined in song by the author of the "Faerie Queene":

"Ye gentle Shure that, making way
By sweet Clonmel, adorns rich Waterford."

The cultivated slopes of the "Walsh Mountains" bound this valley on the north and east; poetic Sliav-na-mon towers against the western horizon, and on the south are seen the fissured, precipitous barriers of the Commeraghs, looming sublime.

On May 23, 1830, was born there, in the parish of Mooncoin, John Walsh, the well-known and well-beloved Archbishop of Toronto, a man whose character might be said to have moulded itself to that of the district where he was born: in repose great and rich and warm, like the vast valley; beneficent and pleasant to contemplate, like the placid river; in action strong and stern as the granite shoulders of the Commeraghs that buffet and battle the Atlantic gales.

The Walsh family is an ancient one. The first of the name in Ireland were two Barons of Cornwall, who were companions in arms of Strongbow in 1171. They acquired extensive possessions, as the great district called the "Walsh Mountains," in South Ossory, is proof to this day.

Their descendants were a large-limbed, stalwart race; and the Archbishop is a representative specimen, being of powerful and heroic build and handsome and commanding presence.

Around the old home in Ireland many tales are yet told of his prowess as a youth in athletics, and especially in the great national game of hurling, which flourishes still in Ireland as it did in the ancient days when, on the Plain of Tailtea, in Meath, the champions of the Red Branch and the Finian Eriann met with clashing camans.

John Walsh received his education first at St. John's College, Waterford, and it was here that the desire came to him to devote himself to the foreign missions.

Severing all home ties with resolute will, he left Ireland for Canada in 1852, and entered the Grand Seminary, Montreal, to study for the Diocese of Toronto.

On Nov. 1, 1854, he was ordained priest in St. Michael's Cathedral. Inflamed with zeal, the young priest entered on the work of God, to which he was to devote the remainder of his life. The hard and laborious work of the missions in the backwoods but developed the great resources of his mind and body in conquering difficulties that would have overwhelmed a man of less heroic mould.

Amid the press of his duties he found time to add to the great fund of knowledge with which his mind was stored, and he has been heard to say that "some of the most useful of his studies were made by the light of the tallow candle and the log fire of the settlers of the backwoods."

In 1859 he became rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, and in 1862 Vicar-General of Toronto Diocese.

When, in 1862, Dr. Pinsonneault, bishop of Sandwich, became broken in health, it became necessary to elect a successor, and the hierarchy of the province of Quebec unanimously nominated Vicar-General Walsh as future Bishop. He was consecrated in St. Michael's Cathedral Nov. 10, 1867. In 1869 the see of Sandwich was transferred to London by a decree of Propaganda, and to that city, too, Bishop Walsh transferred the Episcopal residence.

It would require a whole volume to do justice to the immense amount of noble work Bishop Walsh performed in this diocese in every department that falls to the care of a prince of the Church.

On the death of Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, Bishop Walsh was appointed to the vacant see by a brief from Rome dated Aug. 29, 1889, and on Nov. 27 of that year he bade farewell to his beloved priests and flock of the London Diocese and came to Toronto to take possession of the archepiscopal see.

Since then, with firm but kind and fatherly hand, he has ruled the Archdiocese, beloved and reverenced by his priests and flock, and admired and respected by all classes of men. His word is a great power in the land, not only in ecclesiastical but in civil and governmental circles.

The Archbishop's love for the old land where he was born is deep and strong as the rushing tide of his own native river Suir.

It is his greatest pleasure to converse about the scenes and memories of his old home. He is a Celt of the Celts, "kindly Irish of the Irish," glorifying in the strength and staying powers of the ancient race, and a firm believer in its grand possibilities for the future.

He has worked heart and soul for the elevation of the Irish people in every department of progress.

The Archbishop's great political work in the cause of Ireland and his being the originator of the project for the Irish Race Convention—all this is part of history, and needs no mention here.

The prayer of his priests and people and of the universal Irish race is that he may be spared long to bring honor to the Church of which he is a prince and glory to the ancient land of which he is a cherished son.

MOST REV. JOHN WALSH, ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

The Rev. Patrick Cronin, LL.D., the able and accomplished editor of the Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, who recently celebrated his silver jubilee, enjoys a national reputation as a poet, orator and editor. Such editorial work as his makes the power of the press a power indeed, with the elevation of humanity as its aim. Catholic literature has profited much by Father Cronin's effort to develop and encourage Catholic talent, thus conserving for the instruction and entertainment of Catholics the productions of writers of their faith.

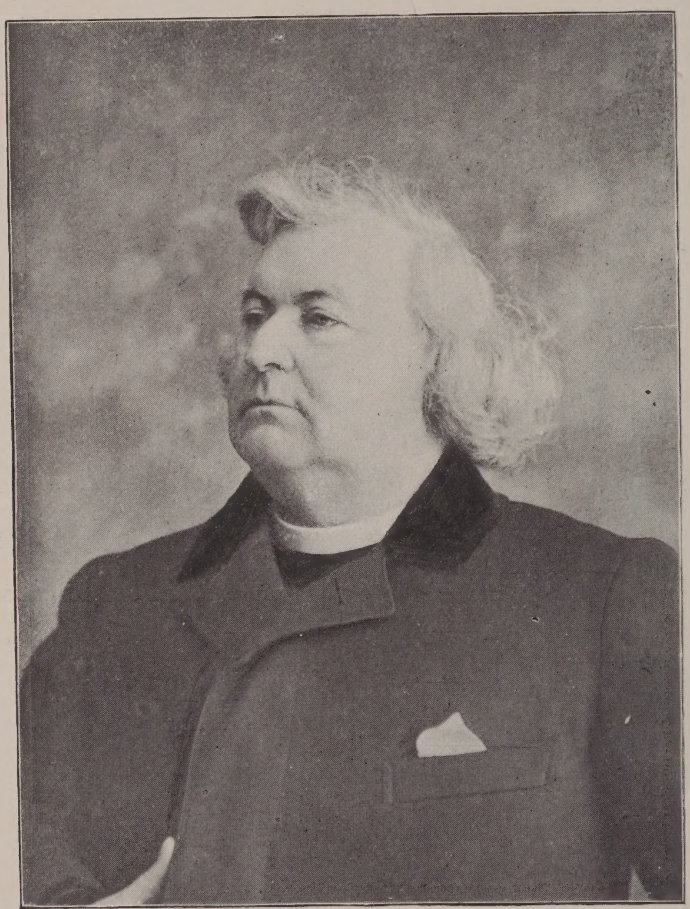
Unlike many men devoted to literature, the reverend editor enjoys the society of his fellow men, and among them is considered to be an orator of the highest order. Speaking of his speech at a banquet in St. Louis, the Rev. D. S. Phelan, editor of the Western Watchman, said the speech of Father Cronin was the gem of the evening, and was received with rapturous applause.

The "Catholic Union and Times" dates the era of its prosperity from the year 1880, when the present editor and Mr. D. T. O'Reilly became sole managers and lessees for a period of five years. Under their vigorous management business received a new impetus, and in one year the first dividend was declared on the capital stock of the company.

The name "Catholic Union" is peculiarly

adapted to existing conditions in the office of this Buffalo paper. Five of the employes have been in its service more than twenty years; the foremen in the newspaper and job departments have "grown up" with the company, their service beginning in early boyhood; the foreman of the pressroom started in several years ago as feeder on the small presses. Several others began their work for the company from five to fifteen years ago. One and all are as eager today to accomplish the best of which they are capable as they were when their terms of service began. Where such cohesion exists good results must necessarily follow.

No higher tribute than this harmony can be paid to the mind and heart of the reverend gentleman who, in precept and practice, dignifies and elevates journalism.



Rev. Patrick Cronin, L.L D., Editor "Catholic Union and Times," Buffalo, N.Y.

Hon. William R. Grace, ex-Mayor of New York, has planned a splendid charity for the metropolis. He proposes to establish a training school for girls, and a bill to that effect has been introduced in the Legislature at Albany.

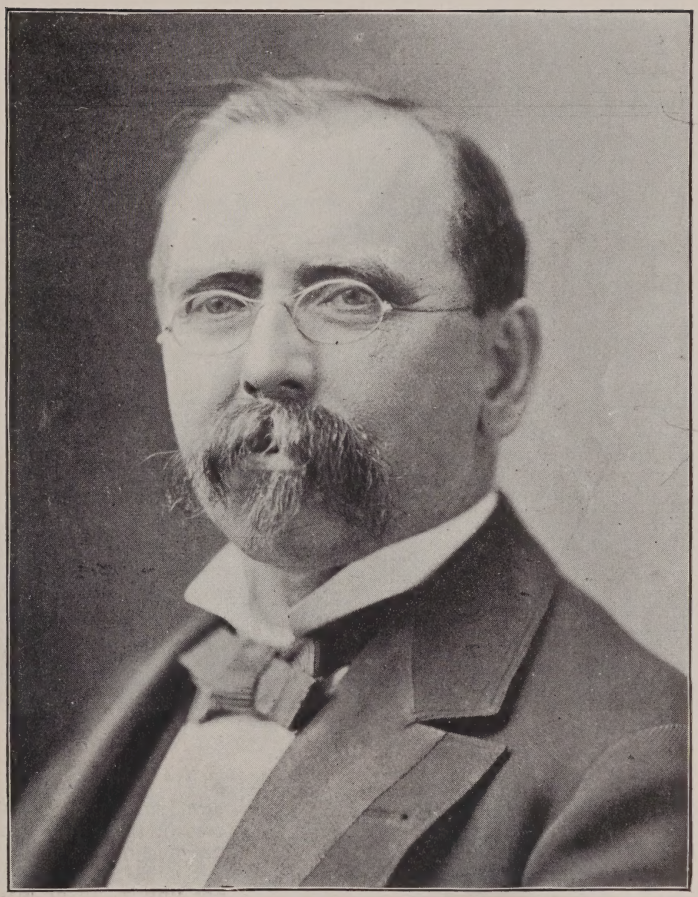
The measure incorporates the "Grace Institute of the City of New York." The incorporators are the ex-mayor himself, his wife, Lillian Gilchrist Grace, and his son, Joseph P. Grace.

Mr. Grace explains the purpose of the endowment as follows:

"It is the desire of my wife, my son and myself to erect a building in some central locality of the city which will be appropriate for the education of young women and girls in the various technical occupations

suitable for women. The curriculum will include the practical study of cooking and other housework, dressmaking, stenography and such an amount of business methods as will fit them for the duties of clerks and secretaries. In fact, every branch of practical education which can make a woman useful to her family and to the community, and give her the means of earning an independent livelihood, if circumstances compel her to support herself, will be taught.

"For many years I have wished that some provision could be made for the practical education of women. Boys, of course, have the same need, but there are schools for them. When I was mayor of the city I suggested that the Public Schools give some instruction to boys and girls in practical business affairs and in the trades. I thought then, as I do now, that our children should be taught how to use their hands."



WILLIAM R. GRACE, EX-MAYOR OF NEW YORK.

That Mr. Grace is going to dispense his bounty with a liberal hand is indicated by the bill incorporating the Institute. It will probably be managed by members of the Sisters of Charity. There will be no restriction, however, of a religious character.

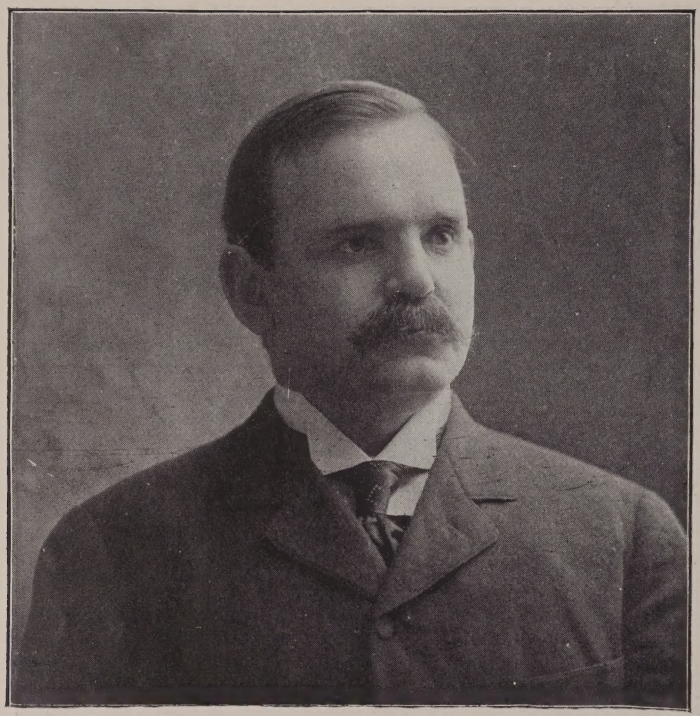
New England is proud of her brilliant young son, Mr. Edward F. McSweeney, who has made such a commendable record for himself as Assistant United States Commissioner of Immigration for the port of New York.

Mr. McSweeney was born in Marlboro, Mass. in '64. He has always been interested in Catholic, temperance and literary work.

He was appointed to his present position in 1893, and went to Ellis Island simultaneously with the taking effect of the Stamp law of 1893, which is the law that has proven so beneficial in stopping undesirables from coming into this country, and, as Assistant Commissioner, second in command, he has necessarily had much to do with the development of the enforcement of the law.

That the members of the opposition party have openly said in the recent debates on the immigration question in Congress that the handling of immigrants at the port of New York could not be criticized, seems to be as strong an endorsement as is possible to get that Mr. McSweeney's work has given the most notable satisfaction.

Senator Lodge on one occasion, after looking into the methods and management of the New York bureau, on the floor of



EDWARD F. MCSWEENY.
Assistant United States Commissioner of Immigration, New York.

the Senate bore testimony to the ability and intelligence with which the great volume of business was conducted.

The courtship and marriage of Carter Harrison, the newly-elected Mayor of Chicago, were of a very romantic character. Miss Edith Ogden, a typical Southern girl from New Orleans, was visiting her cousin in Chicago when she met the young man who, two years later, became her husband. The wedding took place at the beautiful Ogden home in New Orleans. Miss Ogden, now Mrs. Harrison, is very finely educated, and a woman of wide culture. She attended the convent of the Sisters of Mercy in New Orleans, and studied French and German with private tutors. In both languages she is a ready conversationalist. Her diploma at the private school was obtained when she was but sixteen years of age. She is an ardent Catholic, and is now an attendant at the Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago.

Lydia Sterling Flintham, writer of the entertaining article on the Visitation Order in Donahoe's, is a charming young lady from "My Maryland," in which state she was born in Cecil County. The family moved to Philadelphia when Miss Flintham was but eight years of age. She was educated, in part, at Notre Dame, near Baltimore, but was graduated from the convent of the Immaculate Heart, Villa Maria (West Chester, Pa.). She took first honors and also received the gold medal for mathematics. Recently, out of compliment to her sister, Anna, and in appreciation of her efforts in behalf of the Visitation Order, she was elected an honorary member of the Mt. de Sales Alumnae. She began to write stories and essays when eleven years old. "But," she naively says, "I am ashamed of this, for what child of that age knows how to write?" Until the last two or three years she has assumed different pen names.

The Sisters of the Immaculate Heart are not unmindful of Miss Flintham's interest in the order, and have hence bestowed upon her the no small honor of the presidency of their alumnae reading circle, the "Cor Immaculatum."

Miss Flintham is a daughter of the late William Flintham, a successful Southern farmer, whose personal character won for him many friends and made his influence a strong force in the life of the community.

In a recent number of the Catholic Home Journal, Philadelphia, there appeared a very bright sketch of the Academy of Mt. de Sales, and the careful study apparent in the treatment of the history of the foundation and development of this educational power in the South was characteristic of Miss Flintham's marked ability in weaving facts into a story pleasing in its literary finish and valuable for its accuracy.

Readers of the first instalment of her story on the Visitation Order in America will learn much of the early efforts and trials of the noble Visitandines, and will share the writer's sympathetic interest in their great work of Christian education.

Mrs. Carter H. Harrison, Wife of Mayor Harrison, Chicago

Lydia Sterling Flintham.
President of Reading Circle of Villa Maria Alumnæ.

Monument in memory of John Howard Payne, Author of "Home, Sweet Home," at Oak Hill.

The Corcoran Mausoleum, at Oak Hill.

SOME HISTORIC TOMBS AT THE CAPITAL.

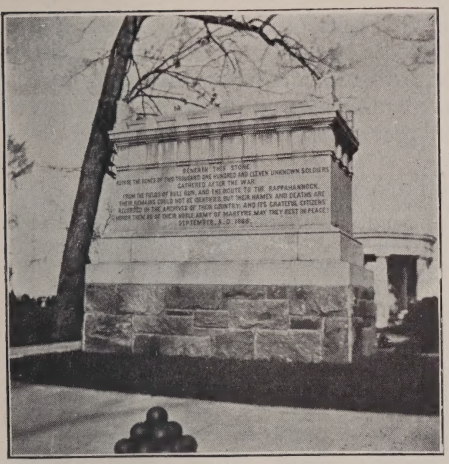
By Virginia Tatnall Peacock.

On a day set apart by the Nation to honor its dead, we find sleeping their last long sleep, almost within the shadow of its Capital, a notable handful of the great men who have borne a part in the political formation, development and defence of their country. Washington lies at Mount Vernon, Jefferson at Monticello, Stanton, Blaine and Eaton at Oak Hill, Logan at Soldiers' Home, Sheridan, Porter, Crook and Gresham at Arlington, and L'Enfant, who planned and laid out the City of Washington, the admiration of our own people and of all foreign visitors, in an unmarked grave at Green Hill, the county seat of the Riggs family.

No commemorative monument in this city of monuments bears the name of L'Enfant. He seems eter-

General Crook's Monument at Arlington.

Monument to General Eaton at Oak Hill.



MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF 2111 UNKNOWN SOLDIERS AT ARLINGTON.

nally—as far as man is concerned—consigned to that oblivion which marked the closing years of his life. A public school building in the District bore his name for a brief period, but it was subjected to such dis-

GRAVES OF JAMES G. BLAINE, WALKER BLAINE, AND MRS. COPPINGER, AT OAK HILL.

tortions—being commonly called the "Infant School"—that a change to something sturdier was deemed expedient.

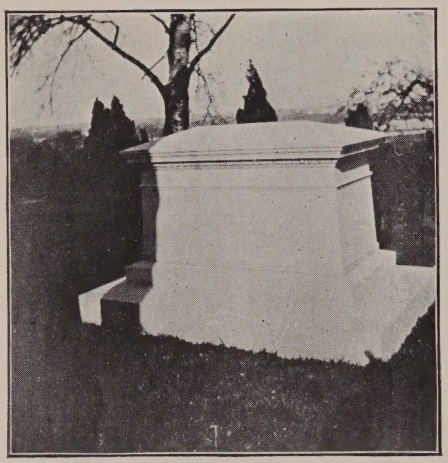
In his declining years L'Enfant was hospitably sheltered by the Diggs family on their princely estate, the original grant of which from the crown of England comprised twelve thousand acres. There also was he buried and still rests, though the

TOMB IN ROCK CREEK CEMETERY. BRONZE STATUE BY ST. GAUDENS.

property has passed into the hands of the Riggs family.

The four hundred acres of burying ground at Arlington are part of the

TOMB OF GEN. LOGAN IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY.



TOMB OF SECRETARY GRESHAM AT ARLINGTON.

grant from Charles the Second of England to Lord Arlington, made at a time when Charles was turning over new leaves, and getting rid of some of the evil communications that corrupt the good manners of Royalty.

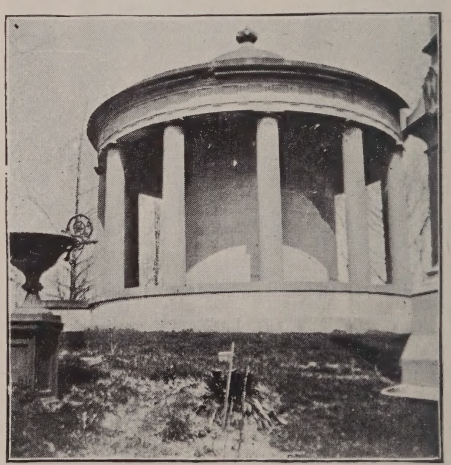
Early in this century it was the estate of George Washington Parke

TOMB OF ADMIRAL PORTER AT ARLINGTON.

Custis, the grandson of Mrs. Washington. After the marriage of Mr. Custis' daughter to General Robert Lee, Arlington became the residence of the Lee family. A portion of the house was reserved for Mr. Custis, who lived quite apart, growing in eccentricity, like most of us, as he grew in years.

STANTON MONUMENT AT OAK HILL.

He had decidedly artistic proclivities, and some few of his mural decorations are still preserved in the central hall at Arlington House. They are scenes from the hunt, and are executed with much skill and considerable imagination.



VAN NESS MAUSOLEUM AT OAK HILL.

The property was sold for taxes during the war and bought by the Government for $26,000. Soon after the death of General and Mrs. Lee, the heirs brought suit, and the Government gave them $150,000 for the property.

On the east slope at Arlington, overlooking the river and the City of Washington, are the graves of Sheridan, Porter, Crook, and Gresham.

The massive granite monument bearing a bronze medallion of Sheridan, with simply the name—Sheridan—beneath it, is harsh and unbeautiful. Nor will it grow less so unless Nature, evading the military austerity that marks the spot, takes a hand and throws the softening drapery of a vine about its severe outlines.

Crook's monument is an enormous block of roughly-hewn granite, with a bronze bas-relief on its western side, representing the surrender of the Apaches under Geronimo to General Crook in the Sierre Madre mountains, Mexico, in 1883. On the polished face of the monument are carved the words: "George Crook, Major General, U. S. A. Born at Dayton, Ohio, September 8, 1830. Died at Chicago, Illinois, March 21, 1890." At the two ends are bronze plates, one recording a list of Indian campaigns, and the other the names of battles and dates of promotion from 1861 to 1865. Crook's wife is buried beside him, and her grave is marked by a granite slab at the base of his monument.

Admiral Porter and his wife are buried together, and the same stone bears the record of both deaths—adorned only by a crossed anchor and flag on its western side.

The monument over Gresham, Postmaster-General in Arthur's Cabinet, and Secretary of State in Cleveland's at the time of his death—like that over Sheridan—bears only his name, Gresham—a simplicity that is not wholly without ostentation. Four granite blocks indicate the extent of the reservation, and each is similarly engraved with the name of Gresham.

There are upwards of eighteen thousand graves on Arlington Heights, and of these—such is the fate of war—four thousand and three hundred are those of unknown heroes. A monument on the brow of the southern slope commemorates the deaths of two thousand one hundred and eleven of these—gathered, it reads, "after the war from the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock. Their remains could not be identified, but their names and their deaths are recorded in the archives of their country, and its grateful citizens honor them as of their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace. September, A. D. 1866."

The tomb of General Logan is in the National Cemetery, contiguous to Soldiers' Home. It is built of granite, and marked above the doorway with the letter L.

Close by the National Cemetery is the burying ground connected with Rock Creek Church—and the oldest within the limits of the District of Columbia, having been so used since 1719, for which purpose it was donated by one John Bradford. A graceful monument facing the entrance commemorates this generous gift.

The St. Gaudens statue of Despair above an unmarked grave in Rock Creek Cemetery is heart-rendingly beautiful. It stills the idle comment, subdues the curious gaze, and bespeaks a tender sympathy as no inscription could do. It is a memory that abides when graven words would have lost their hold on one's thoughts.

Oak Hill, with its ivy-grown terraces, its purling stream and its ancient oaks, is another of the many benefactions Washington owes to the late W. W. Corcoran. His gift consisted of the ground, thirty acres, with a fund of $60,000 for its maintenance,

which fund has since increased to $150,000.

The Corcoran mausoleum, built of white marble, at a cost of $20,000, crowns a circular eminence in the centre of the grounds. Beneath it lie the wife, daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren of Mr. Corcoran, whose own venerable form was placed therein on the twenty-eighth of February, 1888.

The grave of that most magnetic of men in life, James G. Blaine, is visited perhaps more frequently than any other at Oak Hill. These visits are not made in an idly curious spirit, but rather in the nature of pilgrimages to the last resting place of a man who was widely beloved.

His grave is marked simply by a white marble footstone, bearing his initials—J. G. B. Blaine selected his own grave at the foot of a blighted hickory, which, by his own wish, was to fill the place of a headstone or monument. The tree died last year, and its removal became necessary.

It was rumored that for many months Blaine's grave had a military guard. It had no military guard, but a brave, solitary watcher for three weeks of dark mid-winter nights, in the person of Frederick Sommerville, the superintendent of the cemetery. "I carried a pistol in each pocket, and a gun on my shoulder, and you know I am a Virginian," was Mr. Sommerville's own comment on the fulfilment of that memorable duty.

Walker Blaine rests at his father's side, and next to him Mrs. Coppinger, whose grave is marked by a Celtic cross bearing a coat-of-arms and inscribed, "To the memory of Alice Stanwood, daughter of James G. Blaine, and wife of Colonel J. J. Coppinger, U. S. A. Born at Augusta, Maine, March 18, 1860. Died at Washington, February 2, 1890." In small letters at the base of the cross are the words: "This cross is erected by her sorrowing husband."

A graceful simplicity marks all three graves, which are devoid, alike, of mounds and flowers. The closely-clipped grass grows thickly over all, with an intermingling of clover in the shadow of the cross.

A granite shaft bearing on its face the name of Stanton marks the grave of Lincoln's Secretary of War—the man who held that difficult post during the turbulent days of civil strife. One side of the shaft is inscribed "To the memory of Edwin M. Stanton, born December 19, 1814. Died December 24, 1869; and his wife, Alice M. Stanton, born September 24, 1830, and died November 17, 1873." On another side of the shaft is an inscription to an infant son — James H. Stanton. The three graves are covered with ivy of an evergreen variety, and marked by a small square granite head and footstones.

Another illustrious Secretary of War, whose fame as a Cabinet minister is largely identified with his beautiful wife—John H. Eaton, of Tennessee—is also buried at Oak Hill. A weather-stained pyramidal monument, terminating in a broken column, states that he was born June 18, 1790, and died November 17, 1865, and that he was United States Senator from the State of Tennessee for eighteen years, Secretary of War, Governor of the State of Florida, and Minister to the Court of Madrid.

By his side rests his wife—the never-to-be-forgotten Peg O'Neil—the embodiment of generous impulses, daintily, bewitchingly beautiful, with her queenly carriage, exquisitely poised head, scintillating eyes, her laughter-loving soul—and yet the object of the most intense social jealousies that ever burned. Here rest beauty, sorrow and triumphs, while over all grow grass and violets, in loving rivalry.

Another famous Washington belle —when Washington was in its struggling infancy — Marcia Burns, an

heiress, too, as heiresses went in those remote days, sleeps now in Oak Hill, in the Van Ness mausoleum. This quaint structure, built of brick, stuccoed in drab and surmounted by a funeral urn, was removed some years ago by Mr. Corcoran from old Holmead Cemetery to Oak Hill. Within its walls repose John P. Van Ness; his wife, Marcia Burns Van Ness, and their daughter, Ann Elbertina, wife of Arthur Middleton.

Shortly after Korea sent its first representative to Washington, a son was born to the charge d'affairs of that picturesque legation, and named, in compliment to us, Washington. He did not long support this honor, however, being gathered to his fathers in the second month of his little life.

His diminutive white headstone in Oak Hill reads:

"Ye Washon, son of Ye Cha Yun, Korean charge d'affairs; born October 12, and died December 17, 1890, in Washington, D. C." On his grave is a unique ornament of white rosebuds and green leaves, made of metal. Beside it, when I saw it last summer, a rose-bush was growing, full of buds that were parched and withered by the sun.

Beneath a white ash, along the front wall of Oak Hill, slept for forty years another infant son of conspicuous parentage—Samuel Emory Davis, son of Jefferson Davis—who died June 15, 1854. Four years ago he was moved to Richmond and buried beside his father.

There is many a mother's heart that never grows up with her children, and from whom the passing years snatch a jewel that is never recovered in time. To her in eternity shall be given again these babes of long ago to make complete that other and better life.

Near the entrance to Oak Hill, on a circular plot covered with periwinkle, stands a pedestal of white stone surmounted by a marble bust of John Howard Payne. The face of the pedestal is inscribed: "In memory of John Howard Payne, author of 'Home, Sweet Home.' Born June 9, 1791; died April 9, 1852."

On the reverse of the pedestal are the words:

"Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, the angels said:
Welcome to Heaven's Home, Sweet Home."

The approach to the monument is through an alley lined with palms and ferns. At the time of his death, Payne was consul at Tunis.

It seems a strange fate that a man whose inspired song of home has touched and thrilled so many hearts should have died and been buried in a foreign land, so remote from his native shores.

In 1883 Mr. Corcoran had him brought home and erected in his memory the above described monument.

Beside the monument is his grave, covered with the original slab that marked his lonely resting-place in far away Tunis. The slab bears the coat of arms of the United States, and a brief record of Payne's life. It was broken in transportation, severing the coat of arms fairly in two parts.

A very young girl once said that she had always dreaded the thought of dying till she saw beautiful Oak Hill. After that she concluded, paradoxically, that with everything to live for there yet remained something to die for.

It is truly a fair spot, wherein one might indeed approach his grave

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

SAINT PATRICK:

HIS LIFE, LEGENDS, AND MIRACLES.

By P. J. Lynch.

Continued.

The Story of the Children of Lir.

One of the most beautiful stories connected with the coming of St. Patrick to Ireland is that known as "The Fate of the Children of Lir." Lir married Eve, the foster daughter of Bove Derg, the Dedannan King, and in course of time she bore him twins, a daughter and a son. These were named Finola and Aed. A second time she bore twins, two sons, who were named Ficra and Conn; but she died in giving them birth. When Bove Derg heard of Eve's death he was grieved, and his sympathy for Lir was such that he gave him in marriage his second foster daughter, Eva. The children grew up under Eva's care, and they became the light and joy of Lir and his people, for it was said that four lovelier children could not be found in all the land. At length the marks of attention and affection shown them by all began to get distasteful to their stepmother, who fancied that she herself was neglected on their account. Jealousy began to rankle in her heart, soon filling her with a bitter hatred of the children, and finally she determined to get rid of them in some way. She first thought of murdering them, but she had not the courage to do so. Then she took them in her chariot and pretended to start on a journey to the court of Bove Derg. When they came to the shores of Lake Davra, now Lough Derravaragh, in the County Westmeath, she alighted, led the children to the edge of the water and told them to go in to bathe. No sooner had they gone into the water than she struck them with her druidica[1] wand and turned them into four beautiful snow-white swans.

Finolo reproved her for her treachery, saying: "Oh, mother, what have thy children ever done to thee to deserve this? Have we not always been kind and obedient? At least tell us how long we are to remain in this state?"

Eva answered: "Three hundred years you shall remain on Lake Davra. Three hundred years you shall remain on the Sea of Moyle. Three hundred years you shall remain on the Western Sea, at Innis Glora and the coast of Irros Domnann, until the Tailcenn come, bringing the light of a pure faith, and the first sound of the Christian bell will be the signal that your release is at hand."

Then Eva somewhat repented of her cruelty, and to give them some relief, she told them she would allow them to retain their Gaelic speech and human reason, and that they would be able to sing such sweet music that it would lull to sleep all who listened to it.

For three hundred years the swans remained on Lake Davra. Their stay here was comparatively pleasant, for when their condition became known their friends assembled on the banks, and they could converse all day, while at night they sang their sweet fairy music. A law was then made and proclaimed throughout the land that no one should ever kill a swan in Erin from that time forth.

But at length the day came when they had to take up their abode on

the wild, tempestuous Sea of Moyle, between Ireland and Scotland. Here they suffered intense hardships. One night a great tempest arose, and Finola, seeing that they were likely to be separated, agreed with her brothers that in such an event they would meet on the rock of Carricknarone. The wild wind lashed the seas into foaming billows, the lightning flashed, the boom of the thunder mingled with the roar of the angry waters, and the poor swans were separated and driven whither they knew not. Towards the morning the storm went down and they met again on Carrickarone.

Another night a dreadful cold came, freezing the whole surface of the sea from land to land. The swans remained on the rock until their feet and their feathers clung to the icy surface, so that when they tried to move in the morning they left the skin of their feet and the feathers of their breasts clinging to the rock. But when the ice broke up they had to swim out, all wounded as they were, into the sharp sea water. They had many nights and days like these, but they could not leave the Sea of Moyle until the appointed time.

When another three hundred years had passed the four swans left the Sea of Moyle and flew westward until they reached Innis Glora, in the Western Sea. They frequented the coast of Irros Domnann, now Erris, the western part of the County of Mayo, and sometimes visited the island of Inniskea, with its lonely crane, which, according to an old tradition among the peasantry of Mayo, has lived on the island since the beginning of the world; but they spent the greater part of the time on and around the island of Innis Glora.

And so they lived three hundred years more, until St. Kemoc, one of St. Patrick's disciples, came to Innis Glora. The sound of his bell at matin time rang faintly over the island, and as the swans heard it the sound seemed strange and dreadful to them for a few moments. Then Finola said: "Brothers, that is the voice of the Christian bell, and now our release is near at hand." They began to sing with joy, and St. Kemoc, hearing the music, went towards them. He told them that it was specially on their account that he had come to the island, and then he took them to his own abode and began to instruct them in the Christian faith. One day as they stood before the altar they suddenly regained their human forms, Finola being transformed into an extremely old woman, and her three brothers into three feeble, wrinkled, white-haired old men. St. Kemoc hastened to baptise them, after which they died immediately, and as Kemoc looked up he saw a vision of four lovely children with silvery wings and faces all radiant with joy ascending into Heaven.

St. Patrick Lands in Ulster.

The old lives state that St. Patrick's first attempt at landing in Ireland was made at the mouth of the river Vartry, in Wicklow, but that he was opposed by Nathi, the ruling chieftain, who had also resisted and expelled St. Palladius. The Saint then proceeded north until he reached Strangford Lough, in Down, and he landed at the mouth of the River Slanney. Dichu, the chief of the district, set out to oppose him. Jocelyn says that Dichu had orders from King Leoghaire, who had been warned by his druids of St. Patrick's coming, to be on the watch for the "intruder," and drive him from the shore if he attempted to land. Probably disdaining to attack an old, unarmed man, as the Saint seemed to be, Dichu set his dog on him, but the animal stood rigid as if turned to stone. Then Dichu raised his sword, but his arm was held suspended in the air by some strange

power. Then light came into his soul, he believed, and he was the first to be baptized in Ulster.

St. Patrick's landing place was near the scene of his captivity many years before, and he determined to visit his old master, Milcho. The latter, however, on hearing of the landing of the Saint, recalled the vision of many years ago, and in his obstinate, foolish pride he determined that he would never yield to his former slave. He listened to the voice of the demon, and in a fit of rage and despair he gathered all his treasures into his house, set fire to it, and perished miserably himself in the flames. As Patrick had predicted, however, his two daughters afterward consecrated their virginity to God.

Having spent some time in the North, St. Patrick determined to proceed to Tara and attack Paganism in its very stronghold. It was during his journey thither that he met the boy Benignus, who afterward became a great saint and the successor of St. Patrick in the See of Armagh. St. Patrick rested at the house of Seschnen, the father of Benignus, and the boy seemed to be irresistibly attracted towards the Saint. While the latter slept Benignus strewed flowers over him, and St. Patrick, who evidently saw that the boy was destined for great things, baptized him and took him along with him.

It was in 433, the year following his arrival, that St. Patrick determined to go to Tara. The Easter festival was near at hand, and this was also the time when the Pagans kept their great feast, "The Fes of Tara."

It was on the eve of the Easter festival that St. Patrick arrived in sight of the Hill of Tara. King Leoghaire, surrounded by his courtiers, was celebrating the great Pagan feast with all the pomp and ceremony that might be expected from such a proud, ambitious monarch. One of the customs connected with this feast was that on the night of the celebration every fire in the land was to be extinguished, under pain of the most dreadful penalties. St. Patrick, having arrived at the Hill of Slane, in sight of the royal palace, lighted the Paschal fire and prepared to celebrate the great Christian festival with his followers. St. Elvin in the Tripartite Life says St. Patrick was not aware of the royal prohibition regarding the lighting of fires on that night, but he quaintly adds: "And if he knew it, it would not prevent him."

King Leoghaire saw with wonder and indignation the light from the Paschal fire of St. Patrick, and he angrily demanded who the daring offender was who had the temerity to disobey the royal command. His druids replied, "that they knew who made the fire, and that if it were not extinguished before morning, it would never be extinguished, and that the man who lighted it would be exalted above kings and princes." The king, infuriated by the words as well as by the violation of his law, resolved to slay the man who lighted the fire. Then he entered his chariot, and calling a number of his followers, he set out for the saint's abiding place. As he came near, his druids warned him not to go near the fire, but to have the saint summoned to his presence. St. Patrick came, fearless and confident, chanting a hymn as he approached. He explained what he had done and why it was done, and immediately Lochru, one of the king's druids, sought to try his magical arts against him, to confound him if possible. With blasphemous language he reviled the saint's God, and to show his own power he boasted that he could ascend into the air, as if in mockery of Heaven. But as he rose from the earth, St. Patrick prayed to God, and the imposter was hurled down to the ground again, and fall-

ing on a stone, he was immediately struck dead.

The king was still more hardened on seeing this, and he ordered his people to seize the saint. The latter once more prayed to God, intoning the hymn, "Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered," and immediately an earthquake shook the plain, a tempest swept across it, a mysterious darkness arose, and in the panic and confusion the swords of the pagans were turned against each other so that many were slain. King Leoghaire was much frightened, and he feigned submission and good-will, but in his heart he determined to make a further effort to kill the saint. He invited him to visit him at Tara the next day, and he secretly placed a number of men in ambush along the road from Slane to Tara, with orders to kill the saint and his companions as they passed. St. Patrick took eight of his companions and the boy Benignus with him, but as they neared the ambush "God threw a garment of invisibility around them," according to the old chronicles, and their enemies who watched for them saw only eight wild deer and a young fawn pass along the road.

It was during St. Patrick's journey to Tara that he composed his famous hymn, generally known as St. Patrick's Lorica," and sometimes also as the hymn or cry of the deer. This hymn, a composition of singular poetic beauty, is as follows:

* * * *

I bind myself to-day in
The deeds of righteous men.
The virtue in the love of seraphim,
The obedience of Angels,
The hope of resurrection unto reward,
The prayers of patriarchs,
The predictions of prophets,
The preaching of Apostles,
The faith of confessors,
The purity of holy virgins,

* * * *

When St. Patrick had his memorable and mighty contest with the angel on Croagh Patrick, which will be referred to more fully later, he obtained special graces for those who daily recited this hymn, or even part of it, and hence it has ever since been regarded with peculiar devotion. Portions of it are to the present day recited by the Irish peasantry with their prayers, and the name "Lorica" seems to have been applied to such compositions because they were used as a spiritual corselet or breastplate to protect from bodily and spiritual dangers.

St. Patrick Visits King Leoghaire at Tara.

It was Easter morning when St. Patrick arrived at Tara. Leoghaire and his courtiers had resumed their festivities, doubtless thinking that they were rid forever of the saint, and they were struck with astonishment when he suddenly appeared among them. They first tried to poison him, and a goblet of poisoned ale was tendered him. He blessed the vessel of ale and, overturning it, the poison fell out, while the ale was frozen into a mass of ice. This strategem having failed, the king's druid, Luchat Mael, proposed that the assembly should go out on the plain, and he challenged St. Patrick to a test of his powers before the multitude. St. Patrick seemed at first reluctant to tempt God by entering into such a contest, where nothlng but definite and tangible proofs of the divine power in the form of miracles would be of any avail against the powers of darkness, which the druid magician was able to call to his aid; but, no doubt being divinely inspired that here was the golden opportunity for demonstrating the truth of his doctrines and of dealing a death blow to the pretensions of druidism, he consented to the proposition.

The druid, by his incantations, brought snow on the ground, "until it reached as high as the girdles of

men," but he could not remove it. St. Patrick blessed the plain, and the snow disappeared. The magician next brought darkness on the plain, but was unable to dispel it. "By my debhro," exclaimed the saint in holy indignation, "in evil is thy power and not in good!" Then, blessing the plain again, he caused the darkness to disappear.

St. Patrick, still indignant at the arrogance of the magician and the evident faith of the multitude in his powers, now proposed the supreme test—the test by fire. He offered to shut up his young disciple, the boy Benignus, in a house with the magician, or any one of his followers, the building to be then set on fire, letting the true God defend his own. To make the combat still more favorable for the druid, St. Patrick proposed that one-half of the house should be built of dry fagots, and the other of green wood; that the boy, enveloped in the druid's tunic, should be placed in the portion built of dry fagots, while the champion of the druids, wearing St. Patrick's casula or tunic, was to be placed in the portion built of the green wood. The chances seeming to be all in his favor, Luchat

St. Patrick Preaching to King Leoghaire and his Court at Tara.

Mael decided to be his own champion, and when the doors were fastened on the arch-druid and the newly-baptized Christian boy, the building was set on fire.

With intense interest the great multitude watched the result; but, as they looked, every other feeling gave way to wonder the most profound, as they beheld the astonishing proof of the mighty power of that God of whom they had just heard. For as St. Patrick prayed, God guided the fire so that it left untouched the dry fagots, and the fair young Benignus came forth unharmed, though the druid's tunic which he wore was burned to ashes, while on the other hand the fire utterly consumed the druid and his side of the house, but left untouched the saint's casula which the druid wore.

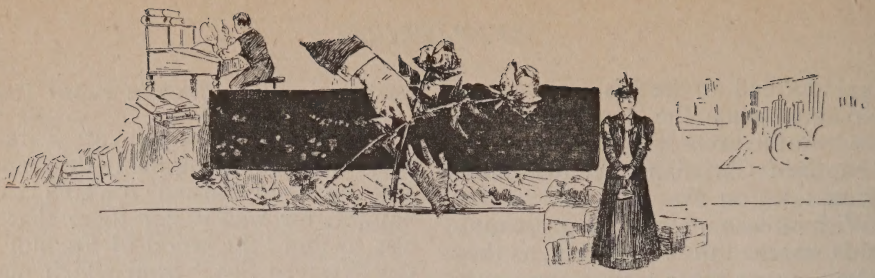
This astonishing miracle stamped St. Patrick's teachings with the seal of truth, and thousands believed. Leoghaire's queen was one of the first to be baptized.

Leoghaire himself professed repentance, and the example of the royal couple was generally followed by their subjects of all degrees. Thus by this one act of St. Patrick in determining to attack druidism at its very stronghold and fountain head, he may be said to have laid the country at his feet. He had the sagacity to realize that when kings, queens and nobles led the way in accepting the new religion, their subjects would be more likely to follow their example. All through his career St. Patrick seems to have kept steadily in view this idea of first converting those "in high places," and this seems to have been one of the strongest factors in contributing to the wonderful success of his mission.

ST. PATRICK DESTROYS THE PAGAN IDOLS.

St. Patrick remained at Tara a short time, baptizing many thousands, and he then turned towards Connaught, for was it not there that he was to find "the wood of Fochlut by the Western Sea," from which many years before he heard the voices of those who were yet in their mother's womb cry to him, "We entreat thee, holy youth, that thou come and walk among us?" On his way, while passing through the western part of the County of Meath, he arrived at the plain of "Magh-Sleght," in the present County of Cavan. In this plain was set up the great idol, "Crom Cruach," and hence the name of the plain, "Magh-Slecht," which meant "plain of adoration or genuflexions." The practice of idolatry prevailed very extensively among the pagan Irish, and the great Crom Cruach was one of the most noted idols in the land. It was ornamented with gold and silver, and twelve smaller idols, ornamented in brass, were ranged in a circle around it. St. Patrick at once determined to destroy them all. It was a bold stroke, but it was a masterstroke, like his appearance at Tara. When he came to the Crom Cruach he struck the great idol with the Staff of Jesus and it was swallowed into the earth. The earth swallowed the twelve other idols to their heads, and in that condition they remained in commemoration of the miracle. The destruction of this great centre of idolatry, and especially in such a manner, was another deathblow to Paganism, while St. Patrick's fame and prestige were correspondingly increased.

To be continued.



MAKING IT A UNION OFFICE.

By S. A. Wetmore.

Neddie, the senior office boy of the Daily Journal, was leaning inertly against the gate which bars off from the main thoroughfare of the office the passageway leading to the rooms of the editorial and special writers. The gate was hung to swing both ways, but a concealed catch checked its lavish hospitality and prevented it completing a round trip every time it was opened. A great many persons may recall having wasted valuable time fumbling for the catch when the office boys were elsewhere—which they were a good part of the time.

These boys had not been able to agree among themselves as to the precise moment when each should go to dinner, and they had settled the matter by all going at once. Then, as there had been differences among them as to whose duty it was to return first, their noon hour had come to be a sort of candy-pull arrangement: one end of it was hung on a hook in the office, and the boys went all over town with the other. Neddie was nominally in charge of his fellows, three in number. His duties were not exactly definable, but he felt it to be his right to issue commands and back them up with such display of force as necessity and a somewhat capricious fancy suggested. He was not, in truth, a boy any longer, but this had escaped his noticed. Being larger than they he could make the other boys wince whenever he wished; and they "got even," as opportunity offered, by strategy, cunning and stealth.

As Neddie leaned against the editor's gate one of these chances presented itself to "Dump," an office boy who made up for the smallness of his stature by the largeness of his mischief. Sliding noiselessly toward the gate, behind his senior, "Dump" touched the concealed spring, releasing the gate so that Neddie's weight swung it quickly inward. Neddie staggered across the passageway and fell heavily against the door of the "sink room," which too obligingly swung inward, also, and in an instant he lay full length upon a sloppy floor. But Neddie was no longer in getting off his feet than he was getting on them. Dashing out of the sink room, he was just in time to see "Dump" disappearing through the religious editor's doorway at the lower end of the corridor. He started in pursuit, then stopped abruptly, and, with a look of determination on his face, stepped back into the sink room, where he gathered up in both hands a large, coarse sponge, nearly the size of a Hubbard squash, and, holding it under the tap, he filled all its elastic pores with water. Then he glided swiftly down the corridor to within ten feet of the religious editor's room. The door opened slowly outward about four inches as the youth, poised like an athlete in the act of "putting the shot," waited palpating, for the supreme moment of sweet revenge. The thought flashed across

his mind that "Dump" had divined his purpose and was moving cautiously. Just then he saw a hand toying with the knob, indicating, he thought, the doubt and indecision in "Dump's" little brain. Quick as a flash, he perceived that if the heavy, dripping sponge were thrown to hit the edge of the door it might glance inward, but, whether it did or not, there would be plenty of water flying, and of this "Dump" would surely get his share. No sooner thought than acted; the reeking sponge struck the door and dropped, like a ball of soft putty, to the floor. The water, violently disgorged from every pore, showered the neighboring wall spitefully, and the individual whose hand was on the knob was left no reason to complain that he had been slighted in the distribution. There was, for a moment, no response to the attack. The hand was not even withdrawn from the knob; but a white cuff, on which large yellow blisters were already rising, was now visible to the astonished Neddie, on whose face a smile of grim satisfaction made way for a look of deep concern. This was a more appropriate expression, for the door, swinging slowly open, revealed the bespattered face of the managing editor, Mr. Kline.

Turning toward Neddie, Mr. Kline eyed him coldly, without any show of emotion, and seemingly more from curiosity than anger. It was, indeed, the first time Neddie had arrested the managing editor's attention, for between dining out at much length every day and being conveniently inaccessible when in, he had succeeded in avoiding the occasional summonses of the editor's call bells since Mr. Kline had taken charge of the office only two months before. The former editor, known to the staff as "Old Cole," hadn't bothered much about these bells. When they were not answered, he took it for granted the electric batteries were "run out," and after a while he forget all about them. What little he had for boys to do he preferred doing himself, because it was at once the less troublesome, and the more reliable method. When Mr. Kline appeared in the editor's room the office boys decided it would be imprudent in them to pay much attention to his wants, for if they began doing it there was no telling where it would end. The new editor didn't seem to notice their indifference, and it was not long before "Dump" felt himself safe enough in his uselessness to volunteer this bit of information to his fellows: "As I size our new man up," said he, "he's as much of a 'cinch' as Old Cole was." In which opinion all concurred with great self-satisfaction.

As. Mr. Kline stood there in the religious editor's doorway that irreverent remark of the miserable "Dump" came back to Neddie's mind, and came back to shame him. He felt now that he was not being looked at, but looked through; and from that instant he was conscious the new editor was not a "cinch," but a new force, a real power, in the office of the Daily Journal. Neddie shrank from Mr. Kline's steady gaze, and it came to him like an inspiration that he had not for a long time been doing justice to the office and to himself. He even wondered what had become of all his earlier fine ambitions. Mr. Kline, having completed his survey, said to him: "You may wait where you are." Then, turning to the religious editor, he resumed the conversation that the wet sponge had soused in upon.

"Mr. Timmins," Neddie heard him say, "the Daily Journal, in its treatment of the whole subject of religious thought, should deal with it in the broadest and most liberal spirit. It is scarcely our province to charge anyone with hersey or backsliding. Let the synods, the conferences, the church councils, the standing committees, or whatever they may be, take care of disagreeable matters of that

kind. It isn't simply that we don't want needlessly to give offense; it is much more than that, for when we stir up strife in one sect or between sects, we offend against the grand central principle of Christianity itself. Our article this morning was hurtful, because it sounded the shallowness of a particular set of Christians and made no note of the fact that Christianity itself cannot be sounded because its depth is unfathomable."

Neddie listened with amazement. Without thinking it out in detail, he was conscious that his unpardonable rudeness had not in the smallest degree lessened the earnestness of Mr. Kline, which vastly increased his respect for him. And this was a new kind of talk in the office of the Daily Journal, which, in the matters of politics and religion, had been a sort of oven, where leading citizens were regularly "roasted," to the supposed intense amusement of many readers. Neddie had heard Mr. Huckins, the political writer, say to Mr. Timmins: "That was a grand old roast you gave the Hard Shell Baptists this morning"; and then Mr. Timmins had said to Mr. Huckins: "But my victims weren't singed compared with the way you browned the Republicans today. My, but you did 'em to a crisp on the currency question!" From which remark, and more of the same kind, Neddie had been led to believe that newspaper writers were licensed destroyers, who could roast, fry, broil, stew and at last make soup of anybody they didn't happen to like. But Mr. Kline evidently thought other people had rights which even their enemies were bound to respect; and this was a doctrine opposed to all the traditions of the office. Neddie noticed, too, that while Mr. Kline disliked the religious editor's article in the morning paper, he did not refuse to take his share of the responsibility as editor of the paper. "Our article," he called it. This was not Old Cole's way at all. Old Cole used to say: "Your article, Mr. Timmins," just as though he himself was in no way personally interested in anything anybody chose to write for the paper of which Old Cole was editor.

Turning from Mr. Timmins's door, Mr. Kline said to Neddie: "You may come to my room." It was a relief to the young fellow to move. He seemed to himself to be very small, indeed, like a telescope that had been suddenly hit on both ends at once and shut up, pocket-size. Mr. Kline pointed to a chair, and Neddie slid into it.

"Your name is ——?" the editor asked.

"Neddie."

"What does Neddie stand for?"

"Edward."

"Do you designate by Roman capitals: for instance, Edward I., or Edward V.?

Edward blushed as he answered, with some spirit: "My name, sir, is Edward Attwood."

"You are twenty?"

"Almost, sir."

"Do you permit everyone in the establishment to dubb you 'Neddie,'" Mr. Kline inquired.

Neddie hesitated. His pride was touched again. "I think I have no choice," he answered; "it has always been the custom of the office to call nearly every one by his first name, or a little piece of it."

"Just what are you duties here?" Mr. Kline pursued.

"I have charge of the office boys, sir."

"Ah, another chief of staff! How many have you of the regular line?"

"There are three boys here," Edward replied.

"Who are they?"

"One is Billy, one is Mike and the worst is Dump."

"Would it not be possible for you to trace their identity any further than that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, do so, Edward, if you please," said Mr. Kline. "And now," he added, "tell me what they do."

"Two are on the reporters' floor, sir," Edward replied, "and one is on this floor with me. We take turns answering the telephone, when we are in, and we get the papers and distribute them among the reporters and editors. As much as possible we carry 'copy' from the writers to the copy readers' room to be edited."

"What do you mean by 'as much as possible'?" Mr. Kline inquired.

"Well, you see, sir," Edward explained, apologetically, "there are difficulties about it. If Dump goes up on Billy's floor, Billy and Mike don't like it. If they both see him they chase him down, but if only one catches him he won't run, and then there is a 'scrap.' Mr. Huckins sent 'Dump' up with an article on 'Democratic Harmony' the other day, and before the day editor could pull Mike off him the copy was all in ribbons."

"I see," said Mr. Kline.

"And then the telephone gives us a great deal of trouble," Edward pursued, encouraged by Mr. Kline's quick perception of the perplexities of the situation. "The boys often forget whose turn it is to answer it when it rings, and each says it isn't his. As nobody likes to give in, they settle it by just letting her ring! That's how we 'got left' on the big robbery of the Sampson Bank day before yesterday. The reporter at police headquarters couldn't 'raise' the office on the 'phone, and he hadn't time to get down here before the last evening edition was sent to the stereotype room. He was mad because Mr. Cramp, the day editor, would not put out an extra; but Mr. Cramp said the Daily Journal didn't care for crime, anyhow—it was against our traditions."

"I see," said Mr. Kline, meditatively.

"But it was not our fault that we were beaten on the accident at the Southern railroad drawbridge," Edward hastened to add, by way of justification.

"No?" said Mr. Kline, with assumed surprise.

"Oh, no, sir," Edward went on. "I answered the 'phone myself then. First, somebody called us up and said the draw was left open and a train had gone through. Four persons were drowned. Mr. Curtin, the city editor, sent a reporter down to see about it. After a while that reporter telephoned up that the railroad reporter and the marine reporter were both there and would bring in the story. Mr. Cramp and Mr. Curtin waited until the last edition went down, but nobody 'showed up.' It was just like this: The railroad man said it wasn't his affair because the draw had been opened to let a coal steamer through. That made it marine news, especially as the victims were in the water. But the marine reporter said the accident happened after the coal steamer passed through the draw, and his responsibility ended when she cleared the pier. Besides, he had to go up to the Chamber of Commerce to get the coastwise arrivals for the next morning's port summary."

"I see," Mr. Kline again reflected. Then, turning sharply in his chair, the new editor said: "Edward, I want you to go to the business manager, the circulation manager, the city editor, the day editor, and the foreman of the composing room and tell each I wish to see him at once."

Edward wondered as he went whether that would be the last of the sponge incident. In a few minutes the gentlemen whom he had summoned were all in Mr. Kline's room. They seemed ill at ease, as though they didn't half like the idea of the new editor taking such a liberty with them. They bowed stiffly to each

other, appearing more like unmindful strangers than office associates.

"Mr. Robertson," the new editor began, addressing the business manager, "I want you to tell these gentlemen the exact condition of business in the front office."

"It is bad," Mr. Robertson replied, almost sullenly.

"Do you know why?" Mr. Kline asked.

"There are several reasons," Mr. Robertson answered. "In the first place, the paper is not as popular as it was. It is out of humor with the mass of the people, and some think it has no enterprise. The circulation isn't pushed, and the big advertisers all know it. Merchants say we help to make times hard by croaking about the scarcity of money. They call us 'Old Stringency.' We, down stairs, are hustling, but we have no help from the editorial and reportorial floors. Why, sir, don't we, the money getters of the concern, pay the salaries of the establishment? Yet there is hardly a salaried man in the office who does not look upon us with contempt."

"That's all nonsense," the city editor put in, with some temper; "I am sick and tired of hearing about the business office paying our salaries, when everyone knows it is not the advertising that sells the Daily Journal. Business men place their 'ads' here because we get out a good, clean paper, that everybody ought to read. If it isn't circulated, that is not our fault."

At this, the circulation manager, Mr. Chick, spoke up. "Upon my word," said he, with a show of much wisdom, "I believe the main thing against us is the name. 'Journal' is too slow, like Traveler and Messenger and Post. Now, Telegram, or Herald, or Dispatch would be much better and up to the times. If we could only change——"

"Never mind that," Mr. Kline interrupted. "We will stick to the old name and give it a new significance, if need be. Just tell us, if you please, why we don't circulate."

Everyone looked at the new editor in more or less surprise. "Well," said Mr. Chick, like one who was resolved upon making known the worst, "if the truth must out, it is simply this: We fail utterly in getting any 'tip' from the people upstairs of important features interesting to particular localities, and consequently never know until too late where an extra number of papers ought to be sent."

"It is very difficult," the day editor put in, "to know from hour to hour just what we shall print. We have more matter put in type than we can possibly use, and at the last moment something has to be thrown out. The city editor's men dump rafts of copy upon us without any warning, and sometimes I go up to the composing room with a plan of the next issue all made, only to find the business department has sold the best places to advertisers. Then, the composing room is slow. Often we can't get late news set in time for publication."

Mr. Grind, the foreman of the composing room, was an intensely practical man, who, after years of prominence in the Typographical Union, knew well the value of "pulling together." It was his turn to speak. "Mr. Kline," he said, turning respectfully to the new editor, "we may not be the swiftest compositors in the world, but we stand ready to do our full share toward putting this old paper back in the leading position it used to hold when I came to work here."

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Kline. "That's the word I have been waiting for. Gentlemen," he asked, looking from one to another of the department heads, "do you share that sentiment?" One said "Of course," and

the others chimed in with "Certainly." "Very good," said the new editor. "Now, then," he proceeded, with great rapidity of speech, "I have studied you all for two months, and I do not need to say what my verdict is. Each of you has held up the mirror, and you see for yourself the one great defect. Gentlemen" — Mr. Kline's face was now all animation—"what made this republic? Just—good—glue! Thirteen separate states could never make a great nation. But union could and did. Here in this office we have strong departments and a weak paper. What's lacking? Glue! We have got to get together, gentlemen, and stick together. I say, imperatively—we must put our common interest above all personal differences. If you will do that, I promise you that in one month the Daily Journal shall be back where it belongs—and you all know where that is."

Mr. Kline finished abruptly and rose from his seat, pushing it back from him as he did so. The department heads knew there was no room for argument, and that the interview was over, but they wanted to express their gratitude; for, strange to say, they were all delighted to have found —what?—a leader! But, before they could speak, Edward burst into the room. "O, Mr. Kline," he cried, "can't we be first this once? There is an awful fire at the South End. Box one-thirty-eight is sounding a general alarm. Whole blocks of big stores are burning. You can see it from your window. Look!"

The heads of departments turned that way involuntarily, and one glance was sufficient. Without a word each went to his place. The city editor found that his assistant had already dispatched two reporters to the scene. In twenty minutes a score were there, and, what was much more, they had a "plan of campaign" to work upon. Mr. Kline, cool, quick and decisive, made himself felt everywhere, and no employe, from cellar to roof, even the easy-going bulletin board man, escaped the infectious enthusiasm of this master. The fire was that memorable one of Easter Monday. Raging for seven lurid hours, it laid waste the accumulation of more than seven years of toil. Business ceased and the remotest corner of the great city seemed to pulsate with the quick throbbings of the fire engines. Main throughfares were cut off by fire lines, which were guarded closely by battalions of police. It fell to Edward's lot to keep up a line of communication through these between the impromptu headquarters of the reporters and the office of their paper. Driven from place to place by the encroachment of the flames, the reporters were not easy to find, but Edward never failed. The other boys threw off their "don't care" disguises, too, and followed out Edward's instructions implicitly. They took all sorts of risks and were yelled at by firemen and buffeted by policemen, but their fire badges always saved them from molestation when their agility failed. They were quicker than cabs, because the cabs could not get close to the fire, and usually were tangled up with other vehicles on the outskirts of the surging mass of people, who swayed against the barriers made by the police. The copy readers were astonished at the cleverness and enthusiasm of the office boys, but they were too busy to talk about it then. They were making connected stories of the rudely written sheets the boys supplied them from the busy reporters within the fire lines. Now and again the day editor's voice was heard calling for "more two-line head stuff," or a "revised scare" for the next edition. The pneumatic tubes shot the prepared stories into the composing room, where "Old Grind" and his men worked on and on with almost noiseless swiftness. The presses in the basement seemed to

have agreed that they could stand it as long as the fire engines could; nor did they cease their peculiar whir-r-r and muffled kettle-drumming until far into the evening. And those indefatigable little merchants in knickerbockers, the newsboys, reaped a harvest.

When it was all done the Daily Journal's busy crew gathered in the big room of the copy readers and compared their paper with all the other papers, edition for edition.

"No crow to eat this trip," one reporter said, after a while, in a tone of rejoicing.

"We've got 'em all at last!" exclaimed another.

"Hurrah for the old Journal," cried a third.

Mr. Kline looked on with no less satisfaction. When the jollification had become general, he said, with a twinkle in his eye: "Yes, gentlemen, you have made your strongest rival look like a starched cuff under a wet sponge—and what I admire about it is you all squeezed the sponge at once!"

THE MOTHER OF THE KISS.

By Helen A. Macey.

Sweetly she sits, the Hebrew Mother fair!
A matron, yet in look and years a maid,
Holding the Sacred Child who gently laid
His tiny hand upon her lips that wear
A smile more sweet, e'en for the sadness there.
And as she pressed the little hand, a shade
Comes to her eyes, her cheek's soft flushes fade,
A single tear falls on His curly hair.

Oh! does before the Mother-Maid arise
The Saviour led in cords through Israel's dales?
And kissing those small hands in Mother-love,
The tears just trembling in her lustrous eyes,
Does she forsee them pierced with cruel nails
Or stretched o'er men in blessings from Above?

PATSY—BOY.

By Mary Markwell.

Concluded.

CHAPTER III.

Our trade had crept beyond the prairie-fringing settlements, and I had just returned to the city, after a long and successful trip, the close of a year's heavy work, when the head of the firm said to me: "Go away for a pleasure jaunt, Bradley. Go away down to the sea, and freshen up a bit by fashionable friction."

I was weary of journeying; I wanted rest of mind as well as of body, and determined upon seeking the peace found only far from the haunts of men. I thought, Ah, if I could only run across the Colonel, and induce him to accompany me to Nepigon, where no social distractions should ever break in on the dolce far niente of that magic retreat, where, as I well knew, prime fishing was to be found.

But the Colonel had disappeared as completely and mysteriously as an afternoon dream. I had not seen him since the meeting recorded in a previous chapter, five years before, and to all my inquiries, upon my periodical return visits, I could only find reply in doubtful smiles and a wagging of the head, or uplifted brows, accompanied by:

"Ah, yes! O'Brien was a sad dog!"

While I was conversing, as I have said, with the senior member of the firm, Mr. Orsonby entered, and handing me a letter said: "This came for you a couple of weeks ago, Mr. Bradley, but knowing you were en route for the city we held it for you."

The moment my eyes fell upon the handwriting, I knew the letter was from O'Brien. Holding the missive, unopened, in my hand, a queer sense of responsibility seemed to awaken within me; it was as though my thoughts had called him to me from the limits of time, and that hereafter the fate of O'Brien, and my own future, were unalterably blended. The letter ran:

Bar Harbour, C. P. Ry.
May 3rd, 18—.

Dear Old Fellow,

Here we are again! Our star somewhat obscured by clouds of adversity, and (temporarily) in the descendant; but we are still twinkling and awaiting patiently the hour when, in our own particular orbit, Fate shall once more place us at full meridian —for we may as well confess, we have somehow lost our course, and slid off into (darkened) space.

Comrade, have you remembered me in all these years? I have often thought of you—thought of you when things went wrong, you understand.

I suppose you heard about the boom property? Gone! the Ballybroken estates—gone! My character

too is gone, and, Bradley, I feel that my brain is going!

I'm down here in this wretched hole—working for—Patsy-Boy! But Patsy-Boy is now known as Mister O'Brien, contractor. He's just the same old Patsy-Boy, though, all heart and pocket!

Bradley, old boy! they can prate about luck, fate, and the rest of the fickle jades of Fortune, but I begin to believe that hard work and honest endeavor pay best in the long run. You'd agree with this lately-discovered sentiment if you could look in upon me here, being ordered about by navvies and heard them calling me "Kegs," while Patsy-Boy is addressed ceremoniously as Mister O'Brien! I'm bound to believe the ethics of my new belief—hard work and honest character pay best in the long run!

Things are badly changed you see; Patsy-Boy is now master and I am—man—though he won't let me say so. He began railway work with a spade, he says; got a small job on dump work; then he took a sub-contract on a piece of rock cut, and finally he came out a full-fledged contractor; he built that part of the road between Peninsula and Savanne, and came out of the deal a millionaire!

You remember me telling you I offered him The Place, once—he refused the gift then; 'pon my soul, Bradley, I never intended to profit by that property, but when the world went wrong, then Patsy-Boy came along and wanted to buy back The Place! I felt like a robber accepting pay for plunder, when the money was put in my hand; that money burnt its way through my pocket—I knew it would never do me any good—and it didn't. But why bring up, again, a scene which, even now, makes me tremble to remember. I went to the Landing; there Patsy-Boy found me, and he took me in hand and here I am.

Katie and Mary have just returned from Toronto, where Patsy-Boy sent them to be educated. The work here is completed, and at the end of June they all go back to Ballybroken. What will become of me, then, I tremble to think."

I read no more. The letter was dated nearly a month before, and at the end of June, Patsy-Boy was leaving for Ireland! I determined, on the instant, to go to where Patsy-Boy had worked and won his way to success—I wanted to hold his honest hand once more, to wish him God-speed to his native land. An hour later I was speeding over trestle-bridges,—giant cobwebs, built seemingly upon the pine tree-tops, that made dark and ugly shadows in the low-lying gullies over which we thundered.

"Ten minutes delay, sir," I heard a voice say out of the darkness. "Waiting for a doctor—accident on the line—nasty business, railroading; what's that? O'Brien is the name, sir!—think he is fatally injured and"——

Before I was fully awake I was on my feet, and had thrown open the car window to hear what the voice was saying. But the crunching noise of the revolving car wheels smothered all other sounds, and through the darkness I could distinguish nothing but a series of signal circles made by a red eye, that seemed to become dizzy by its own whirling motion, and suddenly fixed itself, with a grave intensity, to one point of the speeding car. I went out into the air and found the eye to be a lantern in the hands of the conductor. I asked him to explain what I had heard. For answer he handed me a yellow leaf of paper, and, turning the eye upon the crumpled page, I saw there, as written in blood, these words:

"From Bar Harbour.
To Station Agent, Sunshine, C.P. Ry.
Hold No. 2 train at Landing for doctor. Explosion here at 7 o'clock. O'Brien injured badly—rush help.
(Signed) P. O'Brien."

Which O'Brien was it? Patsy-Boy? Hardworking, industrious, sober, good-hearted Patsy-Boy—or the tipsy, heedless man who shared his name? I felt sure that it was the Colonel. Some accident, no doubt the result of one of his sprees. Ah, well! what should the end be of such a reckless, mistaken career but tragic? We spoke of him tenderly,—more tenderly, perhaps, than we would did we not picture him lying bruised, aye, dying! And the train sped on.

The first face I saw, when we drew up at Bar Harbour, was the face of the Colonel; but so altered, so changed, I scarcely knew him. He did not see me,—he was eagerly scanning the faces, hastily crowding to the car windows and doors. There, in sight of all, the ground was hollowed out, gouged and torn, as by some force of devilish hate. It was like some awful upheaval of outraged Nature. Rocks were rent and broken asunder, hurled amongst the proud trees, now lying broken, scarred, and tangled where they fell. Earth-heaped, shapeless masses of rock and timber inextricably mixed among the trees, and at some little distance, a small shanty—the only thing scathless in that scene of desolation. It was there the injured man lay. I knew that by the groups of rough-clad workmen, their faces blanched with fear, their eyes showing no shame of the tears that fell, standing, waiting about the low door to know whether their loved master and friend would live.

I soon learned the story. The nitro-glycerine was stored in a small hut among the rocks; some one, passing by, saw, lying among the death-laden cans, a man, smoking. That man was O'Brien, and O'Brien was drunk! The alarm was given; but not before a small spiral of smoke was seen to curl about the door of the hut, where, amongst the dry summer grasses, a small thread of flame crept up and grew, as it threaded its death-doomed way towards that prostrate and unconscious form. There was a wild cry of danger and a rush for safety. One man alone, of all the hundreds of fear-stricken comrades, dashed, without pausing to measure the danger, through the tangle of underbrush, through the trees, over rock and boulder, into the smoke, now a thickening curtain torn by tongues of yellow-red flame, into the very jaws of death—while, outside the small shanty, upon the ground, knelt two weeping women, their arms upraised in prayerful appeal, their faces terror-touched, their eyes closed for very fear of what they might see!

An awful, deafening roar—a sudden darkening of earth and sky—and then the more terrible silence following the echo of that appalling sound. Then silence seemed to strike all Nature dumb. Two dark objects were seen to whirl through space, one crashing down among the jagged rocks—the other (God forgive them, they cursed him as they drew him out), softly cradled in the river's lap, scarcely sobered, but safe. The other—the hero who had dared death to save a fellow creature—they picked up blinded, bruised and broken, yet alive!

We waited for the coming of the little doctor who was to bring us the news we scarcely dared to learn. I was but one of many who stood that day for long hours, motionless, breathless, still hoping. By and by the door opened and the little doctor came out, weeping; and the word was whispered to us: Patsy-Boy would live, but he would, all his life, be a cripple—and blind!

I did not see O'Brien, or know he was beside me until I heard his voice cry out with an anguish terrible to hear: "Oh, God! just God! what have I done that I should live—and that he should suffer?" I placed my arm about the wretched man's neck then, for I knew that his better nature was awakened—at last!

I went to the door of the little shanty and looked upon the face of dear, patient, Patsy-Boy. He was babbling and whispering wildly, and it was the voice I had not heard for many a long year—not since that day at Silverthaw, when I heard him say with bitter pride: "May God forgive ye', fer I can't!" But Patsy-Boy had forgiven—his generous, love-strung Irish heart could not harbor revenge. He was speaking again, but he was, in fancy, wandering among the green hills of his loved Kerry home.

"Luk at the wather! Och, God be praised! 'Tis the grass wavin' on the hillside. Arrah, luk at the tindher laves av the little shamrock. Shure, 'twas me heart was sore fer a sight av it"—and then his weakened mind went back to the work. He felt again the horror of what he had passed through, and the cry came: "O'Brien! O'Brien!" and then a subdued sobbing and labored breathing, that told of inward pain.

The days grew into weeks and the weeks into months 'ere I left Patsy-Boy. The skill of the little doctor was that of a magician, healing and kind. His cheery smile and merry song made that lonely spot among the rocks and trees as bright as a summer dream. Patsy-Boy, wheeled about in an invalid's chair now, and, thank God, not sightless, as we had feared, drank in the healing breath of the pines about him, and such a devoted nurse as O'Brien, the once human wreck, proved himself to be! He was eyes, and tongue, and feet and thought, all at once, for the poor scarred fellow sitting there so quietly smiling, as in a rolling volume of sound from the trees beyond came the little doctor's notes:

"Oh, Norah, dear Norah, you're going to leave us,
To better your fortune, you'll brave the rough main;
But think, oh, mavourneen, how sadly 'twill grieve us
To know we may never behold thee again."

The silence that followed told, more eloquently than words might, that the little doctor was not lingering altogether now from professional zeal, and, as he appeared from the shadow of the pines, his face aglow with a great happiness, reflected in the eyes of Katie, Patsy-Boy took up the hand of sweet Mary, seated beside him, as I was, and, in answer to my whispered word, placed in my strong palm her trembling fingers.

"God bless ye," said Patsy-Boy, his voice breaking a little; "it's goin' back t' The Place I am, alone, afther all!" But two strong hands touched the broken shoulders with tenderness, and I heard O'Brien say, softly:

"Never alone again, dear Patsy-Boy! Where thou goest, there will I go * * and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me!"

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

Albert writes: 1. I read from time to time in the papers of the Pope sending to some one a Golden Rose. Please explain. 2. Also explain what is the Agnus Dei; and, 3, the meaning of the large candle lighted on the altars on Sundays after Easter.

1. The Golden Rose is an ornament blessed by the Pope on the fourth Sunday of Lent each year (Laetare Sunday, as it is called). This he sends from time to time to some Catholic sovereign, to some famous church or sanctuaries, to some illustrious Catholic leader, or some Catholic city or republic. This ornament was originally a single flower of wrought gold, colored red; afterwards the golden petals were adorned with rubies and other gems. At present the form is of a thorny branch, with many flowers and leaves, and one principal flower at the top, all of pure gold. The custom of the Pope making presents to some illustrious sovereign or leader, or to some famous church or shrine, has been very ancient. The giving of the Golden Rose appears to date from the thirteenth century.

2. The "Agnus Dei" is a prayer used at Mass shortly before the communion, when the Lamb of God, which is the English of the Latin words Agnus Dei, is invoked to have mercy on us, and to give us peace.

Again, it means, and this is probably to what our correspondent refers, the figure of a lamb stamped on wax, which is blessed on Holy Saturday for this purpose. The wax is divided into small pieces, and the image of the lamb is an emblem of our Saviour, and a remembrance of Him who "was led as a lamb to the slaughter, not opening his mouth to complain." Formerly the wax used was the remnant of the paschal candle at the close of Easter time.

3. The paschal candle is a symbol of Christ. It is blessed on Holy Saturday, and from that day until Ascension Thursday it is lighted at the principal public offices to show how Christ, the Light of the World, remained conversing with His apostles and disciples during the forty days from His resurrection until His ascension. In the candle are five openings, representing the five principal wounds of the Redeemer, which our Divine Lord bears even in His risen body. In these five openings are put five grains of incense, made in the form of nails. These grains of incense recall the embalming of our Saviour's body by Joseph and Nicodemus.

League Member asks regarding the origin and history and motives of the Sacred Heart Devotion, as now practised in our churches.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century a Nun of the Visitation Order, Margaret Mary Alacoque, was favored with visits from our Divine Lord Himself, who declared that this devotion was most pleasing to Him, and would bring on those who practised it extraordinary blessings. Her spiritual director, the Jesuit Father de la Colombiere, studiously considered all her statements, and being convinced that they were genuine, preached the devotion at the Court of St. James. The matter having reached the Papal Court found approval there, and on February 6, 1765, Pope Clement XIII. permitted the celebration of the feast of the Sacred Heart to many churches. In 1856 this feast was extended to the whole Church. And now it is celebrated as a feast of the highest class. It is generally observed on the Friday following the octave of Corpus Christi.

Everywhere the people gladly accepted the devotion, and it soon became most popular, and a source of immense good in parishes. But like everything of good, it had its opponents. These were chiefly in the ranks of the Jansenists, who seem to have always loved to decry the mercy and the love of God. The Jansenists issued many false interpretations of the devotion, emanating from themselves, but which they ascribed to the faithful. The Holy See looked upon the statements as injurious to itself, inasmuch as it had approved the devotion, and accorded many indulgences to its practice. So Pius VI., in a bull dated August 28, 1794, condemning the Jansenist synod of Pistoia, learned the objections raised by the Jansenists against the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. Later on, Margaret Mary was beatified in 1864, and thus a new seal of approval affixed to the devotion she so zealously promoted.

In the bull issued by Pius VI. the devotion is clearly explained. The faithful worship with supreme adoration the physical Heart of Jesus, considered "not as mere flesh, but as united to the Divinity." They adore it, as "the Heart of the Person of the Word to which it is inseparably united."

The principle of this devotion is as old as the Incarnation itself, and was solemnly defined in 431 at the Council of Ephesus.

By reason of the hypostatic union of the human natures in the One Person, the sacred humanity of Christ, and thereby each and all the members of that sacred humanity are the objects of Divine worship; they are the members of that Person, who is God. Now, as we consider the heart as the symbol of love, so the heart of Jesus, His physical, human heart, has been chosen as typifying and expressing that love whereby He has loved us all, even to dying for us, and loves us still, with the infinite desire of making us eternally happy.

Absentee asks us: Do you think that missions in a parish do any good? They seem to trouble the good people, and make them scrupulous, but have little more than a passing effect upon indifferent or bad Catholics.

It were rather a difficult point to determine what is the exact benefit of a mission in a parish. But, generally speaking, they can do, ought to do and really do much good. If here and there particular instances may be cited to the contrary, special circumstances will explain the failure of the mission. In some parishes missions have become so frequent as to make them fail of their intended effect. At times, also, they have been too sensational, and have only frightened souls, not won them to God. But a mission as it is generally conducted explains to the people the fundamental and necessary doctrines of religion, sets before the multitude the great eternal truths, the destiny and end of man, the duties of time, the judgment following death, with eternal reward or punishment. Some people may object against the vehement style of some preachers, but there are souls to be aroused from lethargy and sin, and it is needed to dwell on the last end. "Remember thy last end," says the Holy Ghost, "and thou wilt never sin." From the early morning hour until late at night the Church is visited by the people for Mass, for prayer, for confession, for Holy Communion. Minds are enlightened, hearts are touched, sinners converted. No one can tell the incalculable good done by zealous and devoted men of God in a parish during the days and weeks of a mission. If there is something to deplore in the agony of the very best souls, of those who have the least need of the mission, as in the backsliding of the hardened sinner, the bad Catholic, it must be said here, as in all other good works, that we must not look for perfect results in our dealings with human nature. Again, the work begun in a mission is only begun; the real benefits will be apparent only in the zealous co-operation of priests and people after the mission is over. So, if the people are prepared carefully for the mission weeks, or better, months in advance, attend it religiously, seek to carry out its spirit when it is over, and if the mission is not an ordinary and frequent exercise in the parish, but an extraordinary and rare one, it will surely bring many and many an enduring blessing.

A zealous director of the Oeuvre Expiatoire writes from France: "Thirteen years ago the pious priest of a country village in the North of France, while roaming through the vast forest which skirts his little parish, la Chapelle Montligeon, mused on things divine. He reflected on the perfections of God, then on human frailty, and his train of thought led him to pass into the realms beyond the grave to visit the victims of eternal justice. He considered how the Almighty, even in wrath, remembers mercy, and permits the faithful on earth to relieve the sufferings of their brethren in Purgatory by their prayers and merits. The good priest's attention was, however, rivetted on one dominant thought. How many of these poor sufferers have no friends on earth to plead for them? How many of the children of those whose lips have never breathed a single "De Profundis?" To devote himself to aiding these forsaken souls became the life work of Father Buguet. He began his labors in a humble way, set his own type, and printed leaflets, pleading the cause of the forsaken souls. He craved an alms—the annual subscription of one halfpenny, to celebrate a daily Mass, and the Oeuvre Expiatoire is founded. Thirteen years have rolled by. What is the Oeuvre Expiatoire to-day? A vast organization, with a personnel of nearly two hundred employes, an Arch-Confraternity, Prima Primaria, numbering six million associates, representatives of every clime, of every race; honored with the special benediction of the Chief of Christendom, protected by Cardinals and prelates. And the daily Mass is now multiplied three-hundred-fold, so that during the year the Holy Sacrifice was offered 135,882 times for the forsaken souls. Truly, considering this marvellous work, we can but exclaim with the Prophet: 'Digitus Dei est hic.' It is with the greatest pleasure we read this splendid record. It is such organizations as the Oeuvre Expiatoire which are best calculated to stem the tide of irreligion and infidelity which accomplishes such an immense amount of harm in all the Continental countries, and we regret to say, particularly in France."—Irish Catholic.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Our Correspondents.

After all, there is nothing like human sunshine, the radiance of a bright, cheery disposition that makes itself felt even when rain is coming down in torrents as it is today. But who cares for weather sulks when everything else is cheery? We wonder if people could only know how much a kind word, a thoughtful act or a graceful, pretty acknowledgment of a favor received helps to lighten the daily way, if more wouldn't strive to contribute a share in making the whole world happy.

We know a little five-year-old (the eldest of a family of three babies) who fairly glows with delight, and is ready to do his best when his mother says "What would I do without my big son!" He feels he is appreciated, necessary to his mother's comfort, and so is happy.

And we know another child, a little drudge, whose whole life is given up to the care of younger brothers and sisters, and the only words that ever reach her are reminders of some trifling duty neglected, or complaints that she can't accomplish more in her over-burdened day. God pity such children and save them from becoming morally warped and distorted by their depressing environment!

Why should we burden others with our cares? Even the dearest friends grow weary if we keep before them the trials and griefs that are distinctly our own. It is a grievous wrong for parents to take children into their confidence to the extent of making them aware of every disaster threatening the family, exciting their young imagination and prematurely depriving them of the care-free joyousness that should be the prerogative of childhood. We know a woman—a good woman—and yet a more depressing influence than her dreariness was never brought to bear on young lives. She considered it part of her duty to never let her young charges forget the loss that made their home desolate, and a childish laugh was quickly checked with a reproachful "How can you forget your mother so soon?" that effectually dampened all desire for mirth.

And this reminiscence reminds us of a pathetic incident in another home, from which a month before Christmas the only daughter was called away, and the mother, in an abandonment of grief, shut herself in and forbade all celebration of the holiday. Not even a cake was provided for the little brothers; and a neighbor's boy invited them in to see what Christmas had brought to him. The neighbor's boy was one of many children, but their mother's heart had room for more, and ached for the little lads whose mother found no comfort in their presence. She made them thoroughly happy, and drew from the youngest the innocent remark, "Mrs. W——, I wish you was my mother!" to which the elder boy, strong in loyalty, make answer quickly, "He just says that, Mrs. W——, 'cause Mamma can't give us a Christmas tree," and turning to the little chap, he explained, reproachfully, "Ellie isn't dead long enough for us to have a Christmas like other folks."

But, there! This sad little story is not in keeping with our intention, which was to dwell only on cheerfulness and the great help it gives to us all in working out our destiny.

And now we come to our own mail.

What a pity we can't have more space; but we mustn't grumble. Even two letters convey a good deal, especially when they are such letters as we here reprint. The first is a private letter to a friend, but there were so many beautiful thoughts suggested by it that we begged the privilege of printing part of it for the benefit of our women friends.

We thank the "Free Lance," who points to a Round Table as a desirable gathering place for Donahoe's women readers. But you will remember that at the original Round Table only one hundred and fifty knights could be seated, and also that one of the seats was called the Siege Perilous. Now, perhaps, the fear that there might not be room for one more would deter some friend from entering in, and that would defeat our purpose. We want you to feel that under all circumstances our special department is open to all, and that the "Hostess" (again we thank "Free Lance") has no special reception day, but is always "At Home" to friends.

Catholic Munich.

We have changed Dresden for Munich, and after nine weeks spent in that dear little city I will ever remember it more. I made friends there, and had to leave it only too soon.

We have been almost a week here, but I must say I have fallen in love with the whole place and all its surroundings deeper than with all the sights I have seen before. The beauty of Munich is its strict Catholicity, something that goes to my heart.

Wherever you go or look you see the cross and statues of the Blessed Virgin right on the outside of the houses, with a little red lamp burning underneath. Even the royal palace of the King of Bavaria has a beautiful bronze statue of our Blessed Lady, and another very fine one stands right on the market place. The churches are very numerous and very fine, and something like our own Mission Church; I mean you see people continually going in and out. I have been into only three churches. One is right near us, where I go to Mass, and this morning I stood during the whole High Mass, sermon and all; then I made my way through the crowd to one of the side altars, and as the churches are so large—cathedrals, I should say—that one hardly hears the voice of the priest, I soon forgot all about the sermon. My attention was attracted by little slips of paper fastened all over the iron rail of the altar, which had a picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and those little slips were written some in the most illegible spelling, petitions for kind people to say an Our Father and Ave for such and such a blessing. One read: "A poor servant girl asks kind souls to say an Our Father to our Blessed Lady to get a good place for the first of next month," and so on, with various troubles and tribulations we are all alike laden with; for who is there who has nothing in particular to pray for?

I said prayers for all of them, and the first one for the poor servant girl, as it was the first one I read, which had so stirred my soul that I found myself crying. There is something so sweet about such simple faith. Then there were other slips written, and some marked on a bit of silk and others on cardboard, saying simply: "Mary has helped!" I thought these three simple words meant volumes.

The sermon was over, and the Mass went on again, and as soon as I stepped out of the church the military band on the other side of the street in front of the palace began to play the most beautiful music.

A Round Table of Women.

I do not know who is hostess of the Woman's Department, but I am coming in with the rest because of the cordial invitation issued to all interested. So I lay off my shawl and bonnet and draw up to the Round Table, figuratively speaking.

"We all have the right of opinion," said a friend, "and mine is that Donahoe's Magazine under its present management is the magazine for the home."

Many magazines and papers reach the home, their subscribers will tell you, to meet with no better destiny than the shelf; they scarcely ever remove the wrappers; they take them from one of the many different helping-hand motives, but are not sufficiently drawn to them to scan their contents. The Donahoe numbers are read with keen zest because they fit into the home as entertainers and educators, every succeeding number rounding out still more for the home needs. In taking some one of the standard magazines and turning over its beautiful illustrations, its catchy, sparkling pages and genuine good things prepared for the literary greed of the public, Catholics have been heard to say with considerable grievance, "Now, why cannot our Catholic publishers furnish us with a make-up like that? We buy those because we want them; because we have appetite for them as naturally as we have appetite for daily bread. If our Catholic publishers would furnish us with a magazine like that we would buy it for the same reason, because we want it." That is the standard. Donahoe's is rounding into the magazine the people want, and by showing its high ambition from a literary standpoint toward our people, and paying a rich compliment to the intelligence of our people by bringing within reach a magazine as able and elegant in its make-up as any to be had in the periodical literature of the day may put the Catholic man or woman to shame who will not co-operate for the general good and support it. "In fact," continued my friend, "Donahoe's is a boon to all of us, from the statesman down to the serving man or serving maid, and, I may add, one of the greatest boons those out at service can possibly have on the table of their own little private room, for apart from its other delightful attractions, they have in it that priceless wellspring, the 'Catholic Question Box.' This gives them the whip hand, so to speak. Armed with the knowledge served from the 'Question Box' they can be a power in the way of bringing disillusion to the falsely-impressed non-Catholic with whom their lot may be cast. Many servants are in the dark as to what answer they are to make when questioned about their faith. They may stand up for it like valiant generals or give 'warning' if it is insulted, but that is not sufficient; they have to be able to give light to the darkness. The Question Box of Donahoe's solves that problem, not only for the servant girl, but for many people well-informed on other topics.

"Someone has stated somewhere that we are not to grieve because we have missed a day without breakfast, dinner or supper, but that we are to grieve if we have missed a single day without feeding to the mind a fresh grain of wholesome knowledge. If the busy servant would but manage time to study even one question and answer of the

Question Box daily, conning it over and over, she would not only win the added respect of her employers, but also of her companions, and feel within herself that she was progressing in something that gathered light, and gave out light."

This, dear companions of the Woman's Department, is what set my own little opinion free to cast its fortunes among you. It is this: What are we women gathering into the Department for if not to help one another? I vote that we hang our little practical hints on its walls in a home-like spirit, making the scene a really and truly family hearth, where we will do for one another's welfare the brightest and best we can, and so send out our influence to thousands of homes broadcast, and draw comfort from that, that our little grain has gone somewhere into the world to do someone some good. And I have this to say before we part: I, for one, am glad to see the Children's Letter Box creeping in, but as opinions are welcomed by the editor, I think the little folks ought to have a sort of landmark in the shape of an appropriate illustration at the top of their particular department. Pictures count so with little folks, who carry the memory of them into manhood and womanhood, as the features that made their story or reading matter seem so life-like and real. The cut would make the column seem all the more truly their very own, and they will look for it all the more eagerly. And, by the way, a word dared for ourselves, why not a Round Table for our own department?

Well, adieu; it is time to go. I have had my little gossip. Do, all of you, bring in something good for the next assembly.

FREELANCE.

I turn back to say I think "Catholica's" open question in May number should bring into our Congress still another "Convert," who will generously give the secret how she worked the matter out, viz., "vocation," etc., and succeeded. "Catholica's" open question, at any rate, deserves to be taken up, for it leaves the "Convert" stranded in a very depressing dilemma.

And if "M. C. M.," our St. Louis, Mo., correspondent, will only join in with the rest of us in a frequent give-and-take in the Woman's Department, she will not feel one-half the distance separated from her "dear old Boston Common."

It need scarcely be added how truly the sentiment of that deathless melody, "Home, Sweet Home," is interpreted when she says, "Oh, for one week there (Boston) I would give one year of my life."

FREELANCE.

Nature's Lesson.

"When the balmy breath of Spring
Wakens Nature into gladness;
When a thousand voices sing,
Even fine forgets its sadness,"

sings a poet, and not only in Springtime, but all the year round the earth is so full of beauty that one can scarce realize how people can fail to seek and take the lessons Nature gives.

The inspired Job says of a man at peace with God, "Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field, and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee, and thou shalt know that thy tabernacle shall be at peace."

There is something peculiarly peaceful about an intimate acquaintance with Nature in any or all of her moods.

Our Lord felt this, for the lovely story of His early life is full of tender references and natural objects. The birds of the air, the beasts of the fields, the tiny fish thronging the sea of Galilee, and the lilies glowing in scarlet splendor in the meadows about Nazareth, all served as texts for His sweet and homely sermons.

Upon the waters of the lake, up into a high mountain, to a quiet fountain, aside into the Garden of Olives, in all these places our Lord sought the calm and quiet communion with Nature and Nature's god.

As Wordsworth says,

"Love had He found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

To one who truly seeks to learn the lessons of Nature there is a wonder of faith resulting from a close communion with her; a sweet sense of the reality of the Divine presence, fathering every leaf and twig and wee brown wren; a trust in the Divine Providence which has planned and guided all; an awe at the Divine magnificence capable of inventing such flawless mechanism. To the true Nature lover

"Every aster in his hand
Comes home laden with a thought,"

a thought of the good God who made and rules all.

But, "if thou wilt fill thy brain with Boston and New York, with fashion and covetousness, and will stimulate thy jaded senses with wine and French coffee, thou shalt find no radiance of wisdom in the lonely pine woods. For that spirit which suffices quiet hearts, which seems to come forth to

such from every dry knoll of sere grass, from every pine stump and half-embedded stone on which the dull March sun shines, comes forth to the poor and hungry and to such as are of simple tastes."

"In mountain and in valley,
Where'er we go is God,"

and one does not need the hills or the sea, the trackless woods or primaeval forests to find the God of Nature, but in the smallest city parks are "green things a-growing," everywhere you pass in Summer or the whiteness of the snow in Winter. Budding leaf, the least grass-blade, the wayside dandelion or the fluttering snowflake, all teach a lesson of sweet content, of simple duty, of the great All-Father who, "watching over Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps."

MARY F. NIXON.

Serving Food for Invalids.

If any of my readers has ever experienced the long convalescence that follows a serious illness, he or she will appreciate the emphasis I shall place on serving food to invalids. The daintily set tray with snowy-white napkin, clear glass and bright silver; the tiny vase of flowers, or the two or three scattered blossoms; nothing on the tray crowded or dishes piled on one another. The glass or cup only three-quarters full, the hot drinks smoking, and the iced drinks showing no saving or scarcity of ice. The pat of butter shaped and on a green leaf; the meat always garnished, everything hot, closely covered with a warm dish, until the patient is ready to begin eating. Beef juice should be put into red glass and jellies into various colored dishes. There should always be some daily change in the arrangement of serving, as a pleasant surprise to one having so little to break the monotony of a tedious illness. Bread can be made more appetizing by being cut into thin and variously shaped pieces, sometimes by making sandwiches with bacon, lettuce, egg or cheese. Occasionally some bright little note or pretty verse or good, wholesome thought, clearly written on a sheet of note paper or card and folded in the napkin, or partially tucked under the plate or tumbler, give much pleasure. All these little surprises and unexpected findings may give many happy moments through the weary day. The more ingenuity and originality the nurse possesses the better for the patient.

A very delicious drink is made by filling a tumbler half full of cracked ice, then adding the juice of half a lemon, three heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar, and a quarter of a glass of creamy milk, then filling the glass with seltzer, stirring well.

A delectable sandwich is made by preparing a French dressing, oil, vinegar, salt and pepper, and adding a grated hard boiled egg. Spread thin slices of bread with this, then place a crisp lettuce leaf between, and you may be sure more than one of these sandwiches will be wanted. A thin slice of delicately browned bacon can be placed between thin slices of bread, and eaten with relish when no other form of fat can be tolerated.

There are many ways of arranging fruit and preparing mock fruit; as, placing lemon jelly in the peel of an orange, and so fastening it that the surprise will be complete; or filling a banana peel with jelly, and tying it with some bright ribbon or long grasses.

A straw placed in an iced drink occasionally makes it more palatable. An iced lemonade with a tablespoonful of sherry and tiny pieces of orange, lemon, two or three whole strawberries, and thin slices of banana is very cooling and refreshing.

The fact that the mind has so much power over the body is often overlooked in caring for the sick. The little and apparently trifling things, of slight consequence when in health, become mountains high when seen through the eyes of an invalid. The mere careless handling of a spoon, and walking heavily across the room, are essentials oftentimes to a convalescent. There is no better training to gain patience, thoughtfulness, correctness in detail, and a gentle, strong manner than to care for the sick, and every woman would be more powerful from having had such a training, which tends to cultivate a harmony of thought and action.

EXCHANGE.

Home Hints.

Some mothers believe in strictly "apple pie" order for their children; such children I always pity. Teach your children to be neat and clean, but do not expect them to be always in a state of "immaculateness" from early morn to dewy eve. Keep the "apple pie order" for afternoons and special occasions; at other times allow them to romp and play and enjoy life, even if they do come in looking a trifle uncivilized and not altogether up to the mark. They will have had a good time. The happier and brighter the childhood the better for the individual in later life. A morose childhood almost invariably means a future life of pessimism and distrust of human nature in general. Let the children be happy, even if a little dirt must be used in the make-up.

Keep your house tidy and clean, but refrain from house-cleaning all the time. Don't spend half a day hunting for dirt which you know perfectly well is not there. Save your energy for something actually necessary.

It is not a difficult task to furnish young girls with tastefully decorated rooms, and that it is well to teach them from their childhood the beauty of artistic surroundings will hardly be denied. And any room can be artistically furnished and decorated at a comparatively small expense. Decorations that are genuine works of art and furniture that is of splendid workmanship cost, of course, a good deal of money, but simple decorations that will please the eye and furniture that will be at the same time both sensible and artistic can readily be procured, and will not cost more than vulgar decorations and unsightly furniture.

It's nine chances to one that in many homes the most important feature of the little folks' education is being neglected—that is, their table manners.

When she sees her juveniles getting through their meals with no regard to eating etiquette, mother thinks, if she bothers her head about it at all: "Oh, it's natural for children to be careless at table. They'll outgrow it after a time."

But they do not outgrow it. The boy and girl who have been allowed to breakfast, lunch and dine all through early life with an utter disregard of table niceties, find when manhood and womanhood gives them discernment, that their slovenly habits stick to them like burrs. It is early training, or lack of it, that counts every time.

Always mark the buttonholes, and be careful to accurately measure the distance they are to be apart. Then cut the first one and pass the button through; mark the size of the rest with thread or chalk, and cut them with regular buttonhole scissors, then over-cast the edges with twist and bar each hole—that is, take a long stitch on each side, leaving the stitch apparently on the surface, about one-sixteenth of an inch from the edge. Begin at the back end of the buttonhole and work the usual stitch, drawing the twist evenly and firmly, but not too tightly, all along to the front end; work this round, almost as if it was an eyelet, very closely; then continue up the other side till you come to the back. This should be fastened squarely by several neat stitches laid loosely one on top of the other; then take all these up with buttonhole stitch, forming a strong loop that will hold the buttonhole firm as long as the garment is wearable.

How to Clean Black Dress Goods.

First remove the grease spots with naphtha, and remember that this fluid is very explosive when exposed to either light or fire. Make a lather of warm soapsuds, using a good, not strong, soap and a teaspoonful of borax to every two quarts of water. Into this dip the goods up and down and wash between the hands. Then wring gently and partly dry. Hang in the shade, and when nearly dry iron on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron. Always rinse once in lukewarm water and iron until the material is perfectly dry. Never rub a fabric that is being renovated on the washboard, nor wring it tightly, and in using naphtha remember that it roughens the hands and that after using it it is well to put vaseline upon them and to wear old gloves. Wash alpaca in the same manner as cashmere, adding a little gum arabic to the rinsing water. If the black goods are of a rusty color, restore them by sponging with ammonia and alcohol. Always use a piece of the same material or one near to it to sponge with.

A Handy Window-Seat.

A convenient window seat that may be used as a shoe-box or without the pockets is an excellent place to keep the separate waists which now abound, either shirt waists or silk stuff ones. It can be made by the home carpenter if she have any ingenuity and two or three tools.

A box of the right length and width to fit in a desired place can be got at the grocer's, and with a saw and screw-driver a cover can be made and put on with hinges. Then a board to be screwed on for a back to the seat can be shaped quite easily by almost anyone, but the corner carpenter is always ready to assist at small expense.

When the box is ready the cushioned seat is first made by putting hair or excelsior on the cover, and a second covering of denim with a valance of the same to cover the rest of the box. Green denim has a cool and pleasing effect, or any shade that will harmonize with the room where the seat will be used.

If it is desired to tuft the seat as an additional finish, this may be done with denim buttons to match in color and fastening them through the cover by passing the upholsterer's thread through the holes bored in the top board. An effective combination is blue denim upholstered with white buttons.—New York Times.

Are Deformities Outgrown?

It is a matter of common observation that the "bow-legs" and "knock-knees" of young children become apparently straighter as age advances, even when no assistance is given to them. Perhaps it is due to these facts, or possibly to a species of self-delusion, that mothers so often believe that their children will outgrow many slowly increasing deformities, which are consequently neglected, to the children's further hurt.

Certain deformities, when arrested, will apparently grow less or disappear as the growth of the child increases, until as adult age is reached they may cease to be noticeable. But even though the ideal of symmetry be a comparatively low one, a deformity of any moment must be treated early if the body is to be brought up to the average standard. The child, like the tree, must be taken in hand early if any natural distortion is to be corrected.

Pott's disease, a curvature of the spine due to an inflammation of the joints, causing decay of the bones of the spinal column, and hip disease, due to a similar condition of the hip joint, are among the deformities which require treatment at the earliest possible moment.

"Postural deformities," so called, including bow-legs, knock-knees, flat chests, round backs, "shackles" or loose joints and weak feet, are among those for which most can be done by surgeons and parents. On the other hand, such deformities will be increased if the weak parts are subjected to strain. Thus attitudes producing fatigue at weak spots, attitudes induced or encouraged by uncomfortable seats or by defects of eyesight are common causes of a want of physical symmetry.

Newly acquired postural deformities yield in most cases to simple means which a mother or nurse is capable of applying; but the first evidence of any disease of the bones or joints, such as a limp, a dragging of one foot, or a curvature of the spine, should receive immediate attention at the hands of a surgeon.

In general, it may be said that deformities do not tend to correct themselves. Nature exerts herself in other directions. However, a corrective force, though in itself very slight, if rightly applied, may entirely do away with the deformity, or at least aid largely in lessening it.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Bicycle Hints.

Neatness in dress is at all times desirable, and anything that adds to the attractiveness of a woman's appearance is worth considering. Some women are very exacting about the "hang" of a walking skirt, but very indifferent to the general effect of a bicycle costume. This is a great mistake, as a trim, neat skirt on a rider is much more noticeable than on a pedestrian, and frequent comments from onlookers are proofs of this assertion. In making a bicycle suit the woman who uses American haircloth to give the skirt the right set will be sure of pleasing results, the texture of this special make adapting itself bodily to the requirements of comfort while also imparting the stylish appearance characteristic of a skirt interlined with the best material.

If women would only consider the ordinary laws of hygiene they would never ride with their mouths open, says a writer in the Chicago Times-Herald. This not only gives a bad appearance, but is injurious to the lungs and throat, as well as to the physical comfort of the rider. Imagine dust and insects floating into an open mouth! More of this foreign matter can be collected in a short ride than is agreeable for comfort. A thin veil of invisible net is a great protection. The best way is to take long breaths, retaining them as long as possible, keeping the mouth closed, and avoiding, of course, too violent exertion during this practice. This can be practiced by walking, and will be developed gradually by easy riding, until the steepest grade will have but little bad effect on the action of the diaphragm. Proper breathing is as necessary to perfect enjoyment as proper pedaling or position.

Dainty Handkerchiefs.

The handkerchief counters show every variety of these indispensable little articles, from the plain hemstitched squares of cotton and linen to the expensive lace and embroidered ones, and many of the new designs are handsome. If a young lady can do hemstitching she can have real beauties at a very moderate price. The linen chosen for this purpose should be fine and soft in texture, and not too closely woven. Cut them in squares from thirteen to sixteen inches in size, according to the depth of the hem desired. Draw out three or four threads, and do the hemstitching as evenly as possible. If you wish a lace edge, get enough narrow Valenciennes lace to go around the handkerchief without any fulness except at the corners. They are very easy to make and very fashionable. Others have a lace insertion set in between two hems. When this is done the handkerchiefs are hemstitched as before, and a square cut out of the centre one and one-half inches from the hem all around. Finish the cut edges with very narrow hems, put a narrow insertion around the square, and sew the outside hem to it.

A Word to Business Girls.

A host of girls are employed in business, in one or another capacity. As saleswomen, as stenographers, as clerks in offices or assistants in counting-rooms, young girls are entering upon careers of industry, and occasionally of money-making, as their brothers do. Their bright, alert faces, their gentle voices and dainty costumes quite transform the dingy places of business, and old-fashioned people own that a new element has been introduced into commercial and professional life, with the very general employment of women.

A girl, beginning her business life, should determine to be prompt and thorough, equally with a young man, if she expects a day's wages for a day's work. She must give the full measure of her day, not snipping off a few minutes here and a few minutes there.

She must finish up whatever she undertakes. Our sex are so quick that we sometimes fall short by reason of our flashing and snatching at things, instead of going at the heart of them. In business loose ends cannot be tolerated. A girl is held as strictly to account for every error as is her fellow-employee, who is a boy. If Miss —— makes mistakes, omits words in her type-writing, fails to sell goods, does or does not anything opposed to the code of the establishment where she is engaged she is held responsible. Of this no girl complains. It is the just pride of the business girl that all she asks is a fair field and no favor. Give her standing room and she will prove her ability to maintain her ground.

The next thing to be spoken of is rather more delicate. I do not like to say that the business girl should always be consciously on her guard about her behavior, because her behavior should be habitually so above criticism that conscious guard would hardly enter into it. But a girl thrown daily and freely into the company of men, both married and single, necessarily obliged to spend hours with some who may not be so honorable as the right-minded, the chivalrous Christian gentleman is, always and everywhere, needs to have a high ideal and to live up to it.

It is safe for such a girl never to accept even seemingly innocent attentions, and even unimportant gifts from an employer or a fellow associate in the business house. To the girl, weary with the routine of the office, it looks like a pleasant break when a dignified or agreeable masculine friend, whom she sees every day, invites her to go to luncheon with him, or suggests an afternoon excursion on a half-holiday. The thing, however, is not justifiable, and often indulgence in what is apparently a perfectly innocent pleasure leads to misunderstanding and unhappiness. It is a good rule for the business girl never to go anywhere or do anything in any company concerning which secrecy is enjoined or tacitly implied. Let the young woman keep the line of her friendships and intimacies as a separate matter, known and approved by her home friends, and not mixed up with the duties and obligations of her office or store.

The young girl coming from a village, where she has known and been on good terms with everyone, to a great city, where necessarily she meets a host of strangers, should take special care to let her business life be that of a thoughtful, self-respecting woman.

All this is quite consistent with cheerful manners and pleasant ways. One does not need to label herself as unapproachable or above everything, as suspicious and ready to stand on the defensive. Every requirement of the position is met by deportment which is regulated according to common sense and self-respect. A girl in business should put herself behind her work and allow absorption in that to be her sufficient shield.— EXCHANGE.

In the "Golden Rule" Mrs. James L. Hill has this to say to the "girl who is not pretty":

Do not despair. You should be the last person to sit down and repine. Your case is not so forlorn as it seems, my disconsolate friend. Others have more occasion to despond. Your worst danger is that you will get out of temper and become either sour or glum.

But the pretty girl can never be a monopolist. There is another side. It was plainly seen by the manager of a dry-goods store, who said that from a business point of view he preferred an attractive girl with a good figure and fine presence rather than one who was simply pretty. The qualification he places first is that girls be agreeable in manner as distinguished from any distinctively physical charm. Some of these girls he finds are well-nigh daft on the matter of their presumed beauty, which causes it to lose much of its winsomeness.

An intimate friend said to another close acquaintance of mine, "Why is it that you are so much more ladylike and lovely in your bearing and ways than Miss E——?" To which she replied, "Sister, I can never be pretty, but mamma says that there is no reason why we may not be attractive and refined." And I here bear witness from good knowledge that they are trig and graceful and charming, and receive, according to my observation, what seems to be more than their share of attention from the young scions of the sterner sex.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Romance of the Doodle-Bugs.

Chapter I. — The Banker.

"Well, good-bye, Dobson. I hope you have as much pleasure in entering as I have in leaving."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Mr. Wharton," said the young man addressed, as he grasped the extended hand of the white-haired old banker and pressed it warmly. "I was afraid that—that——"

"I would feel blue at the prospect of leaving. Well, so I do—in a measure." He adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses and glanced about the spacious apartment and at the clerks behind their little windows, busy with the day's finances; and then his eyes went wistfully across to the little door marked "private," beyond which had been his own private office, and to the doors of the great vaults in which were stored the wealth of the house and its clients.

"Yes, it is leaving much of my life behind," with something like a sigh. "I have been here forty years, Dobson, from clerk to senior partner, and from thirty dollars a month to an income of a hundred thousand or more a year. I came in as an ambitious boy, and am going out as a decrepit old man, under peremptory orders from his physician."

Here he noticed the commiserating expression on his junior's face, and burst into a low, pleased laugh which strangely belied his words. Mr. Dobson's look of sympathy changed to one of surprise, and even of incredulous inquiry. The senior partner was not noted for laughing.

"But that is only one view to take," the old banker went on, cheerfully; "the other is where I am going. On the whole, I think I am rather pleased to leave. The life has been successful, but it has been full of toil and with but little recreation. Now I am going back to my boyhood—to my doodle-bugs."

"Your—what?"

"Doodle-bugs; just doodle-bugs, Dobson. No, you needn't look at me like that. I am not crazy. Did you never have any doodle-bugs in your boyhood?"

"Never heard of such a thing."

"Ah! I am very sorry; you don't know what you've missed. You see, it's just this way. When the doctor ordered me to quit business I hardly knew where to turn. I have no relatives, to my knowledge; and no home but this. Then I thought of the old farm where I spent my boyhood, and felt that it was the pleasantest part of all my journey. I would go back there—I do not know who owns the place, or if any of my old companions are still there. One is in California, one is in Australia, and several are in Europe; probably many of them are dead. The river where I had such fun swimming will be too cold for my lukewarm blood now, and probably I will not care to climb walnut trees or to bend birches. But there is a big sand hole of five or six acres that is half covered with magnificent oaks and pines, and where twisting roots curve into all sorts of fantastic seats and couches, as though inviting one to sit there and read his magazines and papers. The sand is dry and warm, and is about the only ground on the farm to which I can entrust my rheumatic limbs; and, besides, the doodle-bugs live there. So you see, Dobson, I have about decided to buy, rent or borrow the sand hole, build a house, and go out there and live with my doodle-bugs—or, rather, with the descendants of the doodle-bugs I used to know."

"Will you be kind enough to tell me, Mr. Wharton, what is a doodle-bug? And also what under the sun has put you into the idea of going to live in a sand hole?"

"To answer the last question first, force of contrast, Dobson. I am very fond of contrast, and you will admit that Wall street and a sand hole have not many points in common. As to doodle-bugs, they are tiny creatures, not much larger than a pea, very beautiful under a microscope, and having homes in the sand, generally in the vicinity of pine trees. We children used to call them up from their holes with a sing-song invocation, and then to send them back by changing our voices. I don't care to enter into a scientific discussion of the case, but they certainly come up when we called them, and just as certainly would go back when we commanded. I believed in them thoroughly in those days, and I want to go back to them with my faith unshaken. Well, once more, good-bye."

He turned abruptly and passed out into the street. There he paused irresolutely, as though about to hail a carriage; then, buoyed by his novel sense of freedom, determined to walk to his residence, three or four blocks away.

At the corner he was obliged to wait for the passing of some drays, and as he stood there he became conscious of a slight movement in one of his side pockets. Turning quickly, he caught a boy in the very act of removing his hand.

The ordinary Mr. Wharton never laughed, and in like manner it may be affirmed the ordinary Mr. Wharton never showed consideration for transgressors. But with the passing of his business seemed to be the passing of certain traits of his character—or, perhaps, it was the influence of his prospective sand hole and the doodle-bug tenants that was descending upon him. At any rate, he only looked the boy over attentively, without even putting out a detaining hand, and what was perhaps still more strange, the boy made no attempt to run away.

"Is this the only work you can find to do?" the banker at last asked, gravely.

The boy trembled and seemed to shrink into a smaller compass than before, if possible.

"It's the very first time, sir! Indeed, indeed, it is!" he cried imploringly. "I was awful hungry."

CHAPTER II.— THE BOY.

There was a ring of truthfulness in the voice, and in spite of their equivocal meeting, the banker was willing to prolong the conversation. He was no longer the business martinet, to prescribe by set rules, but had time to look about and observe. And already he was beginning to enjoy the freedom.

"Hungry?" he echoed a little incredulously. "A big, bright boy like you? Why, I could find jobs enough in an hour to provide half a dozen meals. But perhaps you are from the country," observing him more closely, "and are not used to our city ways. Maybe you have run away from a good home."

The boy seemed startled, and for the first time glanced about as though to escape.

"Yes, I'm from the country," he admitted at last, sullenly, "and I've only been here ten days. I had four dollars, and after that went I tried to get jobs, but the boys pushed me off the sidewalk and hooted and called me names. But I didn't have a good home—at least," correcting himself, "I didn't think I had. They worked me too hard, and wouldn't let me go to school. Maybe if I should go back now, though, it would seem better," a sudden quaver of homesickness coming into his voice in spite of himself. "There don't seem much chance of getting on in the city."

He put out his hands as though to grasp something for support, and began to reel slightly. The banker stared at him a moment, and then caught his arm.

"Look here, boy!" he exclaimed hastily, "you are not merely hungry; you are starving. Why didn't you tell me it was so bad? But come along! There's a restaurant across the street."

As soon as they were seated the banker motioned imperiously for a waiter.

"Bring this boy the best you have," he ordered, "and plenty of it. Don't keep us waiting. No, nothing for me."

There was a morning paper on a chair beside him, and picking this up, he began to read, glancing approvingly at the boy from time to time as he saw the food disappear. When there were signs of flagging appetite he threw down the paper.

"Now, tell me something about it," he said, authoritatively. "What made you run away?"

The boy looked embarrassed.

"I was foolish," he admitted, candidly, "but, you see, I wanted to be doing better, and there wasn't much chance on the farm. It was work from light till dark, month in and month out, and no schooling. But the folks were nice to me, and provided plenty of warm clothing and good food, and in the evenings they sometimes helped me with my books. I had better stayed out there and learned what I could till I was older," dejectedly. "I see it now. It was enough sight better than the city."

"The city does not offer much encouragement to young boys who have no experience," acquiesced the banker. "The folks you speak of are some kin, I suppose?"

"No, sir; only just live on the farm where my father was raised. I'd heard him speak of it so much that when he died I felt I must go there and get work. It would seem more like home."

"I see; but there were no school advantages, and you wanted to be getting ahead. What made you think of coming to the city?"

"I—er—my father had a brother, who came to the city and got pretty well off," humbly, "and I thought maybe I could do the same. But I forgot he was older than me, and—and smarter. I thought if I could get well off," a sudden eagerness coming into his voice, "I'd sometime go back and buy the old farm and fix it up real nice."

"A very laudible ambition," commended the banker. Then with a pleased laugh: "It's just what I am about to do myself—go back and buy my farm and accept the descendants of my doodle-bug friends as tenants."

The boy looked puzzled.

"I've played with doodle-bugs," he said, doubtfully.

"Indeed!" heartily. "Then that is another link in our friendship. I am glad to

meet an acquaintance of so distinguished a family." He glanced at his watch and rose hastily.

"I must be going. My train leaves at two, and I have some business to transact first. I suppose you will go back to the farm?"

"Yes, I will go."

"That is right. But I haven't asked you yet what part of the country you are from."

"Augusta County, Virginia."

"Why, bless my soul! that's just where I'm going. From the same county! No wonder you have played with doodle-bugs. We'll go back on the same train—in the same car. Played with doodle-bugs! What a coincidence! Meet me at the Courtlandt street ferry at two sharp. Know where it is?"

The boy colored and drew back.

"Yes, I know where it is; but I—I am going to walk."

"To Virginia? Pshaw! you couldn't do it in a month. I will attend to the fare. If you don't want it as a gift, take it as a loan, and pay me when you get ready. Remember, two o'clock, sharp."

It was the boy's first experience in a drawing-room car, and for a time he was absorbed in the novelty and elegance of his surroundings. Then he turned to the gliding panorama outside. And watching from the opposite chair, the old banker grew more and more interested in the waif so strangely thrown under his protection. Surely it was no weak face that was turned to him from time to time with some eager inquiry or comment. Surely there was more than ordinary promise in the clear eyes and firm mouth and in the way the shoulders were carried. The boy had made a slip, and would need careful watching and guiding; but with such assistance what might not be hoped from his future?

To be continued.

The Homan Sick-Call Outfit.

It Should be in Every Catholic Family.

An inquiry about the Homan "Sick-Call Outfit" having been made, the makers have sent to us a sample case. We have given it a thorough examination, and have shown it to several priests, who have spoken of it in terms of unqualified approval. The Outfit is not sold by or through agents; it must be purchased from the Homan Silver-Plate Co., 214 East Seventh street, Cincinnati, O. Anyone interested will do well to send to the foregoing address for a pamphlet concerning the Outfit. The pamphlet, besides much interesting special matter pertaining to the Outfit, contains fac-similes of autograph letters from Cardinal Gibbons and many of the archbishops and bishops of the American hierarchy, all of them praising the Outfit in highest degree.

Granny's Come to Our House.

Granny's come to our house
  An', ho, my lawzy daisy!
All the children round the place
  Is jist a-runnin' crazy.
Fetched a cake for little Jake,
  An' fetched a pie for Nanny,
An' fetched a pear for all the pack
  'At runs to kiss their granny.

Lucy Ellen's in her lap,
  An' Wade an' Silas Walker
Both's a-ridin' on her foot,
  An' Polo's on the rocker,
And Marthy's twins, from Aunt Martin's,
  An' little orphant Annie,
All's a-eatin' gingerbread
  An' giggleum at granny.

Tell us all the fairy tales
  Ever thought or wondered—
An' 'bundance o' other stories—
  Bet she knows a hundred!
Bob's the one for "Whittington,"
  An' "Golden Locks" for Fanny—
Hear 'em laugh and clap their hands
  Listenun to granny!

"Jack the Giant Killer" 's good,
  An' "Beanstalk" 's another,
So's the one of "Cinderell"
  And her old godmother.
That un's best of all the rest—
  Bestest one of any—
Where the mices scampers home
  Like we runs to granny.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

How to Become Happy.

Many young people are ever thinking over some new way of adding to their pleasures. They always look for more "fun," more joy.

Once there was a wealthy and powerful king, full of care, and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave on the borders of a wilderness.

"Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how to become happy."

Without making any reply, the wise man led the king over a rough path until he brought him to a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?"

"Doubtless," answered the king, "that it may be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the wise man. "Build thy home in heaven and thou shalt have peace and happiness."—Michigan Catholic.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

The Board of Directors of Donahoe's Magazine take pleasure in announcing that they have secured the services of Mr. Henry Austin Adams, the widely known lecturer and litterateur, as editor-in-chief.

Readers of Donahoe's and Mr. Adams' many friends in all parts of the country will look forward eagerly to the appearance of the July issue, the new editor's initial number, and the beginning of Volume XXXVIII.

* * *

The consecration of the Right Rev. Edward Patrick Allen, Bishop of Mobile, and of the Right Rev. John J. Monaghan, Bishop of Wilmington, Del., were events of much importance in the Catholic world.

Bishop Allen succeeds the lamented Bishop O'Sullivan, whose death occurred last August. The diocese comprises Alabama and West Florida, and is a suffragan of New Orleans.

Bishop Allen's eminent fitness for so responsible a trust has been fully demonstrated by the success attending his administration of affairs in every position he has been called upon to fill since his ordination to the sacerdotal office. In view of his elevation to the ranks of the prelacy, it is fitting to speak of the noble sacrifices made by his family in order that the son chosen by God for His special service should be fitted for the sacred calling. His father, John Allen, immigrated in 1839, and lived first at Brooklyn, but afterward moved to the State of Massachusetts, and of his efforts there is said: "While his own ability and virtue, aided by his good wife's fortitude and prudence, gained considerable wealth for John Allen, he, recognizing the duty of brotherly love, was untiring in his efforts to aid those unhappy countrymen of theirs who, driven forth by famine from their native land, or less able to bear the financial crisis of their adopted country, were cast upon the charity of a people as yet strange and not congenial. John Allen was 'kind to a fault,' so much so that thinking more of the 'treasures of heaven,' he was less careful of the goods that perish, and with the sharp Yankee competition around and against him, he had to retire from business in 1867 and confine himself to his farm. This lay on the city borders, and as it rapidly increased in value he sold a portion of it in the early '70's, in order to provide for the ecclesiastical training of Edward, his fourth child, whom he sent to Mount St. Mary's College, then as now known as one of the grandest, most homelike and most successful of our Catholic institutions of learning."

The subsequent career of the young collegian was marked by steady progress, the devotion to duty and zeal for religion characterizing all his labors, winning for him the high measure of esteem that found worthy expression on the recent occasion when the cathedral at Baltimore was the scene of an assembly of archbishops, bishops, abbots, priests and laity gathered together to witness the consecration of the Bishop of Mobile.

* * *

On the 9th of May Bishop Monaghan was consecrated in the pro-cathedral at Wilmington, Del., and from the episcopal throne spoke to the great congregation words so beautifully expressive of the relationship and mutual dependence existing between pastor and people that we reprint here extracts from his address for the benefit of Catholic readers who may not have had the privilege of hearing him or reading the address:

"It is proper that I should say a few words on this occasion, and from my heart I thank the distinguished ecclesiastics present for having honored me and this Diocese of Wilmington by their presence. The occasion is one I am sure will be long remembered. Its grandeur and solemnity are due in a great part to the presence of so many distinguished members of the hierarchy. Beloved priests of the Diocese of Wilmington, I have come in obedience to the will of our Holy Father, the representative, the Vicar of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I have to labor with you for the good of religion and for the salvation of souls in the Diocese of Wilmington. You who have been toiling for years know something of the labors of the mission. My hope is not only to lighten them but to make them sweet and easy, as well as fruitful. My success depends in a great measure on you. Coming as I do with the commission of His Holiness and in obedience to his will; coming, I am sure, with your good will, I will be not only your Bishop and father, but also your friend. I would especially beg of the clergy to join in prayer to Almighty God that His blessing may descend on me. That during the next thirty days they will recite the prayer, 'Orationi Spiritu Sanctae' where the office will permit; to beg the blessing of the Spirit of God on their bishop. I announce that the vicar general in the future as in the past will be Very Rev. Father Lyons, to

whom I am specially indebted for his efforts to make this celebration so great a success. To you, beloved brethren of the laity, among whom I must labor for the salvation of souls, I may say that I already know of your piety, generosity and co-operation with your clergy and I feel assured that though coming a stranger I shall soon feel at home with you. I ask the co-operation of your prayers, for no matter what we do, unless we obtain the blessing of God all our efforts will be in vain. It is a matter of régret that you are about to lose your beloved Bishop, who has labored so faithfully and energetically during all these years for the welfare of the diocese. It is a comfort and consolation, an occasion of joy and assurance to me that he will still carry our best interests in his heart and wherever he may go we will share in his prayers and the fruit of his good works. May God bless the work to-day begun and grant it may be fruitful; may He grant to me grace and strength to fulfill my duty and that I may receive when life is over that reward which He has promised to His faithful servants."

Some time ago Lady Aberdeen nearly lost her life at the Gatineau, a river near Ottawa City, and in thanksgiving for her fortunate rescue a bell was recently placed in the tower of the church at Gatineau Point. The bell was the gift of their Excellencies, and in their presence, on Sunday, May 9, it was solemnly consecrated by Archbishop Duhamel. Replying to the address presented to Lord and Lady Aberdeen, the Governor-General made some very happy remarks on the mission of the bell.

"And so the bell has its history, which perhaps will sometimes be brought to your minds when its mellow tones invite you to the house of God. But not to you only will it speak. When its voice is oftly wafted across to that dwelling on the further side of the Ottawa river it may well awaken memories and thoughts devout and thankful.

"Nor is it to you and to us only that those tones may appeal. The sound of the church bell is a sort of emblem of Divine charity. It recognizes no restrictions, no limitations. On every side, so far as its tones can reach, whosoever will may hearken to its voice and have his thoughts uplifted, his aspirations stirred.

"That idea has been brought out by a most gifted French painter in an exquisite picture entitled 'The Angelus.' And what does he depict? A church, with the bell swinging in the steeple? No; he shows us two peasants at work in the fields. The sound of the Angelus is heard softly stealing from far across the landscape. The hat is removed, the head is bowed. The bell has given its message. May it be sometimes so with this bell. May it sometimes inspire thoughts of piety, of peace, and especially of kindliness and good will to one another, no matter what our creed or race may be.

"Again we express our thanks for kindness and sympathy manifested by so many twelve months ago, and, as it were, confirmed and ratified by the presence of this large and representative assembly to-day. And we shall never forget the folk, the church, the cure, the bell of Gatineau Point."

* * *

The various institutions devoted to the development and perfecting of the best methods of educating the deaf and dumb are receiving generous attention from the press of the country.

The instruction of the blind is also of absorbing interest. Readers will learn with pleasure of the work of one institution that is quietly doing its great humanitarian work. From The Month we take the following:

"Almost opposite the Observatory is the long street Rue Denfert Rochereau, so full of religious houses that in the olden days it was given the name of the street of charity or of paradise. Most of these convents have branch houses in many countries. One there is that while doing a work not so much as attempted by any other religious order in the world is yet so unassuming in its quiet usefulness that its existence is known to very few.

"At the far end of the Rue Denfert Rochereau (No. 88) we arrive at the long gray wall that encloses the convent of the Blind Sisters of St. Paul.

"The object of this order is to offer to those who are blind and who wish to give themselves wholly to God the happiness and help of the religious life; for to those whose eyes are closed to all the beauties of this life there is often given an especial love for God, to whom their infirmity renders them the more dear. And for whom is the life of a nun more suited? Before the sightless eyes of the blind there hangs a veil that forms a life-long cloister.

"At St. Paul's there are now about thirty-six nuns, half of whom are blind. All these Sisters, Les Soeurs Voyantes, those who have their sight, as well as the blind, follow the same rules. On those who have their sight devolves the greater part of the manual work, the work in the kitchen, the service of the meals, the cleaning and care of the house and the care of the blind children. The blind devote themselves more especially to prayer, and so bring down blessings on the convent.

"They have, however, plenty of useful occupation. Some have classes of music, reading, or even writing. They take their turn in reading aloud in the refectory at the time of meals, and so well have they

mastered the art of reading with their fingers that the most distinct of all the voices are those of the blind Sisters. Many occupy themselves in printing journals and books for the use of the blind."

* * *

Stephen Bonsal, writing in the Review of Reviews on the Cuban question, gives this instance of the dire poverty of the unfortunate victims of the campaign, which, he says, was one of starvation, rather than of fighting:

"Making a wage of one cent a day, when salt pork or tasajo is being retailed to them by the grocer at thirty cents a pound, was a hopeless task, and I was not surprised to find on my return to Matanzas in March that this industry had come to an end. In fact, upon my second visit I found the whole attitude of the starving multitude changed. You could walk through Matanzas for hours and not a single beggar would come out of his rat hole to importune you for alms. You could dine at a table on the sidewalk and no one would ask you for the leavings of your plate. If you wanted to see them you would have to go to their bohios on the hillsides, where, stretched out upon the damp ground and gazing vacantly before them, they passed away the weary, endless days. Now and again I met in the streets a wretched, despairing mother, clasping a puny, ailing child to her shrunken bosom, hurrying to and fro through the mourning, famishing city, with a terrible expression of dread anxiety depicted upon her drawn features and crying out as she went, "leche," "milk." Milk for her starving child! Once I saw seated in the plaza, half clad and shivering with the cold, for the keen norther was blowing, a mother, who clasped convulsively in her arms a child that was dead. And she was trying to nurse it, begging and imploring it with all a mother's caressing words to drink, to live. Friends came down from the Cascoro Hill at last and began to lead her away. A moment later she fell exhausted, and while she slept in the sight of the curious bystanders, the convulsive grasp with which she hugged her little one relaxed, and while she slept on the child was taken from her bosom, thrown into the passing dead cart and carried out into the country, where lie hundreds of but half-buried dead, who have fallen victims to this atrocious system."

* * *

The Sisters who are in charge of the Ephpheta School for the Deaf at St. Joseph's Home, 409 South May street, Chicago, Ill., have just issued a yearly journal called The Voice of the Deaf. This publication will be the messenger of the Ephpheta Union of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The price of the periodical will be twenty-five cents per year, and subscribers are entitled to share in the benefits of one thousand Masses, which may be applied to the relief of the suffering souls in Purgatory. The Ephpheta Union is not a local institution, but has for its object the spiritual and temporal welfare of all the subscribers to The Voice of the Deaf, who constitute the members of the Union in all parts of the continent. The objects in establishing the Ephpheta Union of the Sacred Heart of Jesus are: 1. To provide a comfortable home and education for deaf and dumb boys and girls. 2. To give them Catholic training. 3. To teach them a useful trade or industry which will secure their maintenance in the future. 4. To give them a solid education that they may be able to take their place in the world as intelligent citizens.

At the present time the Ephpheta School for the Deaf educates and boards over one hundred little children of silence from various localities. As the institution does not receive either State, county or city aid of any kind, the Sisters depend on the invaluable assistance of the members of the Ephpheta Union in order to carry on their godly work. The Sisters, aided by the diocesan clergy, the religious orders and a number of devoted Catholic ladies, founded the Ephpheta School in 1884, and since that time they have cared for and educated about five hundred deaf mutes. After struggling all these years the institution finds itself in debt, without a permanent establishment, and temporarily occupying part of St. Joseph's Home for Working Girls, which affords very limited accommodations. Now, as at the beginning, it must look to the charity of the faithful to supply it with the necessaries of life, hence the establishment of the Union. We feel confident that the good work needs only to be known to be appreciated, and we feel equally certain that if some of the noble men and women whom God has made His stewards by conferring upon them a generous supply of the goods of this world could but know of the anxious cares to provide for necessities which harass the Sisters, whose lives are given to enlightening benighted minds and ameliorating the condition of the afflicted, this care would be relieved and the labor lightened.

The first number of The Voice of the Deaf contains a large amount of excellent reading matter, including three articles specially contributed by Miss Eliza Allen Starr, and also a poem by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly. Most of the reading matter has special reference to the education of deaf mutes, but other matters are also treated. The magazine contains ten handsome halftone illustrations, also a handsome full-page cut of Our Saviour restoring hearing to the deaf and dumb child.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Novels.

"The Mutable Many," by Robert Barr, is a novel of absorbing interest, and deals with one of the vexed economic questions of our day. The mutual relation of employer and employe has been, of late years, a fruitful topic of public discussion, and the widely divergent views expressed upon the subject have emphasized the difficulty of its solution. The social disturbances which have been the outcome of attempts to adjust the strained relations which have arisen between workmen and their employers have directed public attention to this difficult economic problem, the solution of which means so much for the peace and happiness of mankind. Taking this great social problem as the groundwork of his novel, Mr. Barr has produced a book of intense interest, and one which will prove of great value from the actuality of the subject of which it treats. The author has the happy faculty of reproducing in his novels actual modern conditions, which contribute not a little to the charm and interest of his work. The central characters who speak and act in his latest novel charm us by their honesty of purpose and high-minded resolves, and the contrast between the professional labor agitator and the real worker for the rights of labor appeals to our knowledge of present conditions. There is enough of romance intertwined with the main facts of the story to make it acceptable to the general reader. The author would evidently have us understand that, notwithstanding the bitterness of labor contests, there is often on the part of the opponents the greatest mutual respect for each other. Frederick A. Stokes Company, London. New York: $1.50.

R. Manifold Craig, in "The Sacrifice of Fools," demonstrates the foolishness of the sacrifices which are often made to gratify personal spite or punish an imagined injury. It is novel, teeming with interesting incidents, whose development forces us to cross the seas from England to India and back again. The sacrifice which Salome Rutherglen makes to gratify her personal feelings is pathetic in the extreme, and her disregard of her mother's wishes meets with a condign punishment. The character of Vivian Saville, who comes to her relief and finally brings happines into her life, is a noble one, and secures from the beginning all the reader's sympathies. Frederick A. Stokes Company: New York, London.

"The Taming of Polly" by Ella Loraine Dorsey, is a valuable and welcome addition to the series of Catholic novels which have recently been published. One has but to read this delightful story to be convinced that a novel may be Christian and Catholic, healthful and elevating, and yet be intensely interesting. The efforts which Catholics are making to give us pure and healthful stories deserve the applause and encouragement of all who feel that the principles of Christian morality ought not to be neglected, even within the pages of a novel. This latest contribution may be read with profit and pleasure by the Catholic youth of America. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, Benziger Bros.; 85 cents.

The hardships which the Catholic missionaries are called upon to endure and the miracles of grace which often follow their labors among the Indians of Alaska and the bleak, cold northern country, are graphically described in the little volume entitled "Three Indian Tales." These pathetic tales were written by three German Jesuit fathers and have been collected together by Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. The translation is done by Helena Long. B. Herder, St Louis; 45 cents.

"The Falcon of Langeac," by Isabel Whiteley, is a novel of intense interest. It treats of life in France during the reign of Francis I., and is filled with thrilling incidents and dramatic situations, holding the reader's attention to the close of the last chapter. The power of religious protection in those days of conflict is graphically portrayed, and one follows with keen pleasure the fortunes of youth and maiden who seek shelter at Mont St. Michel. While instinct with action, the story is remarkably free from exaggeration, the feats of prowess performed by the young hero being told in language that gains in force through its simplicity. It is very gratifying to learn that the book is meeting the appreciation it merits, proving a success from every standpoint. Published by Copeland & Day, Boston. Price $1.50.

Religious.

"Nova et Vetera" is a book of meditations on the truths of the Christian religion and the duties of the Christian life, by Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J. The truths to which the author gives utterance are old, but the

way in which they are expressed is new and appeal to the modern reader. The meditations follow no logical order, but are set down as they came to the writer's mind, and have this advantage, that the wearied soul may find moral stimulus in any part of the book without being compelled to search for logical sequence. Each meditation is founded on a Scripture text, and the references from the Scripture throughout the book are rich and abundant. The meditations are short and pithy, and should prove helpful to all who wish to overcome dryness of spirit by securing a firmer grasp and more vivid impression of the great truths of Christianity. Longmans, Green & Co.: New York, London.

A timely and valuable little volume is "The Sacred Heart of Jesus," by Rev. Pierre Swan, S. J. The translation from the French is by Marie Clotilde Redfern. Devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Lord is discussed intelligently and in a way to stimulate devotion in this admirable little treatise. The nature of this Catholic devotion, the demands that it makes, and the benefits it confers form the three main divisions of the volume. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

"Catechism of Liturgy," translated from the French of the Abbe Dutilliet by Rev. Aug. M. Cheneau, of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, meets a long-felt want. It is a concise and intelligent explanation of Catholic ritual, embracing in its explanations the objects which serve for the divine worship, the principal functions of the liturgy, the feasts of the church and pontifical ceremonies. Catechistical in style, this little book will be of great value to the general Catholic reader who wishes to know the significance of the liturgy of the church. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

The most complete "Manual of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary" which has appeared in English has just been issued from the press of the Apostleship of Prayer, New York. The first part contains the rules and statutes of the sodality, the second the different offices of the Blessed Virgin, which are recited by the sodalists, while the third part contains daily and occasional devotions, including the ordinary of the mass and prayers to the chief patrons of the sodality. Hymns appropriate to the exercises of the sodality may be found at the end of the volume. 25 cents.

Miscellaneous.

The public will gladly welcome a volume of poems by Rev. John B. Tabb, entitled "Lyrics." Fr. Tabb is a true singer, with strong poetic instinct, and the brilliancy of the little gems which are found in this volume make selection difficult. Exquisitely bound in red and gold, this little volume is a fine specimen of the printer's art. Boston: Copeland and Day.

"Style in Composition" is the title of an instructive essay by Rev. William Poland, S. J., of St. Louis University. The writer handles his subject with rare skill, and in terse, clear English gives many valuable hints and suggestions to young writers who are desirous of becoming proficient in the art of writing clear and elegant English. St. Louis: Little & Becker.

One runs across many old favorites in the Golden Rod Series of graded readings published by the University Publishing Company, New York and New Orleans.

The young folks for whom these fascinating readings have been specially compiled by John H. Haaren, A. M., are very fortunate, and will, without doubt, fully appreciate the pleasure in store for them.

There are Rhymes and Fables for first grade pupils, Songs and Stories for the next class, Fairy Life for the still more advanced, and Ballads and Tales to reward the scholars who have reached the fourth grade standard.

A dainty collection of short stories comes to us from the pen of Margaret Kenna, the clever young writer whose work is beginning to receive the recognition it merits. Miss Kenna possesses a literary touch as delicate as the fragrance of the violets she so loves.

"The Madonna of the Snowflakes," "The May Queen," "The Marquise Comes," "A White Holocaust," "Maureen Kinsella," "Luigi, the Beggar Boy," and "A Bunch of Violets" are the titles of the seven stories that make up a choice little volume replete with sentiment.

The "Bunch of Violets" will be the general favorite. It is a beautiful little tale of an heroic sister who gave her life to the service of the soldiers and was buried with military honors. It draws one to the heart of Paris, with old Pierre, who had saved every sou in the hope of once again seeing little Sister Louise. How he saw her is told with the exquisite pathos characteristic of Miss Kenna's sketches.

"In the heart of Paris again he heard the roll of drums.

"'Is a soldier dead?' he asked a workman.

"'Yes, a volunteer—and yet no common soldier, for the Government has ordered all the cannon out, and every band in France is here to-day.'

"Pierre saw all Paris coming—women and children, men and guns, and flags and flowers, and he heard the battle hymn near and far.

"'Is this a private in the ranks?' he asked the workman again.

"'Yes, Sister Louise.'

"Pierre was blind a moment. He opened his eyes upon a child with a bunch of violets in her hand. She was not dreaming of selling them, Pierre dropped the sous into the child's apron, and tore the violets from her. He pressed through the crowd. Swords fenced, but they might as well have fenced with a fury.

Soldiers were bearing her on their shoulders. He stopped the march. He saw Louise. Her cheeks seemed to blush at these earthly honors. A wreath of lilies lay on her white cornette. The Cross of the Legion of Honor was on her breast. Her one hand clasped the crucifix. Pierre lifted the empty blue sleeve and laid the violets in it. That night he died in the streets; but he did not care—he had given little Sister Louise the violets."

Published by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

AN IDEAL VACATION LAND.

Nova Scotia is rapidly becoming the great vacation land for the people of New England, and thousands upon thousands annually wander to its shores to seek the restful quiet, delightful climate, fine trout fishing and beautiful scenery for which it is yearly becoming more and more famous. A trip through the delightful "Land of Evangeline," with its historical associations, greatest apple orchards and highest tides in the world, is an event of pleasing memories.

You can go from Boston either via. St. John or Yarmouth, and the steamers of the International S. S. Co. and Yarmouth S. S. Co. are models of elegance and comfort.

The Dominion Atlantic Railway, which pierces the very heart of the "Land of Evangeline," issues a delightfully written and beautifully illustrated guide book, written by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, entitled "The Land of Evangeline and Gateways Thither." It will be mailed, post free, by writing Mr. J. F. Masters, agent, 228 Washington street, Boston, Mass. At his office the most reliable information as to tours, rates, hotels, etc., can also be obtained.

Send your name and address to the Oakville Co., Waterbury, Conn., and mention the Donahoe's, and you will receive, postpaid, samples of the Clinton Safety Pin, their new Sovran Pin and a funny colored animal booklet for the children. This is a special offer to our readers, and will be discontinued as soon as booklets are exhausted.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION—The Court Decides that Hires Root Beer Must Not be Imitated.

It is doubtful if any modern commodity, excepting money, has been counterfeited more than Hires Rootbeer, its wide popularity and immense sale having proved an irresistible attraction for the unscrupulous imitator.

Justice is beginning to realize that the public must be protected from such practices, as is evinced by the decision just rendered by Judges Finletter and Gordon in Philadelphia, Court of Common Pleas No. 3, restraining George A. Hires, a namesake of Mr. Charles E. Hires, from manufacturing and selling a preparation under the name of Hires Rootbeer. In giving their decision the Judges said:

"Whether this case be considered as one of infringement of a trade mark or as a simulation intended and likely to deceive the public, the evidence is most conclusively with the plaintiff..

"It is established that an article of commerce known as 'Hires Rootbeer,' by a long and costly method of advertisement, has attained a trade mark and value peculiar to itself. The sales have reached an extraordinary yearly volume, and the article is known to consumers and merchants by the designation of 'Hires Rootbeer,' and often and perhaps as commonly by the name of 'Hires' alone. The shape and color of the cartons, as well as the general typography and substance of the printed matter thereon, and the shape of the bottles have also been peculiar to the article made by the plaintiff, and have served to give it commercial distinction and identity.

"But for the fortuitous identity of family name, it is clear that the respondent would never have embarked in this proposed commercial venture, and the evidence shows that their studied purpose was to copy as close to the appearance and name of plaintiff's article as possible, and preserve similarity, while yet presenting minor differences.

"We find, therefore, upon the evidence now presented, that the allegations of the plaintiff's bill are established and that the temporary injunction prayed for should be awarded.

"Therefore, let preliminary injunction be continued against George A. Hires, and issue against Joseph H. Ingersoll and Robert C. Ingersoll, and against them and any of them trading as George A. Hires and Company."

The largest label order ever given in New England was for 100,000,000 labels for ENAMELINE.

REV. N. WAYNE WOLCOTT,

Tells of His Recovery from an Illness that Threatened to Incapacitate Him. Words of Praise for the Remedy Used.

From the Independent, Auburn, N. Y.

It having come to the knowledge of the editor of the Cayuga County *Independent* of Auburn, that Rev. N. Wayne Wolcott, Pastor of Baptist Church, of Fleming, N. Y., had been cured of nervous prostration by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, he sent a reporter to that town to ascertain from Mr. Wolcott the truth of the report, and receive from his own lips a statement of his case and how he had been benefited.

The reporter found Mr. Wolcott to be a gentleman some forty or forty-five years of age, in good health, and active in his ministerial duties. He is highly esteemed as a pastor and a citizen, and is a gentleman of strict integrity, whose statements can be implicitly relied upon as truthful in every respect and devoid of exaggeration. In reply to questions as to the truth of the report that he had been benefited by Pink Pills he made the following statement: "Eight years ago while pastor of the Baptist Church in Covert, N. Y., I was stricken with nervous prostration. During the winter of 1887-8, I had conducted revival services and delivered a series of lectures in addition to my work as pastor, and became completely run down. I could not work, and felt as though my days were numbered. I tried a doctor, but did not receive much aid from him.

At this time I received a call from the church at Tully, N. Y. At first I determined not to accept it, for I knew that in my weak condition I could not do the work. But hoping against hope, I finally decided to try and accordingly went there. My health continued to fail and I grew weaker.

Mr. Tallman, of Tully, whom I shall always remember as a benefactor, recommended me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He had tried them and they had done him good. As a last resort I tried them. The effect was wonderful and immediate. From the very first box my system began to tone up, my blood became rich, and once more I became the strong and vigorous man I was before my health failed.

My labors, if you know of the labors of a country parson, were very heavy. I had not been able to work, but like magic my old vigor returned and for three more years I labored there and raised $4,000 toward building up the Church in addition to my regular duties. All my friends say of me that I am a very hard working man, but in Covert I could not work. After I went to Tully, and the pills had restored my health, I think I may say that I merit that name. For three or four years after I left Tully I did evangelistic work. Two years ago I came here. Since then I have never had any return of my old trouble, but am in good health, strong and active, with no symptom of nervous prostration, which was caused by overwork.

I owe my present good health to Pink Pills, and want most heartily to commend the magic remedy to every one troubled with nervous prostration or physical weakness."

As a parting remark Mr. Wolcott said: "I have often thought that in return for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me, I would like to become a medical missionary to make known their merits."

GEORGE KOCHERSPER, OF HECLA, N. Y.

From the Sentinel, Rome, N. Y.

One of the well known mechanics of Oneida County is George Kochersper, of Hecla, N. Y. He is thirty-seven years old and has had extensive experience as an engineer and machinist at Rome, Ilion, Oneida and elsewhere. For some time he was employed by the Atlas Gun Company of Ilion, and he holds a certificate from the foreman of this establishment which testifies to his capability and efficiency as an engineer and general machine hand. A few years ago Mr. Kochersper was employed in the Rome Locomotive Works and later in the copper mill in that city.

Mr. Kochersper now enjoys good health, but this has not always been the case with him. He has suffered with rheumatism, and at times this has incapacitated him for work. One winter he was so afflicted that he was confined to his home at Hecla for three months. He doctored more or less all winter, and although he felt somewhat better in the spring, he was not entirely cured. Later, while working in Rome, he had a relapse. He then tried other remedies, but they gave him no permanent relief. While working in Ilion about a year ago he caught cold through exposure, and soon had another attack of his old trouble. Like all intelligent mechanics, Mr. Kochersper reads the newspapers, and in one of them he saw a statement regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He determined to give them a fair trial and did so.

Whatever Mr. Kochersper does he does thoroughly. So in taking the Pink Pills he was careful to follow the directions implicitly, to diet as directed, and also to continue the use of the remedy long enough to give it an opportunity to be effective. His condition improved from the start, and when he had taken twelve boxes he was again a well man.

A year has passed since then, and during that time he has not had a single attack of his old complaint. The critical months of fall and spring came and went, with their attendant cold and dampness, but as he has felt no twinges of rheumatism, he feels safe in asserting that he is permanently cured. He attributes his cure entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and cheerfully recommends their use to all who suffer from rheumatism.

Mr. Kochersper is well known not only in Hecla, where he lives, but in Oneida, Rome, Ilion and Dolgeville, in all of which places he has worked.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

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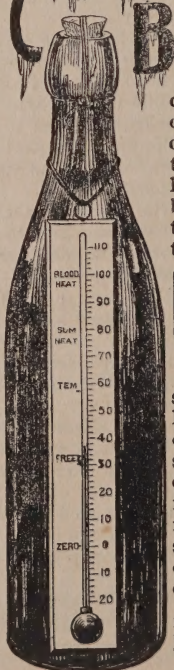

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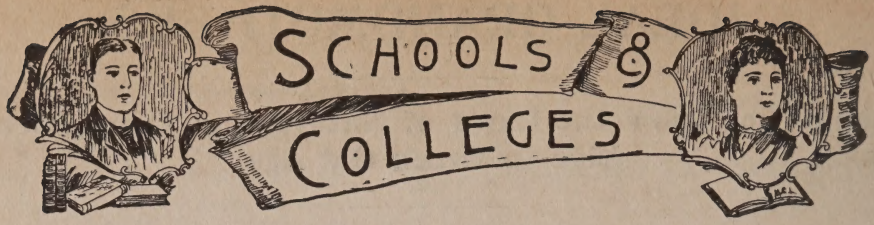

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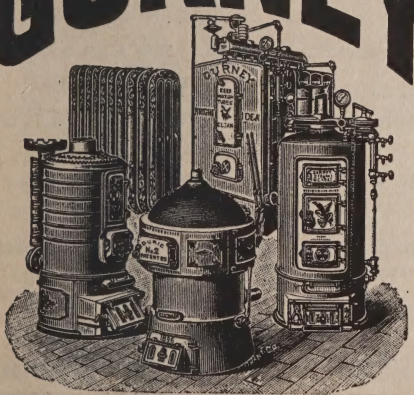

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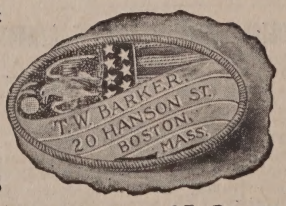

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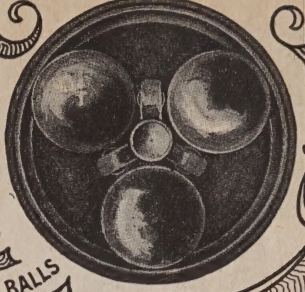

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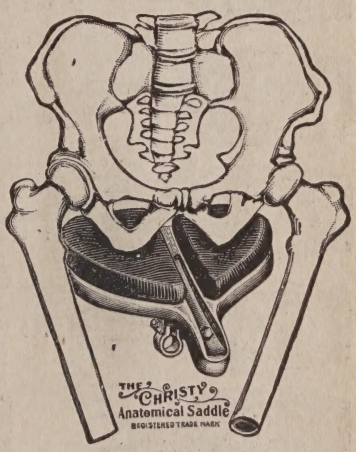

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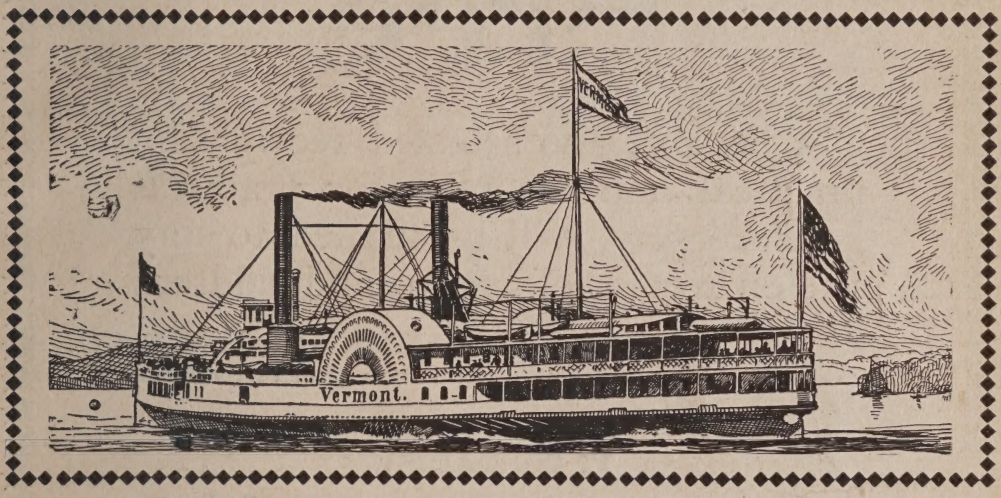

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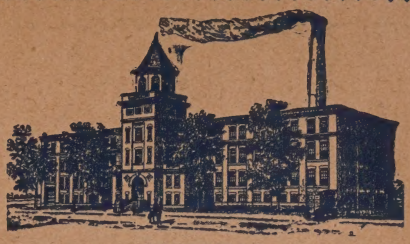

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